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# RANOLF AND AMOHIA.

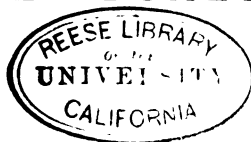


# RANOLF AND AMOHIA:

A DREAM OF TWO LIVES.

BY

ALFRED DOMETT.



*NEW EDITION, REVISED.*

VOLUME II.

LONDON:

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO., 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

1883.



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MAIN

RANOLF AND AMOHIA.

*BOOK THE FOURTH.*

*A LATTER-DAY EDEN.*

VOL. II.

B

*A LATTER-DAY EDEN.*

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- CANTO I. FLIGHT OF THE LOVERS.
- „ II. MIROA'S STORY.
  - „ III. LOVE AND NATURE LUXURIANT.
  - „ IV. TREES AND THE TREE-GOD.
  - „ V. THE FOUNTAIN-TERRACES.
  - „ VI. A GEYSER YOKED.
  - „ VII. ENGLISH MAIDENS.



## Canto the First.

### *Flight of the Lovers.*

1. *The Lovers leave Rotorua. Provisions.* 2. *Love dependent on lower deities.* 4. *Scenery. Forest; Swamps.* 5, 6. *The Sea-shore.* 7. *The Apteryx. Extempore hut.* 9. *Heavy rain.* 10. *Their amusements inside.* 11. *A model for sculpture.* 12. *Beauty of female form.*

#### I.

THE dawn, faint-tinted as a yellow rose,  
Peeped behind mountains purple-black as sloes ;  
O'er these—a tuft of thick short shreds (not rays)  
Of brilliancy, the Morning Star ablaze—  
Awe-struck forerunner of the Sun beneath,—  
On the funereal darkness seemed to gaze,  
Checked at his sudden entrance on a scene  
Solemn with all the sable pomp of death,  
The thousand lights still burning for the Queen  
Laid out in state—the just departed Night.—  
Then Amo, starting from her brief repose,  
Urged upon Ranolf their immediate flight ;  
For fly they must from that dread Priest she said,  
Or even her Father by his counsels led.

Vain Ranolf's reasoned wish to try his skill  
Upon her sire, and bend perchance his will  
Into approval of their love.—“Nay—nay—  
Fly—fly!” she prayed, and he of course gave way :  
A power there's no resisting or ignoring,—  
A loving, loved and lovely one imploring !  
True, the romance of her proposal charmed ;  
As o'er its possibilities he ran,  
Visions of risks defied his fancy warmed.  
To steal by night through unsuspecting foes,  
Or baffle them suspecting, was a plan  
At which his buoyancy of spirit rose.  
His followers therefore quickly paid—dismissed—  
Were Northward with his light effects sent back.  
One lad of Amo's tribe would still insist  
(Te Manu 'twas, who brought the fish that day,  
And served him since for pleasure and some pay)  
Out of new love for him and old for her—  
He should not from their side be forced to stir ;  
Pleading his usefulness—to bear a pack,  
Cook—work—provide such comforts they would lack ;  
Nay, to their safety sometimes minister.

So be it then. What needs is promptly done ;  
Revolver trim and double-barrell'd gun,  
Powder and shot and fish-hooks not a few,  
And axe, and matches, most essential too ;  
Some extra mats for tent-roofs against rain ;  
And—better currency than minted gold,  
A savage's best treasures to unfold—  
Allowance good of treacle-smelling cakes  
Of jammed tobacco-plaits ; with odds and ends,  
The boy at cost of carrying would retain

Of fancied value to himself or friends—  
Light shoulder-burdens—he or Ranolf takes.

## II.

*Prosaic details, truly ! Lady mine—  
Who hold ethereal Love a power divine ;  
O let it not your fervid faith displease,  
Romance so realistic stoops to these !*

Love is the prime of Gods—O clearly !  
A Thaumaturge and Master-mage is he ;  
Let all confess him as puissant—nearly—  
As he conceits himself to be !  
Yes ! yes ! we know, and none deny,  
All risks, all ventures He will try,  
All checks and chances dare—defy !  
To his great heart and hope elate  
What are the threats of adverse Fate !  
How fade the frowns of Circumstance  
Before his forward-leaping glance !  
His course that ever forth and far  
Seems trained by some triumphant Star  
Shall rivers bound, shall mountains bar ?—  
One look, and lo ! from mouth to fountain  
Uprising from its gravelly bed,  
Each river, shrunk to a silver thread  
Floats gossamer-like across the lea ;  
One waive or nod of hand or head,  
And every forest-puckered mountain  
Rocked from its base uneasily  
Goes crab-like lumbering to the Sea !—  
Shall not the Ocean heave up pearls  
To deck one Beauty's golden curls ?

Shall not the Stars come trickling down  
If one dear brow demand a crown?—  
Yes, fair ones! so shall you decree,  
And youthful hearts shall all agree  
In LOVE's divine supremacy!  
Though duller Deities the while  
May at his proud pretensions smile?  
Bid Cold and gaunt-eyed Hunger clip  
The splendour of his purple wings;  
And from his graceful shoulders strip  
The golden bow, the ivory quiver,  
Unless across them too he flings  
The wallet vile and vulgar scrip,  
Replete with gross substantial things;  
Nay, make the beauteous stripling shiver  
Unless to some frieze cloak he clings;  
Nor, jealous, let the bright Joy-Giver  
From Psyche's mouth the honey sip,  
And purse and press her sweet lips out  
To semblance of a tempting pout,  
Or round them bud-like for the bliss  
Of a playful passionate kiss,  
Till with his own he first have blown  
Each rosy frozen finger-tip.  
Ah sad! this glowing glorious God to see,  
And think what paltry hests and heeds may be  
Importunate, imperative as he!

## III.

So to the forests on Taupiri's face  
O'er the low cliffs at first the three retreat

There they can find a handy hiding-place,  
And Amohia rest through noonday heat.  
At nightfall they retrace their steps at first  
Uncertain—guided by immediate need  
Of shelter—and resolve their course to shape  
By Amo's counsel for the land that nursed  
Her mother, whose great brother ruled indeed  
O'er all the tribes about the earliest Cape  
The Sun salutes when his resplendent hair  
Shakes off the foam-flakes of his Ocean lair.  
There she was well-beloved ; and both might there,  
She for her mother's, he for her sake, share  
The nigh-related Chief's protecting care,  
Secure alike from rescue and pursuit  
With one so potent of such good repute.  
So North of Roto-iti, East away,  
And for the seaside by the Bounteous Bay,  
Though from the route direct still given to stray,  
They travel ; resting in the woods by day  
When needful, and by villages at night  
Passing with cautious speed ; and none the less  
On Ranolf's part, with undisguised delight  
At all the shifts, suspenses, and success  
And stealthy freedom of their dexterous flight.

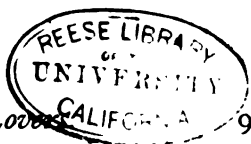
## IV.

And thus o'er many a mountain wood-entangled,  
And stony plain of stunted fern that hides  
The bright green oily anise ; and hill-sides  
And valleys, where its dense luxuriance balks  
With interclinging fronds and tough red stalks  
The traveller's hard-fought path—they took their way.



Sometimes they traversed, half the dreary day,  
A deep-glenned wilderness all dark and dank  
With trees, whence tattered and dishevelled dangled  
Pale streaming strips of mosses long and lank ;  
Where at each second step of tedious toil  
On forms of fallen trunks moss-carpeted,  
Perfect to every knot and bole, they tread,  
And ankle-deep sink in their yielding bed  
Of rottenness for ages turned to soil :—  
Until, ascending ever in the drear  
Dumb gloom forlorn, a sudden rushing sound  
Of pattering rain strikes freshly on the ear,—  
'Tis but the breeze that up so high has found  
Amid the rattling leaves a free career !  
To the soft, mighty, sea-like roar they list :—  
Or else 'tis calm ; the gloom itself is gone ;  
And all is airiness and light-filled mist,  
As on the open mountain-side, so lone  
And lofty, freely breathing they emerge.  
And sometimes through a league-long swamp they urge  
Slow progress, dragging through foot-sucking slush  
Their weary limbs, red-painted to the knees  
In pap rust-stained by iron or seeding rush ;  
But soon through limpid brilliant streams that travel  
With murmuring, momentary-gleaming foam  
That flits and flashes over sun-warmed gravel  
They wade, and laughing wash that unctuous loam  
Off blood-stained limbs now clean beyond all cavil  
And start refreshed new road-knots to unravel.

And what delight, at length, that glimpse instils,  
That wedge-shaped opening in the wooded hills,  
Which, like a cup, the far-off Ocean fills !—



## v.

Anon they skirt the winding wild sea-shore ;  
From woody crag or ferny bluff admiring  
The dim-bright beautiful blue bloom it wore—  
That still Immensity—that placid Ocean—  
With all its thousand leagues of level calm,  
Tremendously serene ! he, fancying more  
Than feeling, for tired Spirits peace-desiring,  
With the world-fret and life's low fever sore—  
Weary and worn with turmoil and emotion,—  
The soothing might of its majestic balm.

Or to the beach descending, with joined hands  
They pace the firm tide-saturated sands  
Whitening beneath their footpress as they pass ;  
And from that fresh and tender marble floor  
So glossy-shining in the morning sun,  
Watch the broad billows at their chase untiring ;  
How they come rolling on, in rougher weather,—  
How in long lines they swell and link together,  
Till, as their watery walls they grandly lift,  
Their level crests extending sideways, swift  
Shoot over into headlong roofs of glass  
Cylindric—thundering as they curl and run  
And close, down-rushing to a yeasty dance  
Of foam that slides along the smooth expanse ;  
Nor seldom, in a streaked and creamy sheet  
Comes unexpected hissing round their feet,  
While with great leaps and hurry-skurry fleet,  
His louder laughter mixed with her's so sweet,  
Each tries to stop the other's quick retreat.

## VI.

Or else on sands that, white and loose, give way  
At every step, they toil ; till labour-spied  
Their limbs in the noon-loneliness they lay  
On that hot, soft, yet unelastic bed,  
With brittle seaweed, pink and black o'erstrawn,  
And wrecks of many a forest-growth upthrown,  
Bare stem and barkless branches, clean, sea-bleached,  
Milk-white,—or stringy logs deep-red as wine,  
Their ends ground smooth against a thousand rocks,  
Dead-heavy, soaked with penetrating brine ;  
Or bolted fragment of some Ship storm-breached  
And shattered—all with barnacles o'ergrown,  
Grey-crust'd thick with hollow-coned small shells—  
So silent in the sunshine still and lone,  
So reticent of what it sadly tells ;  
Which Ranolf then imagines till he shocks  
Quick-sympathizing Amo with a tale  
Of brave men lost, and haply lovers gone  
For ever—never heard of nor forgot ;  
And so beguiles the bright one of her tears,  
Which, while he kisses the wet cheek so pale  
He charms away, and the sweet mourner cheers,  
Hinting the contrast of their happier lot :  
Then turns to livelier sights the scene supplied ;  
And near some river-mouth—shoal—marshy-wide—  
Would mark the swarming sea-birds o'er the waste  
Tremble across the air in glimmering flocks ;  
Or how, long-legged with little steps they plied  
Their yellow webs, in such high-shouldered haste  
Pattering along the cockle-filled sandbanks,

Some refuse dainty of the Sea to taste ;  
Or standing stupified in huddled ranks  
Still rounded up by the advancing tide—  
White glittering squadrons on the level mud  
Dressing their lines before the enclosing flood ;  
Or what strange instinct guided them so well,  
Posed by their mollusk, up in air to start,  
And soaring, on the rocks let fall the shell  
Whose stubborn valves they could not force apart.

## VII.

And once, hard by a gloomy forest-side,  
Death-still and stirless all—save where one sees  
A shaking glimmer of silver through the trees—  
How Amo clapped her hands in pure delight  
At Ranolf's puzzled wonder when he spied  
What seemed so surely—for 'twas clear in sight—  
Some furry three-legged thing—no tail—no head—  
Fixed to the ground—a tripod!—how amazed  
Was he to find when serpent-like it raised  
Long neck and bill, and swiftly running fled,  
'Twas nothing but that wing-less, tail-less bird  
Boring for worms—less feathered too than furred—  
The *kiwi*—strange brown-speckled would-be beast,  
Which the pair hunted half the day at least,  
While needful look-out young Te Manu kept.  
Or else the lovers, tired or cautious, stepped  
From the chalk-bouldered, pumice-crumbling strand  
On to black broken-edged o'erlapping land ;  
And o'er the flax-swamped rushy level then

Betook themselves to some inviting wood  
Just at the black-green opening of a glen  
Where mighty trunks—grim shadowy columns—stood,  
Solemn, expectant,—promising so meet  
A shelter for their day or night retreat.  
Shore-loving vine-trees, *pūriri*, they were  
The enormous mounds that, piled in swelling state,  
Seemed cracking only with the very weight  
Of light green foliage-masses everywhere  
So caked, smooth-rounded and consolidate.

—How free—how free it was ! nothing it seemed,  
Between themselves and God ! so Ranolf felt ;—  
That world of Man, how oft it seemed to melt  
Wholly away ! his Soul in contact brought  
With Nature's nakedness, exulting teemed  
With raptures Life refined had never bought ;  
Proud vigour from her vivid touches caught ;  
And from the exhilarating hale embrace  
Drew hardier, wilder will to set at nought  
All risks—and dauntless every danger face !—  
Yet little this was needed now—although  
Amo could not her anxious fears forego ;  
For dread of all that Priest might prompt destroyed  
Half of the pleasure she had else enjoyed.

## VIII.

Now, through some dim white days of ceaseless rain,  
They waited till the sky should clear again,  
Roofed by a hut no woodman would demur

To call a palace for a forester.  
Amid the trees—where loftiest towering grew  
Some spiny-leaved *totdras* like the yew,  
Root-buttressed, forty yards or so in height,—  
They—ere the mist first gathering blanched the blue  
Though many a sign that threatened rain they knew—  
Had built a hasty homestead snug and tight.  
Some of these trees, notch-circled near the ground,  
That for such end their bark might well be dried,  
Or trunks be seasoned for canoes, they found ;  
Their stringy coats were easily off-stripped,  
In stripes, long, broad and heavy, upward ripped ;  
These, fastened on a frame of poles flax-tied,  
Slant roof and walls against the windward side—  
Made such a pleasant dwelling in six hours  
As had withstood a month of drenching showers ;  
Thick fern and broom were fragrant floor and couch ;  
And to the sweetclean roof and walls upslung,  
Guns, shot-belt, matches, flints and powder-pouch  
And change of raiment, dry and safely hung.

IX.

In this retreat three quiet days they passed  
In perfect shelter ; and the time flew fast,  
Though to the hut they mostly were confined,  
And spite of care that lurked in Amo's mind.  
Love wrapped in sunshine that rain-beaten bower,  
Made prisoned solitude and silence dear ;  
Her care diverted, half-assuaged her fear ;  
Surcharged e'en trivial chat with eloquent power ;

To slight details of daily intercourse  
Gave magic sweetness and electric force ;  
Nay, lent to weeping Nature's gloomier hour  
A gentle charm they ne'er before descried  
When bathed in brilliant light her features smiled.  
So Ranolf felt when over wood and wild  
That quiet sadness first began to creep ;  
And sheltered safe within their mountain-nook  
On his fern-pillow he could lie and look  
Past forest tree-tops surging down the steep,  
With rocks out-slanting bold, dark-red and grey—  
Through the glen's mouth, o'er yellow plains outside,  
Mixed with the skies, it seemed, so high and wide—  
Melting to misty dimness far away ;—  
Look—but to feel with more supreme content  
That luxury of loneliness profound—  
No human soul but theirs for miles around ;  
Feel how serenely, pensively forlorn  
The tender silence of the tearful Morn ;  
Of those unmoving trees as still as thought,  
And leaves imbibing in their happy sleep  
Rich greenness ever more refreshed and deep ;  
Each branch with bright drops hung that would not fall ;  
The faint blue haze upon the grass ; while nought  
But the slight tremble, shimmering on the shade  
So glowing dark about their stems, betrayed  
The fine soft rain's inaudible descent.

Then, as the thickening weather with its pall  
Of gloom shut out the distant hills and sky,  
How pleasant there to lounge secure and mark  
Emerging from the mists in forests high

Black jutting trees to shadows turn, and fade,  
Where sullen, ragged, smothering vapours weighed  
Upon the nearer summits ; or when wind  
Arose, and hurried up the storm, behind  
Their hill-protected hut and roof of bark—  
To mark each sudden, snowy, crooked skein  
With fibres opening here and there, appear  
Along the sloping hollows all pure green  
But now—inlaid between round knolls, and seen  
White through thin clouds of level-driving rain.

## X.

And then within their wildwood home, what cheer—  
What manifold amusements might be found !  
What pleasure in the necessary round  
Of primitive provisions for so rude  
A life—whose mere privations still endured  
The hours that flew so fast with fleeter wings ;  
The merry makeshifts, and the thousand things  
To tax contrivance, whence ingenious tact  
A double comfort from discomfort wrings :  
Scant implements still put to novel use ;  
Forced partnership in many a little act  
For which e'en Love had else scarce found excuse.  
Then Ranolf had in note-book to record  
Brief hints of many an incident or word  
That might the vivid memory reproduce  
Of these bright scenes far hence when they should be  
Forgotten into freshness. Or he made  
Upon the inside smoothness of a square  
Of that stripped bark, with pistol-barrel ruled,  
Draft-chequers,—clipping flat for draughtsmen rare



Hard violet drupes of the great *laurel-tree*  
And gold karaka-dates—and soon had schooled  
His quick companion in the game they played  
For kisses like *Campaspe*! though, he said,  
Amo from Cupid had not cared to win  
Cheek-bloom—lips bow-curved—tender turn of chin—  
Hers sweeter far already! Or he strove  
With taste, and skill—but not in like degree—  
Still quickened, still impeded by his love—  
Sketch-book on knee, to reproduce, though slight,  
Some glimpses of the spirit-winning light  
That danced in dazzling depths of Amo's eyes—  
Some of her shape's enchanting symmetries;  
While she, with wondering bright compliance bore  
The frequent interruptions and delay  
To the immediate work she had in hand,  
As he so oft entreated her to stay  
In that position just one moment more—  
Just to continue so to kneel or stand—  
Reach up—bend over—let him seize the charm  
Of some fine posture, planted foot, or arm  
Upraised, that any Sculptor's heart might warm.

## XI.

And truly, every instant she displayed  
A look or attitude that would have made  
A Phidias turn admiring, though intent  
On one fastidious finishing touch, the last—  
One pumice-polish, warm wax-stain, that lent  
Perfection to some wonder, now complete,

Some marble miracle or famous feat  
Chryselephantine, all the world to beat,  
And stamp his own surpassing self surpassed !  
Though on his ears, already charmed, he felt  
Aspasia's clear Milesian accents melt  
In critic subtleties of praise that seize  
The heart of his conception, and excite  
The stoic soul of stately Pericles  
Into confest emotions of delight.  
Some look or gesture was each instant shown  
That with as happily-tempting hints—assured  
Forecast of chiselled triumphs, had allured  
A Flaxman, say, that Phidias of our own—  
As when at his soul's call, with beauty aflame  
And dignity and grace immortal, came  
(All chastened—checked by Art's severest curb—  
Harmonious calm no passion could disturb)  
Trooping divinities in grand array,  
As if Olympus were his freehold—they  
His tenants—slaves—who heard but to obey !—

16  
But as the busy Maid would oft look round  
With brows and high-upcurling lashes raised  
And such a glance, what Ranolf wished—to ask—  
Bright glance of innocent inquiry—sweet  
Alert attention ; or would leave her task,  
And throw herself beside him on the ground  
To see *what 'twas* that he would sometimes look  
Half-pleased with, proud of, in the fast-leaved book  
Where he “ wrote images ”—then with such heat  
Would “ pish ” and “ pshaw ” at, as on her he gazed,  
Abused the work so much—the model praised ;

There, as she watched him, toying all the while  
With those light locks she loved so, with a smile  
Where such a depth of playful fondness shone ;  
Did she not *then* the very vision seem  
Young Foley saw, when, scarce to manhood grown,  
He brought old Athens back in that bright dream  
Of Ino feeding her maternal joy  
On purple temptings of her grape-fed boy ?—  
Or that which bade his great compeer achieve  
The new-born loveliness of listening Eve ?

## XII.

But could wise Nature's so conspicuous Art,—  
Lavish of might divinest to unfold  
The gleam and glory of mere human limbs  
Which all beside of form and hue bedims,—  
If ever, fail with this susceptible heart  
And fiery Sense, in her design to raise  
That fervid admiration, uncontrolled  
And uncontrollable, she *must* intend  
Should ne'er be foiled for fairest moral end ?—  
No ! well might that pure form, as he surveys  
Its rich proportions cast in such a mould—  
The perfect mould of Beauty, that combines  
Rare lightness with luxuriance, and displays  
What subtle joy can lurk in sinuous lines  
That in their delicate winding wavure seem  
Self-singing of their fine felicities  
Like musical meanderings of a stream ;  
Well might its melodies of movement thrill  
His soul with rapture—dash his baffled skill  
With blank despair, as lovingly he tries

To fix the fluent loveliness—portray  
Some one perfection from the plastic play  
Of flitting statue-pictures that displace  
Each other, and successive charms efface  
In ever new varieties of grace !

## Canto the Second.

### *Miroa's Story.*

1. *Te Manu scouting. Native dainties.* 2. *News of Tangi's forgiveness and the Magician's departure.* 3. *Story of Miroa's love. Children's games.* 4. *Her secret.* 5. *Her song.* 6. *Previous love-symptoms.* 7. *Hopes for her.* 8. *Fine weather. The hut left.*

#### I.

So in the glen three days had well-nigh passed ;  
The pelting rain seemed holding up at last.  
Ranolf and Amo in their bark-built tent  
Were busy ; she, in sylvan arts adept,  
With scraps of fern drybrown from where they slept,  
And moss from underneath thick boughs, in spite  
Of damp, preparing her quick fire to light :  
But with grave brow half-puzzled how to glean  
A savoury meal from viands well-nigh spent :  
And he, in prospect of the brightening weather,  
Intent, but leisurely, with loitering mien,  
On ferreting with purple-glossed green feather—  
The wild-duck's, moistened with its searching oil—  
Into the fastenings of his rifle's lock,  
The shining intricacies rust would spoil ;  
Still pausing in his task, with banter fond



Her over-anxious care for him to mock,  
To which, no whit disturbed, she would respond  
Her fixed conviction what to him was due :  
Or, if a longer silence intervened  
Wondering what strange wild tameness towards him drew  
The large grey-coated *robin*—kinsman true  
Of England's delicate highbred bird of home,—  
So fine-limbed, full of spirit !—how 'twould come  
After a little startled flight or two  
And perch upon the very gun he cleaned.—  
'Twas then, Te Manu—who, sent off to scout,  
A cloak of perfect thatch about him thrown,  
Had fetched a wary compass wide about  
To a far village off their route—prepared  
With preconcerted tale—was seen alone  
Returning from the journey safely dared,  
O'er the dim plain—a shadow : till as near  
He drew, the triumph on his face was clear.  
Laden he came—though nought for loads he cared  
When self-imposed by fancy for good cheer ;  
Cray-fish ; plump pigeons in their fat preserved,  
Neat-packed in pottles of dark wood, adorned  
With carvings arabesque so quaintly curved ;  
Store of that tiny fish like whitebait, dried  
In sunshine on hot stones ; with scraps beside  
Of native dainties nowise to be scorned.

## II.

And when his shoulders from the pack were freed,  
With joyous face he told them news indeed :

How he had met a traveller newly come  
From Rotorua, and from him had learnt the sum  
Of all that there had happened ; how at first  
When missing Amohia's clothes were found  
Upon the shore, all had believed her drowned :  
Then what a wailing had ensued—a burst  
Of genuine grief—no counterfeiting show ;  
What gashing of the breast with shells, and flow  
Of blood had marked the matrons' gory woe ;  
How Tangimoana had torn his hair  
And curst his gods in frenzy of despair,  
And raved against the Priest whose scheming greed  
His own too ready confidence had wronged,  
And driven his darling to the desperate deed ;  
(From Miroa was that certain fact derived) ;  
Then what a coolness rose between the two.  
And how when Ranolf's absence so prolonged,  
Begun that very day, had roused more true  
Suspensions, fresh inquiry set on foot  
Led to the knowledge that the pair had been  
By accident upon their journey seen.  
And then the Priest so hotly urged pursuit  
His obvious spite provoked a new dispute ;  
For Tangi's heart such great revulsion swelled  
Of rapture that his dearest Child survived,  
It found no room for thoughts of hate and rage,  
And all the vengeful Priest's advice repelled  
Almost with scorn ; whereat the other turned  
Livid with sulky wrath that inly burned,  
And no amends of Tangi's could assuage ;  
At which all wondered ; (here in Amo's breast  
An undivulged remembrance more than guessed  
The jealous fury that his heart possessed :)

And how the Priest soon from the Island went,  
None knew when, whither, or with what intent—  
Went mutely maddening with his fancied wrong  
Though muttering vengeance and return erelong ;  
At which in hardy confidence so strong  
Stout Tangi only laughed ; and longed to see  
His hoary age's pride again, and press  
Her brow against his own in fond caress ;  
Yearned for her home—companions should she be  
By husband, fair or tawny—what cared he !—

## III.

“ But what of Miroa ? ” Amo asked—“ her friend ? ” —  
Ah ! there too he had tidings somewhat strange,  
He answered, with a shrewd and prying glance  
Eyeing the beauteous questioner askance :  
“ O'er Miroa there had come a curious change  
Since Amo left, which none could comprehend  
At first ; for she—that merry maid—had grown  
Sad, absent, sullen-seeming ; given up all  
Her favourite haunts and friends to muse alone ;  
Thrown all the sports and frolic games aside  
Of which she was the leader, life, and pride ;  
The lively matches with the dangling ball  
Struck at each other by the seated band ;  
The hunted pebble passed from hand to hand ;  
' *Kāhu* ' the ' hawk ' of rushes she could weave  
And coax with scarce-seen string to soar so high  
That all the children said it must deceive  
The living hawks they saw beside it fly ;  
The *hāka*-dances where she shone supreme,  
For gayer postures who could shape or dream ?



With half her archness give each new grimace  
Or shake the quivering hands with saucier grace?  
The skipping-rope she never had to hold,  
For who could ever trip her nimble feet?  
*Maui*, the string she could dispart and fold  
With dextrous fingers into forms complete  
Of all things 'twas your fancy to behold—  
Canoes, men, houses, wonders new and old—  
Great Mother Night producing all her train  
Of Gods—or cutting with swift snap in twain  
Even *Maui's* self—inventor of the game,  
For daring to invade that darksome dame :  
All these poor *Miroa* had discarded now  
And moped and slunk about with moody brow.

## IV.

“ Well, all believed it was for *Amo's* loss  
The shadow lay upon the damsel's heart ;  
Till recently they saw her one fine day  
Alert and brisk, preparing for a start,  
It seemed, to visit some one far away :  
For she was with a studied neatness drest,  
Her curling locks smoothed to their brightest gloss—  
And striving spite of grief to look her best ;  
A light food-kit was o'er her shoulders slung :—  
When questioned, she declared she meant to make  
Her way to *Roto Aira's* distant Lake,  
Where welcome she could always find among  
Near relatives that loved her ; and you know  
Where'er she pleased the Maid could always go—  
For who would check her movements—interfere  
With one that *Amohia* held so dear?

But she by accident was overheard  
That morning when she thought none near her stirred,  
Plaintively crooning o'er an artless song  
(While to and fro her form impatient swayed),  
That told what secret on her spirit weighed ;  
The more, that from her bosom she was seen  
To draw some finery—woven flowers or braid—  
That there it seemed she must have cherished long,  
And press them to her brow with passionate mien  
And many tears—redoubled as she gazed  
Awhile upon these tokens of desire  
How vain ! then flung them on her matin fire :  
But when they quickly shrivelled up and blazed,  
Gone like her dream for ever ! she arose  
Passing her slender hands with gesture swift  
Across her brows and sweeping back the drift  
Of streaming tresses, as she waved her head  
And tossed her arms out wearily once—like those  
Who brush aside a troublous dream :—so she  
Seemed in that act to shake herself quite free  
From that entangling coil of memory.  
Then started on her journey as I said.  
But these proceedings and the song combined,  
And most that wreath—the withered flowery string,  
Red feathers from the parrot's under-wing,  
And scarlet band—that shining foreign thing—  
Told them 'twas for the Stranger that she pined."

Scarce had the word been uttered, ere with eyes  
That flashed a sudden fire, fair Amo threw  
Her arm round Ranolf as if danger near  
Were threatening to despoil her of her prize,  
Her heart's whole treasure ; then withdrew it too

As swiftly—blushing at her foolish fear,  
 And asked, her bright confusion to disguise,  
 More than from any wish the lay to hear,  
 What song it was made Miroa's love so clear?—  
 “ ‘ *E tangi—e—te ihu* ’—what comes next  
 I'm sure I quite forget, although I heard :  
 At *waiatas* I always was a dunce.  
 'Twas all about a girl or some one—vexed  
 At scandal—full of wants and whims absurd.”

## V.

But Amo recognized the words at once,  
 And knew the song of course ; and at request  
 Of Ranolf, with an accent that expressed  
 Compassion mixed with somewhat of disdain,  
 Recited in sweet tones the childish strain,  
 Whose meaning this loose version may explain :

## I.

“ Alas, and well-a-day ! they are talking of me still :  
 By the tingling of my nostril, I fear they are talking ill ;  
 Poor hapless I—poor little I—so many mouths to fill—  
 And all for this strange feeling, O this sad sweet pain !

## 2.

O senseless heart—O simple ! to yearn so and to pine  
 For one so far above me, confest o'er all to shine—  
 For one a hundred dote upon, who never can be mine !  
 O 'tis a foolish feeling—all this fond sweet pain !

## 3.

When I was quite a child—not so many moons ago—  
A happy little maiden—O then it was not so ;  
Like a sunny-dancing wavelet then I sparkled to and fro ;  
And I never had this feeling, O this sad sweet pain !

## 4.

I think it must be owing to the idle life I lead  
In the dreamy house for ever that this new bosom-weed  
Has sprouted up and spread its shoots till it troubles me  
indeed  
With a restless weary feeling—such a sad sweet pain !

## 5.

So in this pleasant islet, O no longer will I stay—  
And the shadowy summer-dwelling, I will leave this very day ;  
On Arapá I'll launch my skiff and soon be borne away  
From all that feeds this feeling, O this fond sweet pain !

## 6.

I'll go and see dear Rima—she'll welcome me I know,  
And a flaxen cloak—her gayest—o'er my weary shoulders  
throw,  
With purple red and points so free—O quite a lovely show—  
To charm away this feeling—O this sad sweet pain !

## 7.

Two feathers I will borrow, and so gracefully I'll wear,  
Two feathers soft and snowy for my long black lustrous hair ;  
Of the Albatross's down they'll be—O how charming they'll  
look there—  
All to chase away this feeling—O this fond sweet pain !

## 8.

Then the lads will flock around me with flattering talk all day—

And with anxious little pinches sly hints of love convey ;  
And I shall blush with happy pride to hear them . . . I daresay . . .

And quite forget this feeling, O this sad sweet pain ! ”

## VI.

So with much grief for Miroa's fond distress,  
The pair recalled full many a sign that might  
Have helped them read her simple heart aright,  
Had both not been too much pre-occupied  
With fancies of their own at hers to guess :  
And they remembered with what eyes—how wide—  
Of eager wondering gladness she had seemed  
To feed and fasten on all Ranolf's ways  
And looks and movements, when, those two first days,  
They met at Rotorua ; how they beamed  
When with such giggling blushes of delight  
She bent her head as carelessly he tied  
The ribbon round it he declared less fair  
And tasteful than the wreath already there,  
Of crimson feathers and the snowy rays  
Of clematis—while all might see she deemed  
The present of less value than the praise.

And then it flashed on Amo's mind, as sped  
Her memory back, with such a cue supplied,  
How artfully and oft the Maid would guide  
Their talk the way that to the Stranger led ;

And when that theme was reached, how glibly ran  
Her tongue, unceasing when it once began  
In Ranolf's favour mostly, or would raise  
Some point against him—find some fault—aver  
Some blemish—that she, Amo, might demur  
More warmly—more unguardedly be brought  
To sound his dear deserts for whom she fought,  
And his light-jesting enemy upbraid :  
All which the unsuspecting Amo thought  
She did to humour, not herself but her—  
The foolish Mistress, not the foolish Maid ;  
(With an arch glance at Ranolf this was said :)

And then she recollected once, when turning  
Suddenly, with what surprise she caught  
Poor Miroa's bloodshot eyes fixed on her, burning  
With envy, almost hate ; with what swift check  
She changed that look to one of passionate yearning,  
And wildly flung her arms round Amo's neck  
And burst into a flood of tears, and cried :  
“ My good, good Mistress—O how good and kind  
And always dear—O do not mark or mind  
The passion of your worthless slave—too bad  
For such a mistress—O too false and mad !  
Kill, kill me if you will—you should—you may—  
But tear this blackness from my breast away ! ”—  
“ And then she lavished on me little acts  
Of kindness and attention all that day.  
And I, still blind to these so patent facts,  
Thought 'twas the memory of her home afar  
And friends, from whom long years ago in war  
She had been torn—a captive, that oppressed  
Her fancy then, with fond regrets distressed ;

Although I rather wondered she was moved  
By that so deeply—scarcely could ascribe  
Such passion to such cause ; for she had known  
Nothing but kindness, since, so terrified  
That day she came she shuffled to my side,  
And I scarce older, set her numbed limbs free  
From bonds, and said she should belong to me.  
But since that day so merry had she grown—  
She, sprung too from a chief of good degree—  
That all our people looked upon and loved  
The Child as a true daughter of the tribe,  
I always as a sister of my own.”

## VII.

Well, so they grieved for Miroa : yet no less  
Perhaps, and shall we blame her if 'twere so ?  
This very feeling for poor Miroa's woe,  
Though Amo's love for her was true indeed,  
In her unconscious heart could not but breed  
A secret feeling she would not confess  
Of greater joy in her own happiness.  
And cheering up, she said—“ You may depend  
On this—from what Te Manu says, our friend  
Has overcome and shaken off her pain ;  
That song would tell it—but still more the power  
To burn the keepsake—what was it ? the flower  
Or ribbon you bestowed in luckless hour.  
And she has lovers, O in plenty—she !  
And there was one on whom she always smiled,  
I thought ; a lad who lives or I mistake,  
A fine good lad, beside that very Lake  
And near the friends she must have gone to see ;

She will be happy soon—dear merry Child !  
Though how she could get o'er such love"—the rest  
Was hidden with her face on Ranolf's breast.

## VIII.

Then, as they marked the sky still growing bright  
The distant mountains visible once more,  
Black-blue, with smothering fleeces flattened o'er  
Their ridges—sprawling harpies snowy white  
With claws that clutched their summits hid from sight  
Or like a sudden foam-sea, o'er each brow  
Arrested in its branching overflow ;  
The pair made ready for a happier start,  
Free to obey each prompting of the heart,  
Go where they list—all apprehension flown—  
And give themselves to Love and Joy alone.



# Canto the Third.

## *Love and Nature luxuriant.*

1. *The happy Lover.* 2. *Love's young dream.* 3. *A Latter-day Eden.*
4. *A suitable home for the fascinating dread Deity.* 5. *Rest in the Forest. The beautiful Palm.* 6. *Expressions of trees — suggest more than the 'pathetic fallacy.'* 7. *Forest luxuriance.*

### I.

A KING—a God—a little Child  
Your happy Lover is ; a Saint  
With all the Eternal Powers at one—  
Serene—confiding—reconciled :  
He thinks no ill—believes in none ;  
There is for him no sin, no taint,  
No room for doubt, disgust, complaint,  
Misgiving or despondence faint :  
Life's mystery flies, her secret won,  
Like morning frost before the sun ;  
How should its cobweb ties arrest  
The triumph of his bounding breast !  
How should *he* feel, with actual heaven  
In measureless fruition given,  
The mounting spirit's mortal load ?  
Feel, steeped in empyrean day  
And rapture without stint bestowed,  
The Mind too big for its abode,  
The Soul's discomfort in its clay ?

Why look to some seraphic sphere  
For light, for love, so lavish here ?  
In this our gorgeous Paradise  
Why bend to grief—why stoop to vice ?  
Ah why distress and sorrow-prest—  
Why not be right and brave and blest ?  
How easy, in a world so bright  
To be, to live, blest, brave and right !—  
He breathes Elysium—walks on wings ;  
His own unbounded bliss he flings  
O'er all deformed, unhappy things :  
Transfigured are they—glorified ;  
Or vanish and cannot abide  
The flood of splendour, the full tide  
Of joy that from his heart so wide  
Wells over all the world beside.  
O Melodist unequalled—Pride  
Of Nature's self-taught songsters he !  
Inspired—unconscious—mute too soon—  
Who sets and sings his lyric Life-song free  
To glad Creation's high triumphant tune !

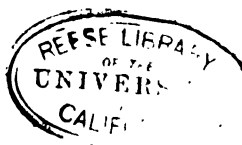
## II.

So for herself and most for her beloved  
All anxious cares and fears removed,  
So upon Amohia now unclouded beams—  
In rounded fulness of possession streams  
Once more the dream of dreams—  
The dear divine delirium ! say  
Once to all by fate allowed ;  
Though from its shy crescent small,  
That finest silver eyelash, fall

Only its earliest rising ray ;  
Clothing them ever with a luminous cloud  
Wherein they may a sweet while stray,  
In the thronging whisper-play  
Of Angel-wings, on life's highway ;  
Monomaniacs, in the charge  
Of Beauty,—blissfully at large  
'Mid the sadly saner crowd.

## III.

*—But we pause—we pale before it,  
Fairest reader—that soft splendour !  
And your pardon we implore it,  
If in sight of scene so tender  
Heart and voice we haply harden,  
And with faltering step pass o'er it,  
That sequestered Eden-garden ;  
Painting in evasive fashion  
Two young lovers, wildly loving,  
Through a lovely region roving,  
Free as Nature—free as birds are,  
Free as infants' thoughts and words are !  
Ah ! too rich for our rude treating,  
Too exalted for our story  
That intense absorbing passion—  
That fine fever of young Love ;  
Which though cheating, swiftly fleeting,  
Oft it seem to mock and flout us,  
Comes so innocent, undesigning,  
Comes into our darkness shining,  
Comes and wraps the mystic glory  
Of the golden Heavens about us !*



And though pining or declining,  
Buried—pent here—without vent here—  
Lone—a stranger, wild, erratic ;  
Soon returning to the burning  
Blisses of its home above—  
Leaves a bud elsewhere to blossom,  
Leaves a light in every bosom ;—  
Just revealing ere off-stealing,  
One brief glimpse of soul-enjoyment,  
To endure a memory sure—  
Pure—a secret life-refiner  
And great lure to realms diviner,  
Where abandonment ecstatic  
To the infinite of feeling—  
Loftier love than aught existent,  
Ever by indulgence growing  
Deeper, fonder, and more glowing—  
Tide at flooding still new flowing,  
Flower fresh-budding while full-blowing—  
Is consistent—is persistent,  
Is our normal, true employment !

## IV.

But say, in any Age of Gold  
Or song-lit classic clime of old,  
Where the amorous azure zephyr-fanned  
Caressing kissed with murmur bland  
Some finely-pebbled Paphian strand ;  
Where Cyprian seawinds whispering made  
Love-plaint in hot Idalian glade  
And marble-templed mulberry-shade ;  
Or where with wanton freaks and frets

Sang rough Cythera's sparkling jets  
And silvery-laughing rivulets ;  
Or out of sight and sunshine slipped,  
And lone in limestone cave and crypt,  
Slow heavy tears in silence dripped ;—  
Were ever loveliest scenes in sooth  
So typically fit to be  
A birthplace and a home for thee,  
Impassioned Love ! as these that see  
Our sylvan Maid, our sailor Youth  
Love-linked go loitering where they list,  
Love-led through Love's own mighty Mist ?

A wondrous realm indeed beguiled  
The pair amidst its charms to roam.  
O'er scenes more fair, serenely wild,  
Not often summer's glory smiled ;  
When flecks of cloud, transparent, bright,  
No alabaster half so white,  
Hung lightly in a luminous dome  
Of sapphire, seemed to float and sleep  
Far in the front of its blue steep ;  
And almost awful, none the less  
For its liquescent loveliness,  
Behind them sunk, just o'er the hill,  
The deep Abyss profound and still,  
The so immediate Infinite !  
That yet emerged the same, it seemed,  
In hue divine and melting balm,  
In many a Lake whose crystal calm  
Uncrisped, unwrinkled, scarcely gleamed ;

Where Sky above and Lake below  
Would like one sphere of azure show,  
Save for the circling belt alone,  
The softly-painted purple zone  
Of mountains—bathed where nearer seen  
In sunny tints of sober green  
With velvet dark of woods between,  
All glossy glooms and shifting sheen ;  
While here and there, some peak of snow  
Would o'er their tenderer violet lean.

And yet within this region, fair  
With wealth of waving woods—these glades  
And glens and lustre-smitten shades,  
Where trees of tropic beauty rare  
With graceful spread and ample swell  
Uprose ; and that strange *asphodel*  
On tufts of stiff green bayonet-blades,  
Great bunches of white bloom upbore,  
Like blocks of seawashed madrepore,  
That steeped the noon in fragrance wide,  
Till by the exceeding sweet opprest  
The stately *tree-fern* leaned aside  
For languor, with its starry crown  
Of radiating fretted fans,  
And proudly-springing beauteous crest  
Of shoots all brown with glistening down,  
Curved like the lyre-bird's tail half-spread,  
Or necks opposed of wrangling swans,  
Red bill to bill—black breast to breast ;—

Aye ! in this realm of seeming rest,  
What sights you met and sounds of dread !  
Calcareous caldrons, deep and large  
With geysers hissing to their marge ;  
Sulphureous fumes that spout and blow ;  
Columns and cones of boiling snow ;  
And sable lazy-bubbling pools  
Of sputtering mud that never cools ;  
With jets of steam through narrow vents  
Uproaring, maddening to the sky,  
Like cannon-mouths that shoot on high  
In unremitting loud discharge  
Their inexhaustible contents :  
While oft beneath the trembling ground  
Rumbles a drear persistent sound  
Like ponderous engines infinite, working  
At some tremendous task below !—

Such are the signs and symptoms—lurking  
Or launching forth in dread display—  
Of hidden fires, internal strife,  
Amid that leafy, lush array  
Of rank luxuriant verdurous life :  
Glad haunts above where blissful love  
Might revel, rove, enraptured dwell ;  
But through them pierce such tokens fierce  
Of rage beneath and frenzies fell ;  
As if, to quench and stifle it,  
Green Paradise were flung o'er Hell—  
Flung fresh with all her bowers close-knit,  
Her dewy vales and dimpled streams ;  
Yet could not so its fury quell  
But that the old red realm accurst

Would still recalcitrate, rebel,  
Still struggle upward and outburst  
In scalding fumes, sulphureous steams.  
It struck you as you paused to trace  
The sunny scenery's strange extremes,  
As if in some divinest face,  
All heavenly smiles, angelic grace,  
Your eye at times discerned, despite  
Sweet looks with innocence elate,  
Some wan wild spasm of blank affright  
Or demon-scowl of pent-up hate ;  
Or some convulsive writhe confest,  
For all that bloom of beauty bright,  
An anguish not to be repress !  
You look,—a moment bask in, bless,  
Its laughing light of happiness ;  
But look again—what startling throes  
And fiery pangs of fierce distress  
The lovely lineaments disclose ;—  
How o'er the fascinating features flit  
The genuine passions of the nether pit !—

But whatsoe'er of dark and dread  
May be in Love's wild bosom bred,  
Now on his ardent votaries shone  
His bright and beauteous moods alone.

## v.

Amo and Ranolf slowly journeying home,  
Had to a pleasant place for camping come  
Inside a glorious forest ; and although  
The atmosphere was still aglow



With heat—the sun still shining high,  
Resolved that day they would no further go :  
Why should they haste—what seek or fly ?  
Each rocky niche or woody nook  
Of most retired romantic look,  
There they could make their home, their rest,  
And choose next day as fair a nest :—  
'Twas such a joy to journey so,  
How could their journey be too slow !  
So long as not compelled to sever,  
They cared not should it last for ever.

The youth, with hands beneath his head,  
Against a great *títóki's* base,  
Where less compact and tangled spread  
The underbrush a little space,  
Lay watching, now the forest scene,  
Now Amo, as with accents gay  
And lovely looks and lively mien  
Directions to the lad she gave  
How best and where the stones to lay  
When heated well, and neatly pave  
The little hollow cleared away  
To make his oven in, and cook—  
In leaves close-folded, lightly sprinkled  
With water from the fretting brook  
O'er rocky bed that near them tinkled—  
The *savoury palm-tree's* pithy heart,  
By Ranolf just cut down—but not,—  
(Though many grew about the spot)  
Without—be sure—a little smart—

Some slight compunction, for a meal  
To strike with his destructive steel,  
A thing so fair, a woodland treasure  
You could not look at without pleasure !  
A slim smooth pillar, ribbed and round,  
With drooping crimson chaplet crowned ;  
O'er that,—erect, symmetric, chaste,  
A green Greek vase of perfect taste,  
With narrow neck and swelling side,  
Smooth-shining, sinuous ; whence in pride  
Of beauty issued, spreading wide,  
A fan-like tuft of feathers free—  
All in artistic harmony !

Nor this alone employed the lad ;  
Intent upon a forest feast,  
A more attractive task he had—  
To raise and fix his three forked sticks,  
The little iron pot to sling  
He *would* on that excursion bring :  
Its use of all the white man's ways  
Had won his most decided praise ;  
In Ranolf's service he at least  
Had learnt what pleasant things were made  
With its inestimable aid ;  
And now with ducks and pigeons shot  
By Ranolf, he designed a stew,  
Should all his former stews outdo,  
Since he had shared a traveller's lot.

## VI.

But watching thus the wood, or these,  
As Ranolf lay, his facile eye

Ran o'er the shapes of plants and trees  
Exuberant round him, known or new.  
And while once more, as oft before,  
He marked with pleasure deep and true,  
What varied charms in form and hue  
Dear Nature's forest-children wore,  
It so did chance his curious glance  
Fell on a slender shrub hard by,  
All trace-work of transparent gold,  
Or gold and emerald blended,—neither,  
Yet far more beautiful than either !  
Against a ground of shadow black  
And soft as velvet at its back,—  
So delicately pencilled in green splendour,  
Stem branch and twig and leaflet tender  
So saturate with sunshine—such a flood  
Of light,—the exquisite creation stood !—

Then out at once at that sweet sight,  
Outbroke in words his pure delight  
And admiration uncontrolled :

*“ O the ineffable loveliness  
Of the green works of—Chance ! !—how strange  
Their perfect power to mock each one some dress  
Our many-masquing Spirits wear ;  
Mute, yet expert, like Music, to express  
In forms as it in sounds what mood soe'er  
The Soul may take through feeling's varied range !  
Look at that star-crowned beauty how she stoops,  
With what meek pride her plumy crest is bent !*

See that fair wanton's figure forward leant  
With open arms and every spreading spray  
In trustful, loving, frank abandonment ;  
Mark that small spire, stiff—upright—almost pert,  
School-girl in class—or sentry all alert !  
What shrinking tenderness does one display,  
Another languidly despondent droops :  
Here, some advanced in bold defiance stand,  
While others crouch in shy reserve behind ;  
There innocent grace, or full contentment bland,  
Or swelling pomp their fit exponents find :  
And see ! how that dismantled forest-king  
Does his contorted silver branches fling,

    All bare to heaven, in wild despair,  
Or writhing agony of speechless prayer !—  
Surely that first formative Spirit unknown  
That to these innocent woodland things supplied  
Shapes with our inmost feelings so allied,  
By such foreshadowing evolution showed  
Its prescience of those feelings ere they rose ;  
Nay, to the Finite stooping,—in a mode  
So beautiful and subtle and serene,  
Haply designed, if dimly, to disclose,  
To every sentiment within us sown  
Some mystical relation of its own  
Not all unsympathetic though unseen !

## VII.

“But O their rich luxuriance ! What a load  
That sturdy giant lifts in air !  
His mighty arms are strong and broad,  
But all with alien growths are furred,

A shaggy hide of creepers rare ;  
Their forks are all blocked up and blurred  
With tufts of clogging parasites  
That crowd till not a spot left bare  
    Might offer footing for a bird !—  
    And such her boundless vigour, see,  
    Above, below, and everywhere,  
    Exulting Nature so delights,  
    So riots in profusion, she  
    Twice over does her work for glee !  
A tangled intricacy first she weaves,  
Under and upper growth of bush and tree  
In rampant wrestle for ascendancy ;  
Then round it all a richer overflow  
    Of reckless vegetation flings,  
That here, close-moulding on the shrubs below  
    A matted coat of delicate leaves,  
Mantles the muffled life whereon it clings  
    Into a solid mass of greenery ;  
There, mounting to the tree-tops, down again  
Comes wildly wantoning in a perfect rain  
Of trailers—self-encircling living strings  
Unravellable ! see how all about  
The hundred-stranded creeper-cordage swings !  
    And when the breeze, so loud without,  
Now tamed and awe-struck, gliding in, has found  
    Amid the stately trees a stealthy way—  
How gently to-and-fro just o'er the ground  
The low-depending woody ringlets sway,  
Like panting creatures on the watch for play !”

# Canto the Fourth.

## *Trees and the Tree-God.*

1. *Ranolf, on a hint from Amo, rhapsodises on beautiful trees and plants.*
2. *Amo affects jealousy ; which tree shall she be ?* 3. *Evening.* 4. *A kiss.*

### I.

WHAT kindly Genius couching Poets' eyes—  
For Custom's cataracts dim the keenest sight—  
Gives them the Infant's crystal power to prize  
The simplest beauty that before them lies,  
Transparent to its wonder and delight ?—

“Why, Rano,” with her cheerful smile  
Said Amo, at her wifely tasks, the while  
He, as we told, in such enthusiast-style  
Revelled in all the leafy life,  
All the green revel round them rife :  
“If you were Tanë's self indeed,  
The Atua and the Father of the Trees,  
You could not of their ways take greater heed !”

The fancy seemed his mood to please :  
“Hurrah !” he cried, and following her lead  
Went on, as with mock-solemn triumph fired,  
Half to himself, and half to her, as whim

To speech or thought unspoken guided him,  
To dally with the notion she inspired :

## I.

“ I am TANĒ—the Tree-God !  
Mine are forests not a few—  
Forests, and I love them greatly,  
Moss-encrusted, ancient, stately ;  
Lusty, lightly-clad, and new.  
Mottled lights and chequered changes,  
Mid all these my roam and range is ;  
Shadowy aisle and avenue ;  
Creeper-girdled column too :  
In the mystic mid-day night  
Many-mullioned openings bright ;  
Solemn tracery far aloof  
Letting trefoiled radiance through !  
Many a splintered sun-shaft leaning  
Staff-like straight against the roof  
Of black alcoves overspread—  
Arched with foliage intervening  
Layer on layer in verdurous heaps,  
’Twixt that blackness and the sun ;  
With a tiny gap, but one,  
Light-admitting ; brilliance-proof,  
Day-defying, all unriven  
Elsewhere—all beside offscreening  
Of the grand wide glow of Heaven !  
Or, where thinner the green woof  
Veils the vault of outer blue,  
Many a branch that upward creeps,  
Wandering darkly overhead  
Under luminous leafy deeps,

Which an emerald splendour steeps  
From the noon that o'er them sleeps !—  
O I tend them, love, defend them,  
And all kindly influence lend them ;  
For my worship all are suited,  
If, but, in the firm earth rooted,  
By the living air recruited,  
They, ere it grow withered, dull,  
Their green mantle beautiful,  
Still repair, revive, renew."

(Then to himself, more musingly :)

*" Many creeds, and sects and churches,—hopeful each its own  
way going ;  
Bigots, sceptics, saints and sinners—precious to the Power all-  
knowing,  
So they keep absorbing ever more of Truth, the ever-growing."  
(This, by the way, because he could not smother  
That inveterate tendency  
To find in all things symbols of each other.)*

2.

" I am Tanë—the Tree-God !  
My sons are a million ;  
In every region,  
Their name it is legion ;  
And they build a pavilion  
My glory to hold.  
Which shall my favourites be ?  
Which are most pleasing to me,



Of their shapes and their qualities manifold?—

The gigantic parasite-myrtle  
That over its victims piles up  
Great domes of pure vermilion  
Filling the black defiles up :  
The *King-Pine* that grandly towers :—  
The fuchsia-tree with its flowers,  
Poor rustics that timidly ape  
Their sisters of daintier shape  
With their delicate bells downhung,  
And their waxen filaments flung  
So jauntily out in the air,  
Like girls in short crimson kirtle  
That spins in the wind as they whirl  
A-tiptoe one pointed foot,  
And one horizontal outshoot :—  
The *clematis*-garlands that curl  
And their graceful wreaths unfurl  
From many a monstrous withe ;  
Snowy-starred serpents and lithe  
That in sable contortions writhe,  
Till Fancy could almost declare  
That great Ophiucus, down-hurled  
From his throne in the skyey star-world,  
Had been caught with his glittering gems  
'Mid those giant entangling stems  
Which he deemed but a dwarfish copse,  
So was struggling and surging in vain  
To rear his vast coils o'er their tops  
And his gleaming lair regain !—

Then the limber-limbed tree that will shower its  
Corollas—a saffrony sleet,  
Till Taupo's soft sappharine face is  
Illumined for wonderful spaces  
With a matting of floating flowerets—  
Drift-bloom and a watersward meet  
For a watersprite's fairy feet ;  
'Tis the *kowhai*, that spendthrift so golden :  
But its kinsman to Nature beholden  
For raiment its beauty to fold in  
Deep-dyed as of trogon or lory,  
How with parrot-bill fringes 'tis burning,  
One blood-red mound of glory !  
Then the pallid *eurybia* turning  
    The vernal hill-slopes hoary  
With its feathers so faintly sweet  
And its under-leaves white as a sheet ;—  
    *All of them, all*—both the lofty and lowly,  
    Equally love I and wholly ;  
So that each take form and feature  
After its genuine law and nature  
    Its true and peculiar plan ;  
So that each, with live sap flowing,  
Keep on growing, upward growing,  
As high from the earth as it can !

*“ Many creatures—varied features—dark and bright still  
onward moving ;  
Tyrants—tumblers—boors and beauties, kings and clowns alike  
approving,  
To them ALL the Gods are gracious—to them all the Gods are  
loving.*

## 3.

"I am Tanë the Tree-God.

What will you bring to me?

Fruits of all kinds will I take

So ripe, true fruits they be!

Melting pulp—juicy flake—

Sweet kernel or bitter—

None are better—none fitter—

All are grateful to me.

But your shell with no lining

Though splendidly shining;

But your husk with a varnish

That nought seems to tarnish;

If any of these I espy,

Empty and hard and dry,

That serve but for clamour and clatter

Or the genuine fruit to belie;

These cheats will I shiver and shatter

And their fragments scornfully scatter,

O none of them bring to me!

*"Pains and passions—deeds and duties—virtues, vices—gifts  
and graces—*

*Have not all, their value, uses—in their various fitting places—*

*So they be not false pretences, mocking masks for natural  
faces?—*

"There, my sweet one, that is what,

Were I Tanë (which, thank God, *I'm not*,

Seeing mine's a happier lot)



That is about what I should say,  
Had I my own, my wondrous way."

II.

And Amo coming to his side amused,  
Her smiling eyes with tender love suffused,  
"How fond, O Rano mine," said she,  
"Of these dumb things you seem to be ;  
I shall be jealous soon, I think,  
And wish myself a Tree !"

"A tree, my Amo ! but I wonder which ?  
O which so fair that we might link  
Such loveliness in fancy with its form ?  
Which should be haven for a heart so warm,  
So sweet a Spirit's dwelling-place ?  
The Rata-myrtle for its bloom so rich—  
Or Tree-fern for its perfect grace ?  
Its slender stem I would embrace  
How fondly !—nay, but that would never do—  
That limbless tree-fern never should be you  
With nothing but a stem and plumy crest !  
Ah no ! the glorious Rata-tree were best,  
With blooming arms that spread around—above ;  
*That* should be you, my sole delight,  
My darling bliss ! that so I might  
Embosomed in embowering beauty rest,  
And nestle in the branches of my love !"

"Nay—but I would not be," said Amo—"I,  
That Rata—if the change I had to try ;  
Rather the snowy Clematis, to twine

About the tree I loved ; or rather yet  
That creeper Fern, with little roots so fine  
Along its running cords, it seems to get  
For its gay leaves with golden spots beset,  
Its dearest nurture from the bark whereto  
It clings so close ; as if its life it drew,  
Drew all its loving life from that alone—  
As I from thee, Ranoro, all my own !”

She paused a tender moment—then resumed :

“Nay, *not* the Rata ! howsoe’er it bloomed,  
Paling the crimson sunset ; for you know,  
Its twining arms and shoots together grow  
Around the trunk it clasps, conjoining slow  
Till they become consolidate, and show  
An ever-thickening sheath that kills at last  
The helpless tree round which it clings so fast.  
Rather, O how much rather than destroy  
The thing I loved, the source of all my joy,  
Would I, my Rano, share the piteous fate ‘  
The Rata’s poor companion must await—  
Were you the clasper, I the tree that died,  
That you might flourish in full strength and pride !”

“Nay—nay—my Amo ! were’t to be my doom  
To clasp you till you perished in your bloom,  
Neither to misery should be left behind—  
Together would we be to death consigned—  
In death, as all through life, in love entwined.  
But now, my lovely Clematis, be gay !—  
Though never shall I see that Rata bright,  
In murderous fondness, fastening round its prey

The serpent-folds that hug the friend they slay,  
Without a sigh for the poor victim's plight ;  
Without a wish to cut and cleave away  
The monster throttling what has been his stay ;  
Without some wonder why the Power divine  
Includes such pictures in his world's design,  
And even in lovely vegetable life  
Leaves startling models of unnatural strife."

## III.

Thus they two in their dream. But Evening now  
Steals, like a serious thought o'er joyous face,  
Its cooling veil o'er the warm Earth to throw.  
The hawk no longer soars in pride of place,  
Stiff-wheeling with bent head in circles slow ;  
The teal and wild-duck leave the floating weed  
And open pool, for sheltering rush and reed ;  
And home with outstretched necks the cormorants fly  
In strings—each train dark-lettering the sky,  
Now V exact, now lengthening into Y—  
As arrow-like direct their course they steer  
To haunts afar, unseen, but somewhere near  
Those mountain-summits carpeted and black  
With forests dense without a break or track,  
Whence smooth and ferny spurs in golden dun  
Of solemn sunlight undulating run  
Down to dim bases lost in shadows blue  
That blot the intervening gullies too—  
Encroaching darkness creeping upward still  
O'er chequered black-and-gold of dell and hill.

## IV.

“How pleasant is the life those birds must lead—  
About the sea all day to sport and feed,  
Where'er they will, with little heed ;  
And flee away at night with aim so sure  
Striking across the sky, so eager each  
His inaccessible far roost to reach—  
So secret, solitary and secure  
In solitude. And is not ours like theirs—  
As free, as lonely sweet, as void of cares !”  
Said Ranolf, as beside him closer drew  
Fair Amo : “Yes, my wildwood dove,  
What have we else to do but live and love !”  
And she, her native tongue, no doubt, too weak,  
The fond delight that filled her heart to speak,  
Replied in one more rich, she felt, though new,  
That foreign language of a fervid kiss ;  
Shaping her smiling lips as if they might  
Unlearnedly perform the mystic rite,  
Some feature of its due observance miss.  
“But see,” she hints, “Te Manu comes to say  
The *kúkupas* are done he takes such pride  
In cooking.”—As she spoke the youngster gay  
Came running up and grinning cried :  
*Ranoro, come ! come, Amo, quickly—do !*  
*Ka rá-we ! 'tis a glorious stew !”*

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Kúkupas (coo-coo-pas)—wood-pigeons. Ka rá-we !—Excellent—  
Hurrah !

# Canto the Fifth.

## *The Fountain-Terraces.*

1. *An illusion.* 2. *The great Terraces.* 3. *Silica-flowers.* 4. *The Moon. Beauty a true Evangelist.* 5. *Mahána—the warm Lake. Waterfowl.* 6. *The singing Islet.*

### I.

*“How beautiful ! how wonderful ! how strange !”—*

Such words, less thought than mere emotion, well  
Might Ranolf with abated breath, in tone  
That wonder-stricken to a whisper fell,  
For Amo's looks of triumph now exchange :  
So fair a vision charmed our loiterers lone,  
As at the closing of a sultry day,  
In search of some good camping-ground  
They paddled up Mahána's Lake,  
Where they a small canoe had found  
(Which Amo settled they might take)  
With little care half-hid in sedge  
Flax-fastened to the water's edge—  
Its owners clearly far away.



From the low sky-line of the hilly range  
Before them, sweeping down its dark-green face  
Into the lake that slumbered at its base,

A mighty Cataract—so it seemed—  
Over a hundred steps of marble streamed  
And gushed, or fell in dripping overflow ;  
Flat steps, in flights half-circled—row o'er row,  
Irregularly mingling side by side ;  
They and the torrent-curtain wide,  
All rosy-hued, it seemed, with sunset's glow.—

But what is this !—no roar, no sound,  
Disturbs that torrent's hush profound !  
The wanderers near and nearer come—  
Still is the mighty Cataract dumb !  
A thousand fairy lights may shimmer  
With tender sheen, with glossy glimmer,  
O'er curve advanced and salient edge  
Of many a luminous water-ledge ;  
A thousand slanting shadows pale  
May fling their thin transparent veil  
O'er deep recess and shallow dent  
In many a watery stair's descent :  
Yet, mellow-bright, or mildly dim,  
Both lights and shades—both dent and rim—  
Each wavy streak—each warm snow-tress—  
Stand rigid, mute and motionless !  
No faintest murmur—not a sound—  
Relieves that Cataract's hush profound ;  
No tiniest bubble, not a flake  
Of floating foam is seen to break  
The smoothness where it meets the Lake :

Along that shining surface move  
No ripples ; not the slightest swell  
Rolls o'er the mirror darkly green,  
Where, every feature limned so well—  
Pale, silent, and serene as death—  
The Cataract's image hangs beneath  
The Cataract—but not more serene,  
    More phantom-silent than is seen  
The white rose-hued reality above.

## II.

They paddle past—for on the right  
Another Cataract comes in-sight ;  
Another broader, grander flight  
Of steps—all stainless, snowy-bright !  
They land—their curious way they track  
Near thickets made by contrast black ;  
And then that wonder seems to be  
A Cataract carved in Parian stone,  
Or any purer substance known—  
Agate or milk-chalcedony !  
Its showering snow-cascades appear  
Long ranges bright of stalactite,  
And sparry frets and fringes white,  
Thick-falling, plenteous, tier o'er tier ;  
Its crowding stairs, in bold ascent  
Piled up that silvery-glimmering height,  
Are layers, they know,—accretions slow  
Of hard silicious sediment.  
For as they gain a rugged road,  
And cautious climb the solid rime,  
Each step becomes a terrace broad—

Each terrace a wide basin brimmed  
With water, brilliant yet in hue  
The tenderest delicate harebell-blue  
Deepening to violet !

Slowly climb  
The twain, and turn from time to time  
To mark the hundred baths in view—  
Crystalline azure, snowy-rimmed—  
The marge of every beauteous pond  
Curve after curve—each lower beyond  
The higher—outsweeping white and wide,  
Like snowy lines of foam that glide  
O'er level sea-sands lightly skimmed  
By thin sheets of the glistening tide.

They climb those milk-white flats incrustcd  
And netted o'er with wavy ropes  
Of wrinkled silica. At last—  
Each basin's heat increasing fast—  
The topmost step the pair surmount,  
And lo, the cause of all ! Around,  
Half-circling cliffs a crater bound ;  
Cliffs damp with dark-green moss—their slopes  
All crimson-stained with blots and streaks—  
White-mottled and vermilion-rusted.  
And in the midst, beneath a cloud  
That ever upward rolls and reeks  
And hides the sky with its dim shroud,  
Look where upshoots a fuming fount—  
Up through a blue and boiling pool  
Perennial—a great sapphire steaming,  
In that coralline crater gleaming.

Upwelling ever, amethystal,  
Ebullient comes the bubbling crystal !  
Still growing cooler and more cool  
As down the porcelain stairway slips  
The fluid flint, and slowly drips,  
And hangs each basin's curling lips  
With crusted fringe each year increases,  
Thicker than shear-forgotten fleeces ;  
More close and regular than rows,  
Long rows of snowy trumpet-flowers  
Some day to hang in garden-bowers,  
When strangers shall these wilds enclose.

## III.

But see ! in all that lively spread  
Of blue and white and vermeil red,—  
How, dark with growths of greenest gloss  
Just at the edge of that first ledge,  
(Calcareous string to cliff-formed bow  
O'er which the hot-pool trickles slow)  
A little rocky islet peeps  
Into the crater-caldron's deeps.  
Along the ledge they lightly cross,  
And from its midway islet gaze  
O'er all the scene—and every phase  
The current takes as down it strays.  
They note where'er, by step or stair,  
By brimming bath, on hollow reef  
Or hoary plain, its magic rain  
Can reach a branch, a flower, a leaf—  
The branching spray, leaf, blossom gay,  
Are blanched and stiffened into stone !

So round about lurks tracery strewn  
Of daintiest-moulded porcelain-ware,  
Or coral wreaths and clusters rare,  
A white flint-foliage !—rather say  
Such fairy work as frost alone  
Were equal to, could it o'erlay  
With tender crust of crystals fair,—  
Fine spikes so delicately piled—  
Not wintry trees, leafstripped and bare,  
But summer's vegetation, rich and wild.

## IV.

But while all this they watch, lo, still and grand,  
The enormous Moon !—how, like  
A great gold cymbal on its edge upright,  
Upon the mountain's ridge it takes its stand  
So close—there balanced broad and steady,  
To bathe in dreamily-magical light  
What seemed a magical dream already,  
Twice beautify the beautiful, and strike  
Transcended sense dead-mute with admiration !—  
And who could mark, with wondering soul-elation,  
That revel of redundant loveliness,  
Nor truths that Ranolf leapt to, half confess ?

*“ O these charms of great Nature !* who ever has seen them  
In their glory as these are, nor owned that the notion  
They force on the thinker, is true, not illusive—  
That our senses and they, so composed as between them  
To awake in the mind such delightful emotion,  
Are proofs self-attested, as logic conclusive,

Of Benevolence *somewhere*, in what can convene them—  
Adapt them to act and react on each other?  
A sentiment this, that no Science can smother.  
Nor condemn it as anthropomorphical folly,  
Since a cause they *must* have, one intelligent wholly,  
To hold that the Cause of these marvels must mean them  
To display that Benevolence—mutely reveal it  
In delight to the creature most fitted to feel it!

—Aye truly! and though by stern reasoning's parity  
You maintain that in Nature, the baleful, disgusting  
Should be proof in its Cause of defect of such charity—  
That if Beauty be vaunted as sign of Benevolence,  
Deformity equally argues Malevolence,—  
Yet the first so outsplendours the last—so exceeds it—  
And the last has such uses, Mankind almost needs it—  
'Tis hard not to side with the hopeful and trusting!  
Yes, cavil and carp, the nice balance adjusting,  
*Yet is Beauty in literal truth, nothing less*  
*Than a Gospel*—an embassy mute yet express  
From some Power imperial, of friendliness felt  
For mankind—sáy of Love! one that never will cease  
To diffuse its serene revelations of peace;  
Bright dawns and rich sunsets its eloquent books;  
And the broad laugh of flowers, and the soft-chiming  
    brook's  
Secret murmurs of joy, and the rapture of birds,  
Its angelical whispers—accredited words:  
But holiest Woman's affectionate looks,  
Most thrillingly potent to move and to melt,  
Are the pages where clearest its plenary power  
Of divine Inspiration for ever has dwelt!  
And he who has basked but one bliss-giving hour

In their sunshine and solace, like me must avow,  
With the loveliest lessons of Love, it is thou  
O Beauty, bright Mystic, the spirit canst fill ;  
Aye, 'tis Thou, in all shapes, of celestial good-will,  
Art the sweetest, most suasive Evangelist still !"—

## v.

Content that night no more to see,  
The wanderers push off merrily  
To what that night their home shall be :  
A little rugged isle (another  
Beside it standing, its twin-brother  
In conformation strange) that lifts  
Its verdurous tufts o'er tortuous rifts  
Misshapen—many a dip and rent  
In rock that—ever bathed, besprent  
With oozy hotspring, fervid play  
Of steam that finds a viewless vent—  
Is softening slow to pallid clay.  
By isles—mere knots of waving grass,  
By thin-spread rush and reed they pass ;  
And fright a thousand birds that rise  
From bubbling channel, heated marsh ;  
And flee in flocks away, with cries  
Now plaintive—wild, now hoarse and harsh ;  
Coot, teal and that rich gallinule  
Of velvet violet plumage proud ;  
That, night and day, each open pool  
Or warm and watery covert crowd ;  
And stalk and strut and peer and pry  
With jerking tail and searching eye ;

Or plash and paddle, duck and dive,  
And through green bills quick-gargling drive  
The scooped-up Lake's clear lymph. And see,  
Pink-legged, snow-white or sable-pied,  
Those strangers from far Ocean's side ;  
Bluff *oyster-catcher*, *avocet*,  
And tripping beach-birds, seldom met  
Elsewhere—come hither, not for food,  
But on this warm delight to brood,  
This tepid inland luxury.

## VI.

The pair have left the light canoe  
And cross the soil with cautious tread,  
Whose treacherous crust they scarce can trust—  
Each step, it seems, may break it through.  
With springy swelling moss 'tis spread,  
An emerald, warm, and soaking sod,  
In places ; then their way they track  
Through little thickets, very black  
In shade against the tumbled blocks,  
The steaming, white and moonlit rocks ;  
But cherished there to richness rare  
Of fragrant broom and ferny plume  
And winding woven *lycopod*  
Close-creeping—all luxuriant, lush,  
In that pervading vapour-gush.  
Then on a grassy spot the brake  
Left free—just large enough to make  
A couch for two, fenced all around



With aromatic *leptosperm*—  
A soft green gapless wall—they heap  
Elastic fern and broom to keep  
Down to a pleasant warmth the heat  
The ground gives out ; where they may sleep —  
Could Love desire a bower more sweet?—  
Secure no noxious reptiles creep  
Throughout the land—envenomed worm  
Or poison-snake you dread to meet :  
And lulled by that low changeless churme,  
The hissing, simmering, seething sound  
That sings and murmurs all the while  
And ever round that mystic isle ;  
May sleep a blissful sleep profound,  
Plunged in the calm unconscious heaven  
To youth and health out-wearied given.

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# Canto the Sixth.

## *A Geyser Yoked.*

1. *Warm baths.* 2. *More hot-springs and clay-pools.* *A pea-green tarn.*  
3. *The rosy fountain-stairs and alabaster rock.* 4. *Geysers still.*  
*An emerald font.* 5. *Amo's notions of travelling.* 6. *The Roaring*  
*Geyser.* *Steam yoked.* 7. *A real Atua.*

### I.

Soon as the Morn from curtain-folds of grey  
Peeped out with smile so grave and tender,  
Like a young Queen upon her crowning-day  
Blushing to put on all that gold and splendour—  
Up rose the lovers to survey  
The marvels yet unseen that round them lay.

Baths beauteous, statelier than of old  
Rome's silken Emperors ever planned,  
Of every nice degree of heat and cold,  
Are ready crystal-filled at hand !  
No need have they of fuel or fire  
To cook their morning meal to their desire ;  
'Tis but to scrape a primrose-tinted seam,  
Some sulphur-crust'd fissure dry  
That runs through fern and grass hard by—  
Up comes the hot and fizzing steam,

Wherein—or plunged in water boiling blue,  
The food suspended is without ado  
In style as wholesome quickly drest  
As *Savarin's* choicest, *Soyer's* best.

## II.

Forthwith their gladsome way they take  
To all the marvels of the Lake.  
To Wáta-poho's endless wail  
They list—the groans its tortures wrest  
From its hard agonizing breast,  
So hollow, inward-deep and fierce,  
As upward shoot its showers intense,  
Cramming the narrow shaft they pierce  
Through shuddering rocks blanched ashy-pale ;  
Hot water, steam and sulphur-smoke  
Commingling in one column dense  
Of white terrific turbulence !  
But other gentler feelings woke  
Its sister-fountain welling nigh  
Whose bursts of grief for moments brief  
Long-intervalled, in streams outbroke,  
And then would sink away and die  
With such soft moan relapsing slow—  
Such long-drawn breath of utter woe—  
It well became its mournful name,  
'Ko-ingo'—'Love's desponding Sigh.'

They visit then that narrow glen,  
Where at the foot of hills forlorn,  
Silicious slabs of spar flood-borne,

Like cakes of ice when Spring is young,  
Burst up by freshets wild, are flung.  
And slow they pick their cautious way  
By liquid beds of creamy clay,  
Where large white nipples rise and sink,  
And lazy bubbles break and fume,  
Up to a small square tarn pea-green—  
As green and bright as malachite,  
Beneath a crimson cliff in part  
White-mottled, but along the brink  
Of that clear water's grass-hued sheen  
(Where azure dragon-flies will dart  
A moment)—feathered rich and dark  
With *mánuka* like fragrant broom.  
And near the valley's mouth they mark,  
Where thickets dense scarce leave a track,  
A boiling mud-pool sputtering black  
And baleful ;—mark, above its gloom  
What weird wild shapes the rocks assume !  
Here, worn by water's sapping might,  
Time-crennelled turrets half o'erthrown ;  
There, idols blurred by ages' flight  
To shapes of un conjectured stone ;  
Now on the hill's low brow upright,  
Like men who walk in dreams by night,  
Dumbfounded, tottering—lost and lone ;  
Now, muffled forms their faces shrouding  
Opprest with some unheard-of doom ;  
Or woe-struck up the hillside crowding—  
Funereal mourners round a tomb :—  
Grotesque and ominous and grim,  
As *Doré's* wonder-teeming whim  
E'er forged and fixed in stony trance  
Of subtle-shaped significance.

## III.

And next across the Lake they steer  
To see that fair cascaded stair  
That yester-eve they passed so near—  
'The Fountain of the Clouded Sky,'  
Tu-kápua-rangi—fitly styled,  
It flings its steam so wide and high.  
'Tis *rosy* rime they climb this time ;  
For floors and fringes, terrace piled  
O'er terrace, glow with faint carmine  
As fashioned of carnelian fine ;  
As if, continuous, full, from heaven  
Some wide white avalanche downward driven  
Came pouring out of Sunset, stained  
With sanguine hues it still retained.

But at the topmost terrace—lo,  
A vision like a lovely dream !—  
A basin large, its further marge  
And surface slightly veiled with steam  
That thinly driving o'er it flies,  
Spreads, level with the level plain  
Of smoothest milk-white marble grain :  
And broad all round that basin's brink  
A double stripe—one delicate pink—  
One lemon-yellow—bordering dyes  
That whiteness, and with even hues,  
Fair as a rainbow laid on snow,  
Its wavy outline still pursues.

But through the driving vapour, see,  
Translucent depths of azure, bright

And soft as heaven's divinest blue—  
A gulf profound of liquid light !  
And from those depths, uprising through  
That azure light—yet all beneath  
The steaming surface—still as death,  
In snowy mute solemnity,  
A mighty forward-bending peak  
Of marble bows ; shaped like a *paw*,  
Say, some enormous polar bear's,  
Thick-set with many a flattened claw,  
All one way level-pointing—scale  
O'er scale like th' Indian pangolin's mail—  
All snowiest alabaster !—Weak,  
Too weak, were any words to speak  
The hushed mysterious charm it wears,  
That ghostly-lovely miracle,  
Whose sides of snow far down below  
In boiling light that round them lies,  
Fade where the clear cerulean glow  
Of that unfathomed fervent well  
In tenderest turquoise dimness dies !

O well may Ranolf for a while  
Enthusiast-like, sit rapt before  
That heaven-blue gulf and rock snow-white,  
Unconscious even of Amo's smile,  
Unconscious of her joyous eyes,  
And loving arms he scarce could feel  
That softly *would* around him steal  
As silent by his side she lay  
On that pure speckless snowy floor  
With pink and saffron purple gay.

## IV.

Thus all the varied fountains found  
Among the ferny hills that bound  
Mahana, and a mile around,—  
Of every flow and hue and sound  
They visit ;—tall columnar mound  
And diamond-cone, and haycock-heap  
Of boiling snow, and springs that leap  
And languish, spurting fitful spray,  
And cloud-crowned stems of steam that spout  
At seasons, or shoot up alway ;  
Hid white about this verdurous waste  
Like statues in proud gardens placed.  
And one large font whose hollow bed  
With branching emerald coral spread,  
Through brilliant boiling crystal spied,  
Looks daintiest moss green-petrified !

And sights as dread they meet throughout,  
As wild Imagination's worst  
Of black hell-broths and witches' bowls  
Infernal—Dante-pits accurst,  
Here realized in cankerous holes  
And sloughs of mud as red as blood,  
Pitch-black, or viscid yellow-drab,  
Or pap of clay light-bluish gray,  
Or sulphurous gruel thick and slab :  
Each sputtering, hot, commixture dire,  
Earth mineral-stuffed, and flood and fire,  
Together pashed and pent-up make,  
And fuse in sluggish fever nought can slake.

So passed the day ; and swiftly sped  
Mid scenes where marvels ever varying rise ;  
The wanderers' eyes with wonder ever fed—  
Bright with continual flashes of surprise.

## v.

Late after noon it was, when tired the pair  
Returning to their starting point, once more  
Beside the mighty geyser stood  
That flings a panting column high in air—  
'Ohápu'—'Fountain of the dreadful Roar.'

Their fancy sated with the sight of fear,  
They sate upon the hill above  
That cauldron, in the shade of rocky wood  
By bursting spring and boiling flood  
Distorted ;—sate in lounging mood  
In careless converse, to themselves how dear !  
(Is any talk too trifling for true love ?)  
Where still the Geyser's raging they could hear.

—"This loitering through the land on foot,  
Now slow, now faster, as may suit  
One's humour best, I do enjoy  
So thoroughly—did always from a boy !"—  
Said Ranolf, as himself he threw  
Upon the stunted fern—"Do you ?"

"On foot !" said Amo, "how else *could* you go ?  
Though in your land, I've heard, indeed,  
That travellers sometimes go at greater speed  
In strangest style—I ne'er believed it, though."



"What did you hear, my Amo?"

"It was he  
E Ruka, who had sailed beyond the sea ;  
But he so many monstrous stories told  
With face so true, by young and old  
'*Kai-tito-nui*' he was named,  
'The big lie-swallower ;' 'pumpkin-headed' too,  
To take whate'er he heard for true—  
They called him. I should be ashamed  
His silly solemn stories to repeat."

"But let me hear about the travelling, sweet !"

"Well, promise not to laugh—at least, not laugh  
Too much at me. I did not credit half  
The story, mind. He said, your people use  
To travel in, great *land-canoes*,  
Dragged by enormous dogs as tall  
As men, or taller ; nay, more strange—  
A thing that had to do with travel,  
Though how, I could not quite unravel—  
That beasts about your country range  
To which the mighty *Moas* were small  
Our songs make mention of ; that these  
Gigantic monsters, each and all  
Have double heads and shoulders double,  
Six legs or so ; and therefore go  
Swift as the wind ; then without trouble  
Can split in two whene'er they please,



And both the fragments when they sever,  
Can run about as well as ever!—

Nay, now, but I will hold your lips—  
You are not to laugh so—understand ;  
I will not take away my hand,  
Kiss as you may my finger-tips.”

The fact explained to her well nigh  
As wondrous as the fiction seemed :  
What! get astride those beasts and fly!  
’Twas like what Maui did or schemed,  
Who fished the Isles up—almost hitched  
The Sun into his noose, and then  
Had freed the happy sons of men  
From Night—Death—every denizen  
Of Darkness—all the evil crew  
Of powers bewitching or bewitched.

## VI.

“ My Child—but these are trifles to  
The wondrous things our people do.—”

He pointed toward the place where bellowing, crashing,  
That fierce terrific Hotspring raged ;  
With monstrous head in furious foam upsoaring,  
And boiling billows round the crater dashing,  
Its crusted soot-brown sides like demons lashing ;  
Or if a moment from its maddest mood  
The lapsing Geyser seemed to sink assuaged,  
Mounting again amid the ceaseless roaring,

Like hissing Cobra with inflated hood  
Upswelling swift—its reeking rush renewing,  
With force and frenzy evermore accruing!

“You hear,” he said, “that hell-pool dread :  
What would you think if I should say  
My people have the skill to yoke  
The fiercest whirls of steam that ever broke  
From that tremendous pit of wrath, and tether  
As many moving houses gay  
Behind it, as would all your tribe contain ;  
Then make it whisk them o’er the plain,  
Aye ! all your Tribe at once together,  
As smoothly, rapidly as flew  
The Kingfisher the other day  
With chestnut breast and back so blue  
That round our heads came swooping, screaming,  
Because we chanced to saunter near  
The barkless twisted tree-trunk (gleaming  
In sunshine silver-sharp and clear  
Against far purple hills) that hid  
The nest wherein his young ones lay?”

“Well, but if such a word you spoke  
I could but think, I could but say,  
’Twas my Ranoro’s whim to joke ;  
And on her fond reliance play  
Who takes and trusts his every word,  
As if an Atua’s voice she heard.”

“Nay ; pretty one ! ’tis simple fact—  
No silly jest, but truth exact.”

“Well, then, my Chief, my Master dear  
Shall do as I, his handmaid, bid,  
And let me all the wonder hear.”

“Your language has no words, I fear—”

“Ah, we poor Maori ! worthless still,  
In deeds and words, no power, no skill !—  
But tell me—that tremendous flying  
Is it not something dreadful, frightful  
Your people tremble at, while trying ?”

“Not dreadful, dearest, but delightful—”  
And then with her request complying,  
“See—” he went on, as best he could, constraining  
Strange words and strange ideas to fit—  
Though all the interruptions we omit  
Where foreign thought or phrase required explaining :—  
“See ! all in order ranged at hand  
The moving houses ready stand ;  
Your tribe all ranged in order too,  
Inside them sit—imagine how ;  
We take our places, I and you—”

(“Yes—were I close to you as now !”—)

“Impatient frets the giant, Steam,—  
You hear his wild complaining scream ;  
You hear him hissing ere he start  
Like pinned-down Snake that strives to dart ;

Then off at once ! in perfect row  
Swift as a lance your warriors throw,  
Men, houses, all, away we go !—

Give place ! give place ! in silent race  
The distant woods each other chase !  
Trees, hedges, hamlets—far and wide,  
They reel and spin, they shift and slide !  
The dim horizon all alive—  
Hills, plains and forests, how they drive !  
Determined to keep up and see  
They shoot ahead as fast as we :  
But nearer objects, soon as spied,  
Detach themselves and backward glide,  
Behind us drifting one by one ;  
Wink past the others and are gone !  
See ! parallel field-furrows broad  
That lie right-angled to the road,  
Like swiftly-turning wheel-spokes play—  
Turn—open—float and flit away !

More speed—more speed ! and shriller cries !  
The panting road begins to rise,  
And like a whirling grindstone flies !  
The fields close by can scarce be seen,  
A swift continuous stream of green !—

—But fix upon the scene around  
A steadier glance—in how profound  
A stillness seems that hamlet bound :  
How solemn, in secluded meadows  
Those oak trees standing on their shadows ;  
That church-tower wrapt in ivy-fleece,  
How sacred its inviolate peace !

The riot of our wild career  
Seems rushing through a land asleep  
Where all things rapt—entranced, appear,  
Or if they move, can only creep ;  
The lightest car, the heaviest wain—  
(Those land-canoes, you know, we use)  
And walking men whose figures plain  
A moment on the eye remain,  
Seem toiling backwards, all in vain !—  
Then sudden—close—ere you can think,  
The blackest blinding midnight seems  
To make your very eyeballs shrink ;  
The air is dank—a hollow roar  
And deeper, harsher than before  
Is mingled with the Giant's screams,  
As—all the houses in a row—  
Right through a Mountain's heart we go !  
But swiftly from the jaws of night  
Emerging, screeching with delight,  
Outcomes with unabated might  
The Monster and pursues his flight !  
In snowy stream thick-issuing flies  
His furious breath across the skies :  
Each labourer as the ponderous whirr,  
The hammer-beats, incessant, strong,  
And fast as flap of flying bird,  
The monster's eager pulse, are heard,  
Suspends the busy fork or prong  
And turns to look, but scarce can see  
The phantom, ere the rush and stir,  
Men, monster, long-linked houses, we—  
All smoothly thundering, tearing on,  
A human hurricane—are gone !”—

## VII.

She listened with rapt lips asunder,  
And rounded eyes of brilliant wonder :  
Love lent her Faith—nor could she draw  
Distinctions nice between what broke  
Or did not break, the natural law ;  
But could she, 'twould have been the same ;  
Not what was said, but he who spoke  
Made what she heard as what she saw.  
That cloudy madness chained and curbed—  
And all her Tribe turned undisturbed  
Into a screeching bird that flew  
Unchecked the yielding Mountains through !  
What myth could daunt her after that ?  
What miracle could Superstition name  
Were not beside it commonplace and flat—  
To stagger her belief, too tame ?—

“ These foreigners,” she smiled, “ ’tis true,  
Whate’er they wish, their Atuas do ! ”

“ An Atua—yes ! divine not dread— ”  
(But this was rather thought than said)  
“ Could I but make her understand  
How this benignant Genie grand,  
In form so fierce, in deeds so bland,  
Is toiling still o’er sea and land  
With might unwearied and unworn  
By slow degrees to raise Mankind ;  
Bestowing god-like powers, designed

For mightier millions yet unborn,  
To wrest her plenteous treasure-horn  
From Nature's wise reluctant hand ;  
Consigning so to second place  
The Body's too absorbing claims ;  
Clearing the ground for higher aims ;  
Wiping the tears from Man's sad face ;  
Amalgamating every race—  
Creating Time—destroying Space.”



# Canto the Seventh.

## *English Maidens.*

1. *Return to the great Terraces. Amo asks about English maidens ;*  
2. *Their dress and jewels.* 3. *Amo mortified. Ranolf's idea of*  
*her.* 4. *Hers of him. The Parthenon.* 5. *The boiling pool ; its*  
*blue surface colouring the mist-cloud above it.* 6. *The singing Islet*  
*again.*

### I.

Now to the Fountain-Stair beside the pass,  
The great white Fount, the pair their footsteps turning  
Paused to admire the baths, whose sheets of glass,  
Warm azure, with the blushing west were burning ;  
And Amo when her simple phrase had told  
The simple triumph that illumed  
Her features at her friend's delight  
Which seemed to say her country had one sight  
At least, as lovely, it must be avowed,  
As any in his native land so proud—  
The talk where it had broken off resumed :

“ Atuas or not—you must be wise and bold  
To work the wonders you unfold ;

Too ignorant, alas ! or dull  
Am I, O friend, to comprehend  
Such things, I fear. But let me hear—”  
She said, in somewhat faltering tone  
As shy, lest what she asked make known  
More feelings than she cared to own :  
“ Are not your Maidens beautiful ? ”

“ More so than well my tongue can tell.”

“ But not more beautiful than you— ”

“ Than I ! ” with laughter loud, he cried :  
“ As much more as the graceful crane  
In dainty plumes without a stain  
Than her brown-mottled brother harsh,  
The booming *bittern* of the marsh ;  
As much more as the fragrant strings  
Of milky stars I’ve seen you tear  
From some great forest-galaxy  
With their sweet snows to double-dye  
The sable splendour of your hair,  
Than that vile *twine of prickles* fine  
Which if it touch you cuts and clings  
Whene’er you push through briar and bush.”

“ But O, describe them, dearest, do ! ”

“ Nay, how portray, how paint or say  
What deep enchantment round them lies—  
Great Nature’s last felicities,

Her happiest strokes of genius ! some of whom—  
Heart, mind and body, in the May  
And melody of perfect bloom  
The coldest sceptic must assume  
The mighty Master fashioned to display  
In one consummate work how he  
Could make its outward form a shrine,  
A visible symbol and a sign  
Of what was throned within—divine !  
Aye ! spite of Man's idolatry,  
For ever pardonably prone  
To worship more the shrine than Saint,  
And feel from love of that alone  
His beauty-burthened Spirit grow  
With too much adoration faint—  
Resolved in that rare Form to show  
For what the rarer Soul was given,—  
To be to Man a living light  
And lure of spiritual beauty bright,  
To lead him on from height to height  
Of self-denying Love to heaven !—

But who that outward Shrine can paint,  
Whose mortal scarce can its immortal shroud !  
What lofty-passioned words and tones  
Can picture forth those loveliest ones !  
So blossom-cheeked, so heavenly-browed,  
With dowry of divinest eyes,  
Twin fragments of the azure skies  
Beaming celestial blessing through  
Pure chastened lids whose perfect white,  
And the transparent temples too,

Are stained with streaks of delicate blue  
As tender as thick-fallen snow  
Deep down in crack and crevice makes  
With its own shadow, when the weight  
Of piled-up frail congealment breaks.—  
Their hair! O take when Morning wakes  
Her beams and twine them! pleach and plait  
The Moon-sparks shrinking, leaping, linking,  
On yonder Lake at midnight—spin them  
With all the liquid gold within them  
Into fine skeins of splendour! so  
You best may guess how tress on tress  
In long luxuriant glossiness  
Its gleaming undulations flow!—  
But you should see—I cannot tell—  
What they resemble who so well  
Attest what truth of fancy nurst  
Your *native myth* how Woman first  
Was fashioned from comminglings sweet  
Of brilliant tremors of the noontide heat  
That shimmering near you, still retreat,  
And airy Echoes, sprites so shy  
Yet quick with answering sympathy,  
That ever haunting ever hide  
Near cliff abrupt and mountain-side;—  
With just enough of added Earth  
To temper charms of such ethereal birth,  
Which else e'en Rapture's self would miss—  
Which else its fond embrace would fly—  
To something lovelier it can clasp and kiss!"—

## II.

“And have they flaxen mantles fair  
As this—with broidered border rare?  
And do their greenest jewels shine  
Like this pellucid jade of mine?”

“For dress they rob the sunset—take  
Its gorgeous glisterings from the Lake,  
Or swathe their forms in gauzy mist  
The Moon might envy them at night,  
Pavilioned with pure amethyst,  
In pearliest virgin vesture dight!  
And as for gems!—they wreathe about  
Their arms that dazzle you without,  
And necks, that when your eyes you shut,  
Leave shapes of sinuous snowy bloom  
In vivid loveliness clear cut  
And floating on the purple gloom—  
Such trails of richest radiance set  
In linked array of flower and fret,  
As if they strung the beaded clusters,  
The little lamping flame-hued lustres,  
Sapphires winking, rubies blinking,  
Trembling emerald-sparks, adorning  
The mist-besilvered meads of morning  
When first the Sun new-fires them! Aye  
And always had that Sun hard by  
To keep them, as his only duty,  
Still bristling with all hues of beauty!”—

## III.

But while he spoke there stole unseen  
O'er Amohia's frank bright face

A shadow—as a slow white cloud  
Grows over all the blue sky-space  
Left by an opening in the green  
O'er-roofing forest thick-emboughed,  
And sheds soft gloom where light but now was shining.

He marked the mournful drooping head,  
The cheek where sadly-pensive spread  
The long-curved lashes low-declining :  
“Yet,” said he quickly, “few of those  
Have such a faultless form as you,  
Whose every facile movement shows  
What perfect grace on perfect limbs  
The perfect freedom from restraint bestows ;  
Few such a blithe bright bearing ; few  
Could bound as is your wont  
Up the great mountain-side and chase  
The shadow of the cloud that skims  
Scarce fleeter in its flying race ;  
Or at the summit could confront  
The bland magnificence of Nature's brow  
With such superb and regal innocence  
And look and mien so kindred ! few have eyes  
Of such a brilliant power  
They take away your breath and burn  
Right through your heart whene'er they turn  
Their melting flashes on you ! few could shower  
Such silky breadths of darkness down as now  
I hold between me and their gaze,  
To see if still their brightness will  
Come breaking through in spurry rays  
Like evening sunbeams through a thicket dense !

Yes ! howsoe'er those beings fair  
With Art to aid and Culture's care  
From human almost to divine may rise,  
For charms like these, not many there  
Could with my Wonder of the Wilds compare ! ”

## IV.

The sunny look at once returned,  
And through the clear warm brown discerned,  
The blush of artless triumph burned.  
Then round his neck her arms she threw  
And gazed, with love how fond and true  
As upon something to adore,  
Upon the face above her ; in that vein  
When parted lips and anxious sigh confess  
Content is at its highest, and the excess  
Of pleasure trembles on the brink of pain ;  
With simplest admiration too  
Reading his features o'er and o'er,  
As if her eyes could never feed  
Enough, nor sate her heart's impassioned greed  
For what to her was beautiful indeed :  
' *Kai-máta* '—' face-devouring gaze '  
Her country's own poetic phrase  
Had called the glance that so much love displays.  
But how conceive her feeling ? how  
The picture fond her fancy drew,  
The halo round his form she threw !  
To that enamoured fancy, quite  
Unused to the fair-tinted faces  
Of our Caucasian northern races,

This Stranger, with his eyes of sparkling blue  
That shone through shadows of a thoughtful brow  
Embossed with Intellect, and full and white,  
    With clustered gold about it curled,  
Seemed some high Being from another World !

    August and beautiful and bright  
    To her he well might seem,  
    As you perchance would deem  
Some Phidian Temple must have looked of old ;  
Where architrave and pediment arise,  
With metope-squares of dauntless proud emprise,  
And friezes full of life !—serenely bold  
Broadly confronting the broad skies,  
And throwing deep majestic shade  
(As human brow o'er human eyes)

    Into the interspaces made  
    By many a stately colonnade ;—  
As such a Temple must have looked when bare  
Its snowy grace and lovely grandeur first  
    Upon the shouting people burst !

Its solemn charm that would have awed, almost  
In the mere splendour of material lost ;

    Because so brilliant fresh and new,  
So delicately tinted here and there  
With rainbow colours pure and fair,  
The sculptured Marvel stood in view ;  
    The matchless groups around it rife  
    In stirring trance of pomp or strife,  
Sharp from some famous chisel, every one ;  
    The marble dust of recent working  
    In glittering specks about them lurking ;  
All just uncovered to the morning Sun !



## v.

But fair as Phidian Temple tinged so purely,  
That pure untinged white-terraced Fount coralline  
Showed, with its baths cerulean and crystalline,  
Whereon they gazed when not upon each other  
Their lover-gaze delightedly was dwelling ;  
When looks, where Love was seated so securely,  
To answering looks ceased passionately telling  
The tide of tenderness each bosom swelling.  
Then, as they watched the huge Steam-cloud that whitely  
O'er the main pool, like some nest-brooding mother,  
Spread swanlike wings the brilliant water shading,—  
Enveloped and imparadised more brightly  
In a Love-cloud as fervid and unfading,  
They saw how richly, though from surface duller,  
That still, suspended Mist reflected duly  
The bubbling basin's amethystine colour ;  
Returning tint for lovely tint as truly  
As in their mirrored eyes, fond, deep, untroubled,  
They marked, upwelling ever freshly, newly,  
Their mutual Love reflected and redoubled !

## vi.

Then to the glen that fronts the islets twain  
And to their isle itself they come—  
That ever-singing isle—through all the train  
Of water-birds that swarm the simmering plain,  
Thick as the sower's air-scattered grain.  
And then their bower of *mánuka* they gain  
Already soothing with a sense of home.  
The grateful viands follow, fountain-drest ;  
And then that churme monotonous, ne'er repress,  
Lulls them again entranced to Love's Elysian rest.

RANOLF AND AMOHIA.

*BOOK THE FIFTH.*

*STILL IN EDEN.*

*STILL IN EDEN.*

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CANTO I. THE HAUNTED MOUNTAIN.

- „ II. SPORTS ON THE LAKE.
- „ III. THE CICADA.
- „ IV. A LOVING QUESTIONER.
- „ V. A CHEERY THEORIST.
- „ VI. LOVE BEATS LOGIC.
- „ VII. AN AIRY NEST.

# Canto the First.

## *The Haunted Mountain.*

1. *Amo fears to ascend the Mountain—Târa-wéra.* 2. *A tree-girt niche.* 3. *The Mountain.* 4. *Morning and songsters.* 5. *The Lake.*

### I.

*"Shall we run into the cloudlet, love, so luminous and white  
That is crouching up in sunshine there on yonder lofty height?  
We could step out of the splendour all at once into the  
mist—*

Such a sunny snowy bower where a maiden might be kissed !  
From the woody lower terrace we could climb the russet  
steep

O'er that chasm gorged with tree-tops still in shadow dewy-  
deep,

Where another slip of vapour, see ! against the purple black,  
Set on fire by the sunbeam which has caught it there alone,  
Like a warrior-chief inciting his adherents to attack,  
Has upreared itself upright with one imperious arm out-  
thrown !

Up that slope so smooth and ruddy we could clamber to  
the crags

To the jutting rim of granite where the crouching cloudlet  
lags :

In and out the bright suffusion up above there in the skies,  
I would follow my fleet darling by the flashing of her eyes,  
O'er that lofty level summit, as they vanished vapour-veiled,  
Or would glitter out rekindling and then glance away to  
seek,

Like swift meteors seen a moment, for some other silver  
streak—

Now bedimmed and now bedazzling till each dodge and  
double failed,

And I caught her—O would clasp her! such delicious  
vengeance wreak

On those eyes—the glad, the grand ones! on that laughter-  
dimpled cheek,

Till with merciless caresses the fine damask flushed and  
paled,

And half-quenched in burning kisses those bewitching  
lustres quailed!”

*“Nay, but Rano, my adored one—O my heart and soul's  
delight!*

*Scarce with all your love to lead me—fold me round from all  
affright—*

*Would I dare ascend that Mountain!* woody cleft and fissure  
brown

Are so thick with evil spirits—it has such a dread renown!  
Such a hideous Lizard-Monster in its gloomy shades it  
screens,

That as rugged as the rocks are, winds along the close  
ravines—

E'en asleep lies with them sinuous like a worm in twisted  
shell—

And has eaten up more people in old days than I can tell !  
Would you go and wake that Taniwha ! O not at least  
to-day :

Look how lovely calm the Lake is !—'twill be sweeter far to  
stray

In the blue hot brilliant noon-tide to each secret shadowy  
bay,

And afloat on liquid crystal pass the happy time away !"—

## II.

So he, who when he had his will,  
For pleasure always went *up* hill,  
So Ranolf spoke ; and so replied  
His wildwood bride, the diamond-eyed,  
When morning's beam began to burn,  
Up-springing from their couch of fern  
By charming Tára-wéra's side. ,  
A little plot of smooth green grass—  
By tapering trees thick-set and tall  
Beneath grey rocks that rose o'er all,  
Shut in behind—a verdurous wall  
Circling that lawny flat so small  
Down to the very water's edge,  
That spread in front its liquid glass ;—  
Not far from where, 'mid reed and sedge,  
The warm Mahana's rapid tide,  
A mile-long stream scarce six feet wide,  
Comes rushing through the open pass—  
As seeks a hot and fevered child  
Its Mother's bosom cool and mild—

To Tára-wéra's ample Lake ;  
This shallow niche, tree-girt and green,  
With nought its still sweet charm to break,  
The lovers' lonely bower had been.

## III.

In sunshine stretching lightly o'er  
The Lake's far end from shore to shore,  
Long stripes of gauze-like awning lay—  
In stripes serene and white as they,  
Re-imaged on its bright blue floor.  
And many a rocky rugged bluff,  
With crimson-blossoming boscage rough  
O'er beetling crest and crevice flung,—  
White cliff or dark-green hill afar  
With patches bleached of scarp and scar—  
Stood boldly forward sunrise-fired,  
Or back in sun-filled mist retired.  
Untrembling, round the glistening rim  
Of that expanse of blooming blue,  
From headland bright or inlet's brim,  
Long fringes of reflection hung.  
Its ramparts stretched along the sky,  
One mighty Mountain reared on high  
Far o'er the rest a level crest,  
With jutting rounded parapet  
And rude rock-corbels rough-beset,  
Half-blurred by time and tempest's fret ;  
While smooth its slopes came sweeping down  
From that abraded cornice brown.  
The mountain this, the ruddy steep,  
That Ranolf, sun-awaked from sleep,

So longed to scale ; and high in air  
In glad imagination share  
Its sky-possessing majesty  
Of haughty isolation !—there  
Into each dark recess to pry  
And every sight and secret see  
Its lofty level might reveal,  
Or those grim fissures' depths conceal,  
That split the Mountain into three.

## IV.

About the heights, soft clouds a few,  
Clung here and there like floating flue ;  
Like helpless sea-birds breeze-bereft,  
Unmoving spread their pinions white—  
From jutting crag, deep-bathed in light,  
To slip away in snowy flight ;  
Or closely crouched in shadowy cleft,  
Like lambing ewes the flock has left.  
Below, o'erjoyed at darkness fleeing,  
Reviving Nature woke again  
To all the exceeding bliss of being !  
The minnows leapt the liquid plain  
In shoals—each silvery-shivering train,  
A sudden dash of sprinkled rain !  
The wild-duck's black and tiny fleet  
Shot in-and-out their shy retreat ;  
The cormorant left his crowded tree  
And stretched his tinselled neck for sea ;  
All Nature's feathered favourites poured  
To their adored undoubted Lord  
Of light and heat, accordance sweet



Of pure impassioned revelry ;  
And *honey*-bird and *mocking*-bird  
And he of clearest melody,  
The blossom-loving *bell*-bird,—each  
Delicious-throated devotee  
In happy ignorance framed to be  
Content with rapture—longing-free  
For life or love they cannot reach—  
Like chimes rich-tuned, to heaven preferred  
The praise of their mellifluous glee !  
Each lurking lyrist of the grove  
With all his might sung all his love ;  
Till every foliage-filled ravine  
And bower of amaranthine green  
Rang persevering ecstasy !

## v.

With free elastic hearts that shone  
In joy as fresh as morning's own—  
Each seated in a light canoe  
The kind Lake-villagers supplied—  
Amo's the lighter—gayer too,  
With snowy tufts of feathers tied  
In rows along each ruddy side,—  
The pair went paddling, fancy-led ;  
For here no wond'rous sights of dread  
Or beauty lurked to guide their quest  
As at Mahana—nothing strange,  
Or out of Nature's wonted range.

Yet Ranolf marked with lively zest  
What charms the changeful scene possess :  
The billowy-tumbling hills—the crags—  
The smooth green slopes fern-carpeted ;  
Low cliffs with feathery foliage graced ;  
Rock-palisades emerging pale  
And grey ; and precipices faced  
With head-stones—close-set armour-scale  
Of gothic-pointed bristling flags ;  
Flat islets crowned with wood—cliff-bound ;  
And lake-side bowers and canopies ;  
And caves and grottoes within these !  
And lichened rocks that singly stand  
Detached from green umbrageous land,  
Mere pedestals for single trees ;  
Or, jutting out with jagged arms  
All plumed and fair with greenery, bear  
Into the Lake the forest's charms ;  
And with the bank that proudly swells,  
A wooded wall without a strand,  
Make niches, nooks, and liquid cells,  
With interlacing boughs o'erspanned.

## Canto the Second.

### *Sports on the Lake.*

- 1-3. *A water-chase. Amo in different characters popular in Maori mythology and fable.* 4. *A disappearance, and* (5) *an alarm.* 6. *Her love.*

#### I.

THE mists were gone—the sun rode high ;  
The pair went paddling merrily  
Each bay and cove and nook to try ;  
In loving converse sauntering slow  
Or darting swiftly to and fro,  
Except for pleasure, purposeless  
As minnow-crowds whose sinuous stream  
Meandering through the azure gleam  
Darkened the watery depths below.  
It chanced the boats a moment lay  
With prows that pointed both one way,  
Amo's ahead a little space :  
A sudden whim lit up her face ;  
Then, as a challenge for a race,



She chaunted, ere away she sped,  
With laughing frowns of loving spite,  
Set teeth and sideways-shaken head,  
Mock words of bitter-sweet delight :

"I am Hátu ! I'm Hátu ! poor boy of the glen  
Whom the wicked witch-giantess hid in her den !  
And you are the Giantess hoarding her prize  
With her terrible claws—O such hideous eyes !  
But I've fled from caresses I . . . hate, O so much !  
Escaped from her loathsome, her horrible touch—  
From her dreadful . . . dear ! . . . clutches escaped to the plain,  
And I dare, I defy her, to catch me again !"—

## II.

Then paddling off with all her might,  
Away across the lake she flew,  
And left a wake of foam snow-bright,  
And broadening ripple glassy-blue ;  
While, dashing after, less expert  
Soon Ranolf finds he must exert  
His utmost skill to catch her, too.  
But when, though less by skill than strength,  
He nears her flying skiff at length—  
With nimble paddle, dodging back  
She slips off on another tack,  
With swiftly-fitting noiseless ease ;  
As—when some fisher thinks to seize  
With gently-dropped and stealthy spear  
A flounder, down in shallows clear,  
'Mid mottling tufts of dusky weeds

And white sand-patches where it feeds—  
The trembling shadow shifts away  
Through faintly-shimmering water grey—  
'Tis there—and gone—his would-be prey!  
So, hovering round with wistful eyes,  
While many a feint, to cheat, surprise,  
That merry mocker, Ranolf tries,  
She, at a little distance staying,  
And watchful, with the paddle playing,  
No move of his, no glance to miss—  
Now darts alert that way, now this;  
And at each foiled attempt again  
Provokes him in alluring strain :

“ Look ! I'm one of those divine ones—joy and love of all  
    beholders,  
Who had pinions, O such fine ones ! growing from their  
    stately shoulders ;  
Not that fond one too confiding—so in vain your bright  
    eyes watch me—  
He, the *last* on earth residing . . . Ah ! you need not  
    think to catch me ! . . .  
Who, beside his loved-one lying, let the Maid while he was  
    sleeping,  
Press his wings off, spoil his flying,—lest he e'er should  
    leave her weeping ! ”—

## III.

Then off she skims in circuit wide,  
Resolved another plan to try,  
Again with paddles swiftly plied,

Again across the lake they fly ;  
And as her little bark he nears,  
A new defiance Ranolf hears :

“I’m *Wākataū*, he—  
That Child of the Sea !  
And my dearest delight  
Is flying my kite.  
Down beneath, on the sand,  
With the string in my hand,  
Under water I stand ;  
Or the kite in the air,  
Like the day-moon up there,  
Like an albatross strong,  
Draws me swiftly along  
As I float to and fro  
On the green sea below.—  
*Apakúra*, my mother,  
Can catch me, none other ;  
From the quickest alive,  
Down—down—would I dive !—  
Whoever you be—  
Though fonder, though dearer,  
You, you are not she,  
*Apakúra*, O no !—  
So if you come nearer,  
See—down I must go !”

## IV.

Scarce on the gunwale had he laid  
His hand, and scarce the words were said,

Ere, slipping from her loosened dress,  
Her simple kilt and cloak of flax,—  
Just as a chestnut you may press  
With careful foot ere ripened well,  
Shoots from its green and prickly shell,  
With tender rind so tawny-clean  
And dainty-pure and smooth as wax,—  
She shot into the blue serene ;  
A moment gleamed, then out of sight,  
Swift as a falling flash of light !

All round he seeks with anxious mien  
The Naiad—nowhere to be seen.  
A fearful time he seems to spy—  
His heart beats quick—when lo, hard by,  
A mermaid ! risen on the rocks,  
Whose diamond glances archly play  
Through shaken clouds of glittering locks,  
And glancing showers of diamond-spray :

“ *You are not Apakúra ! O, no, no, not you !* ”  
She cries—and dives beneath the blue.

He follows, watching where she glides  
Beneath a drooping pall profound  
Of boughs, that all the water hides.  
Into the gloom he pushes : sound  
Or sight of her is none around.  
But hark !—’twas somewhere near the bank  
That sudden splash ! it takes his ear  
As startlingly as sometimes, near  
A stream where June’s hot grass is rank,  
You hear the coiled-up water-snake

Your unsuspecting footsteps wake,  
Flop down upon the wave below,  
And wabbling through the water go.

Again to the mid lake she hies ;  
In swift pursuit again he flies :  
And see ! she waits with face, how meek !  
Till he can touch and almost clasp,  
The shining shoulders, laughing cheek ;  
Then, diving swift, eludes his grasp :  
Just as, with quick astonished eye,  
A wild-duck waits, until well-nigh  
The ruddy-curled retriever's snap  
Is gently closing like a trap  
On its poor neck and broken wing,  
Before with sudden jerk she dips,  
Beneath the ripple vanishing.  
From Ranolf so the Maiden slips.

## v.

But when, the chase renewed, he nears  
The spot where next she reappears,  
Look ! floating on the glass she lies  
With close-sealed lips and fast-shut eyes,  
Still as a Saint in marble bloom  
Carved snowy-dead upon a tomb.

Close to her side his skiff he steers :  
" O Swallow of the waters fleet,  
O wild lake-bird ! my Swift, my sweet,  
My lovely-crested *Grebe* ! at last,



I catch, I kiss, I hold you fast ! ”  
He takes that slender hand of hers ;  
She answers not—nor looks—nor stirs ;  
Surprised, her listless arm he shakes—  
She neither stirs—looks up—nor wakes.  
“ Speak, speak, my Amo ! what is this !  
Do you not feel my clasp, my kiss ?  
Do you not hear my voice ? ”

—Ah no !

That low sad moan no answer gives :  
She breathes—but heavy, stertorous, slow ;  
That breathing barely shows she lives.  
He felt her heart—it faintly pulsed ;  
At times she shudders as convulsed ;  
“ Yes, it must be ! the hot, high sun  
Has struck her, dear one ; too opprest,  
With such exertions quite o’erdone ! ”

Alarmed—reflecting what were best,  
He soon resolves, and does it too.  
Beneath each arm with tenderest care,  
He twines a tress of streaming hair,  
And knots them both with double turn,  
Rich-volumed to his own canoe—  
The open carved work of the stern :  
Then tows her senseless till they reach  
The nearest stripe of sandy beach :  
There leaps ashore—seeks—breaks in half,  
A *cockle-shell*—’twill answer well :  
Then finds and feels the corded vein

That crosses with its azure stain  
The tender hollow of her arm,  
And soon will wake the life-tide warm.  
But ere the shell's sharp point can wound—  
Just ere it pricks her—from the ground,  
Upleaping with a silvery laugh,  
The cheat confessed, she darts away,  
(Snatching her mantle up that lay  
In Ranolf's boat, which he had thrown  
Into it as she left her own)  
And to a thicket near has flown—  
Swift—sudden-glancing as a bird  
The loud flirt of whose wing is heard  
A moment, on the hot wood-side,  
As, brushing out and in again,  
A scarlet gleam, you see him glide,  
Lancing his dodging flight ; even so  
Does Amo still the chase maintain ;  
And Ranolf follows, with mock-angry show  
Of mirthful vengeance, fondly-threatening cries,  
And chastisements that are caresses in disguise.

## VI.

Thus ever and anon, this buoyant Child,  
Free as the winds and as the waters wild,  
With wayward whims the time beguiled :  
Thus would the tranquil tenor of her joy  
Still quicken into rapids of delight ;  
And break meandering into branches bright  
Of manifold emotions that would rove  
Diversely, but to give redoubled force  
And sweet variety to one sure course—

Spreading and sparkling only to unite  
In one broad current of unfailing Love.

Such simple arts would she employ  
To tamper with, and tease, and toy  
With her delight, its depth to prove ;  
With sportive sallies, sly disguises,  
Arch mockeries—mimicries—surprises :  
So on her heart impress a sense  
More varied, vivid and intense  
Of bliss all golden-pure without alloy,  
And Love no time could cool, no fond fruition cloy !

## Canto the Third.

### *The Cicada.*

1. *The Lake-bower. The 'Downy Ironheart' Tree.* 2. *The hamper. Native fruits, etc.* 3. *'Eating the tables.'* 4. *Dragon-flies.* 5. *The Cicada suggests old Athenians.* 6. *Insect-transformations: what by analogy deducible from them?* 7. *Cicada's joyous song. How Ranolf interprets it. As the blank beyond its comprehension is filled with the wonders of Science, etc., visionary to it; so something—and what but higher Spirit-Life?—must fill the blank beyond ours. Better than speculation the joyous trustfulness of its old friend Anacreon.*

#### L

'Tis burning Noon : from heat and glare  
How sweet the bower the lovers share !  
A Lakeside cleft—a rock-recess  
Of soft sun-chequered quietness,  
A nook for lovers made express.  
Like birds in some umbrageous tree  
Girt round with leaves they seemed to be,  
A hollow globe of greenery :  
For twisting, arching, overhead  
Dark serpentining stems were spread ;

And arching, twisting, down below,  
Stems serpentine seemed to grow ;  
While on a plane of light between,  
Suspended lay those skiffs serene.

Sunbathed arose the dome-like roof  
A strangely-splendid wondrous woof ;  
Whose dark-green glistening foliage seemed  
Thick over-showered with shining snow,  
Except where blood-red masses gleamed—  
Such luminous crimson—all aglow !  
White buds and opening leaves the first,  
With silvery-sheening velvet lined ;  
The last, rich-tufted bloom that burst  
Bright-bristling, with the sun behind ;  
As if whole trees, 'mid heaped snow-showers  
Were turning into burning flowers !  
Below, the pair as thus in air  
Upbuoyed, a sight as fair enjoyed ;  
The hollow shadowy floor, o'erlaid,  
Beneath the clear transparent void,  
With silvery-crimson soft brocade,  
To that above in shape and hue  
So like, the seeming from the true  
By its inversion best they knew.  
It was the '*downy ironheart*'  
That from the cliffs o'erhanging grew,  
And o'er the alcove, every part,  
Such beauteous leaves and blossoms threw,  
And made this cool sequestered nest  
For silent, lone and loving rest.

## II.

Then for refreshment in the noontide heat,  
With mockery of much ado,  
And lips comprest and pursed-up too,  
And little nods of playful pride,  
And self-complacent confidence to win  
Applause at fine arrangements so complete—  
As who should say : ‘ Now open wide  
Your eyes and see how *I* provide ! ’—  
Fair Amo with arch mimic pomp outdrew  
A platted basket hid in her canoe,  
Cool-packed with leaves and lightly tied—  
A flax-green basket autumn-piled ; wherein  
Date-like karakas made a golden show  
Quince-coloured and quince-smelling ; faintly sweet  
Soft aromatic *pepper-spikes* were seen ;  
Potato-apples of the *poro-poro* tall  
Rich-mellowing from their crude lip-burning green ;  
And, bounteous ‘ mid these wood-gifts wild and small,  
Ripe, slippery-seeded and of juiciest flow,  
Great water-melons melting crisp with crimson snow.

Nor was there lack of more substantial food,  
Leaf-hidden in a smaller green flax-hamper ;  
Choice too, for appetites so young and good—  
As roasted wild duck, red-grey parrot stewed,  
And bread in its primeval form of ‘ damper ’—  
Unleavened cakes of palatable maize  
Well pounded by Te Manu, and well kneaded

By Amo, and in hot wood-ashes clean  
Well baked—or rather in oven of simpler sort  
Than most remote ‘Stone-period’ could report—  
Mere flagstones laid and heated without trouble  
Upon a quenchless fountain’s boiling bubble ;  
Flat cakes that dish and platter superseded ;  
And, used instead, recalled in this far scene  
A moment’s memory of old school-boy days  
To Ranolf—that crab-apple-feasted crew  
Of Ocean-wanderers, wearily reposing  
In maple shadows on green sunny slopes,  
And watching with dim eyes and fading hopes,  
The sparkle of the sea-waves summer-beaded ;  
Then fair Ascanius luckily disclosing  
The prophecy’s fulfilment, else unheeded,  
“What ! must we eat our very tables too !”—  
Nay, one more luxury swelled the savoury list—  
That dainty by our daintiest humourist  
So prized—roast sucking-pig ! for two of these  
Nimble Te Manu had contrived to seize,  
Cut off by clever doubles yesternight  
From a long train that scampered after  
Their grunting dam, and, driven from her track  
Could not escape the youngster’s clutches, though  
They dodged him, as disabled half by laughter,  
He obstinately chased them to and fro  
An hour at least, imprisoned as they were  
Between a shrunken river, and cliff chalk-white  
That wall-like rising at their back  
From the clean speckless gravel-bed upright,  
Without a blade of verdure, bright and bare,  
Made the small runaways look doubly black,  
Doubly conspicuous in the sunset’s glare.

## IV.

So each as in a floating nest,  
Moored side by side the lovers rest,  
And catch veiled glimpses as they lie  
Of splendour-flooded azure sky.  
The birds that sung those matins sweet  
Are silent now in slumberous heat.  
In dreamy-lighted luxury  
Lies Ranolf musing—marking well  
Each charm of water, rock and tree  
About that shadowy glimmering cell ;  
The low grey cliffs with stains imbued  
Of lichens white and saffron-hued,  
Flat crumpled—or blue hairy moss ;  
All doubled in the shimmering gloss :  
Sometimes a loose-furred hawkmoth, see !  
At those rich blossoms restlessly  
Fumbles to suck their anthers sweet :  
Sometimes, invading that retreat  
Great black white-banded *dragon-flies*—  
With green and gold-shot globuled eyes  
On either side projecting wide  
Like swift coach-lamps—on quivering wings  
Of glittering gauze dart all about ;  
With tinier ones of richer dyes,  
That hover—dodge aside—and fix  
Themselves with those bent-elbowed legs,  
And heads so loose, endlong to sticks  
And twigs, and hold as straight as pegs



Their blue or scarlet bodies out ;  
Just as a tumbler, 'mid his tricks  
Seizes an upright pole and flings  
His particoloured legs in air,  
And holds them horizontal there—  
So proud to ape a finger-post.  
“They were revolting, hideous things,”  
Thought Ranolf, “but at least could boast  
A faith that made them leave in time—  
Come shouldering up through mud and slime  
With horny eyes and dull surprise,  
Out of the clogging element  
Where their first grovelling life they spent !”—

—Meanwhile unseen cicadas fill  
The air with obstinate rapture shrill—  
A wide-fermenting restless hiss  
Proclaiming their persistent bliss ;  
As if the very sunshine found  
A joyous voice—and all around,  
While woods and rocks and valleys rung,  
In brilliant exultation sung.

## v.

And Ranolf loved—could not but prize  
That tiny classic Cymbalist,  
So graced with old Greek memories ;  
The rapture-brimmed, rich-burnished one—  
His bright green corselet streaked with jet,  
His brow with ruby brilliants set—  
That, undisturbed, would ne'er desist

From clicking, clattering in the sun  
His strident plates—at every trill  
Jerking with stiffly quivering thrill  
His glassy-roofing wings; as gay  
As his precursor could have been  
Two thousand faded years ago!—

See! through thin morning vapour gray,—  
With snowy marble-gleams between  
Blue-shadowy clefts of fragrant gloom  
Melodious ever and alive  
With immemorial bees that hive  
In honied thickets, lilac-green  
With sage and thyme in deathless bloom,—  
Bare old Hymettus looks serene  
O'er silvery glimpses far below  
Of pure Ilyssus in swift flow  
Through plains—one revel of renown!  
And there, along the myrtle path,  
As fond of sunshine, full of joy,  
Fresh-glistening from gymnasium-bath,  
The hyacinth-curved bronzed Attic Boy  
Would steal—O trust his artless tale—  
Just for one luscious blossom-crown,  
Their pride and pet delight who hail  
For home that marvel-minded Town—  
To some hot mead where violets hid  
Blue round the well's white timeworn trunk  
Of hollow marble slightly sunk  
In grass about the spring that slid  
Slow-creeping crystal all the year:  
And there would find one violet  
More fragrant-hearted, richer yet,

A lovelier-lowly dearer pride  
Than any that the well beside  
As gently shrink, as shyly peer :  
For see ! in crocus-coloured vest  
And silver girdle—all her best—  
Worn—to beguile that Boy-love?—Nay,  
'Tis Queen Athene's festal-day !  
With vase two-handled on her head  
(Pale yellow spiral-striped with red)—  
That slim slip of a Greek-limbed girl—  
Who looks so sweetly grave upon  
Sad news about their neighbour's son  
Killed—since they met, at . . . Marathon !

—And there the Boy, as with a curl  
Slipped from the shining coil he played,  
In loitering chat beneath the shade  
By glittering gray-leaved olives made,—  
When War's mishaps had all been heard  
Around that dear one's home incurred,  
Vines—fruit-trees broken—fields untilled—  
Pet-kids and lambs for forage killed,—  
Would faltering tell—small need ! how well  
That bright procession-dress became  
The radiant face ! how sweet its smell  
Of rosy apples redolent  
Oft dropped inside its chest for scent ;  
And how she bore, in look and pace,  
With what a proudly-pretty grace,  
That vase—though brought with childish aim  
To save her tripping there from blame !  
And then would pause a little space,  
Just in the act of sipping down

The fig she gives him, bursting-ripe,  
Plump, melting-skinned, and purple-brown,  
To mark their little gay compeer,  
As hand-in-hand they draw too near,  
Abruptly stilling its sweet shrilling,  
And edging round its olive-branch,  
Backing and sidling out of sight  
Of eyes that sparkle hazel-bright,  
As *one fond wish* the Boy expresses,  
That chirper were but turned to gold  
To stick in Myrrhin's golden tresses !  
While not his wildest dream had told  
The lad, how many an age to come,  
In what far regions all unknown,  
His race's merry earthborn type  
Would still be singing blithe and stanch,  
After its own grand Muse was dumb,  
Its noisy greeds and glories gone !

## VI.

So Ranolf's musing fancy strung  
Together olden scenes and new ;  
Or on more dubious ventures flew,  
If e'er as to some bough it clung  
The songster's pupa-case was seen,  
Whence from his base life subterrene  
He made escape in winged shape—  
The bright transparent brittle sheath  
Wherein he slept his life-in-death.  
A suit of perfect armour, where

He left it Ranolf notes it still ;  
An open crack across the back,  
And lobster-claws thrown by because  
Superfluous found, his labour crowned ;  
The forelegs raised—‘ not as in prayer,’  
Thinks he—“ but work ; for he too, mark !  
Was forced to dig with strength and skill  
His stout way from his dungeon dark  
Up to his heaven of sunshine ! Thus  
From clogged and cramped existence fleeing,  
He tries a second state of being  
In the sphere that holds but one for us :  
But both his lives to us seem one  
Who see the changes undergone :  
So this life and another too,  
Nay, lives on lives, perhaps, of ours,  
May seem but one to wider view  
And keenlier-gifted loftier powers ;  
The subtle links *we* lose pursued,  
The metamorphose understood.  
But with what pitying smile must they  
Look on, when with such sad array  
The human insects hide away  
Some care-worn soul-case out of sight ;  
And weep because they cannot stay  
The freshwinged Soul’s unfettered flight  
To wider spheres and new delight !—

\* \* \*

“ That *was* the way those types to read—  
A fine old cheery way indeed.  
Will Science say remorseless ?—‘ Nay,  
You must not read them so to-day.  
The actual metamorphoses

Foreshadowed by—akin to these,  
Are antenatal in mankind,  
Gone through already. One surmise  
From lingering traces undesigned  
Of transformations some low grade  
Of life sustained, ere birth displayed  
In nascent undeveloped Man,  
Might be by strictest reasoning made :  
That if organic Being rise  
Elsewhere upon the self-same plan—  
Continue so ascending—there  
Some glorious creature might be found  
Of frame more complex, powers more rare,  
In whom Man's perfect mould would be  
But one in its imperfect round  
Of embryotic stages. Try  
What help, what hope therein may lie !'—

## VII.

“ Well, then, methinks, that surging sea  
Of resonant shrill melody  
Rings out a thoughtless answer free,  
Whence one may frame a thoughtful plea :  
‘ O human Insect ! sad Truth-seeker—  
Which of us two is wiser—weaker ?  
Your senses—those deep reasoning powers  
You *will* within their bounds compress,  
May take a wider range than ours,  
How vastly wider ! none the less  
They both are dwarfed, unspeakably  
Fall short of and are distanced by  
The infinite Reality :

And all beyond their feeble reach  
Will doubtless seem and *be* for each  
A blank—a void—mere nothingness !  
O grand indeed the gains you boast,  
The ever deepening, widening host  
Of wonders Science as she presses  
Into the Mystery's first recesses,  
Works out, worms into, proves or guesses !—  
—Creation, like a firework splendid  
Ever exploding, unexpended ;  
As endlessly it whirls and flies  
Still breaking into brilliancies  
Of stranger gleam and lovelier guise :—  
—Organic Nature, in its flow  
By inorganic guided, so  
Divinely from its hidden fount ;  
Germes, gemmules, cells ; upstrivings shy ;  
And those consummate craftsmen—Chance !  
Environment or Circumstance—  
With aims so clear in harmony  
Combining to evolve and mould  
Such plastic structures manifold :  
Their agents, climate, fire, and frost,  
Food, famine, skilled to crush—uphold,  
Choose what had best survive or perish,  
The lower to check, the higher to cherish,  
Make progress sure at any cost !  
So force in falling stones, and heat  
And cold, can make and mar and mount  
From starred frost-flowers to crystalled rock,  
Tree, insect, bird, beast, Man complete !  
Though still outstands that stumbling-block  
Of Science—*Life* ! her pride to shock

And Matter's despot-sway to mock !—  
Well—as so brilliantly the blank  
Beyond *our* powers perceptive teems  
For you with wonders that would rank  
With us as visionary dreams ;  
So surely is there something still  
The blank beyond your own to fill ;  
Something unsoundable by Man,  
If finite reason never can  
The Infinite comprise or span ;  
Yet what (a point to raise no strife)  
Within that blank so likely rife  
As mightier facts of Spirit-Life ?—  
Dreams ?—aye, but all you pray for—prize,  
Within that realm of vague surmise  
May well to loftier beings be  
Demonstrable reality !—  
O human Insect ! wiser—weaker—  
O suicidal secret-seeker,  
What if you left your “ proofs ” alone  
And joined our reckless rapturous Pæan  
Of clear confiding trustfulness,  
That once so charmed the jovial Teian,  
Whose loves and lyre and brimming beaker  
Were all o'erthrown by one grape-stone  
That choked his life out, just as you  
Your life of life by laying stress  
On doubts perhaps as trivial too ;  
Wresting despair with so much pain  
Out of a scheme not your poor brain  
Nor ours can compass or contain,  
Exhaust, unravel, or explain ! ” —



## Canto the Fourth.

### *A loving Questioner.*

1. *Amo's devotion to Ranolf.* 2. *Asks the wise white men's opinions as to Spirits after death.* 3. *Materialism.* 4. *Amo wants Ranolf's own opinion.*

#### I.

Still side by side the lovers rest  
Afloat in that sequestered nest.  
As close to Ranolf's, Amo's head  
Reclined,—her silky tresses spread  
Beneath—beyond his own—unrolled  
In black abundance uncontrolled  
To the warm and moisture-drinking air,—  
A splintered sunbeam lighting there  
Upon his locks of amber gleamed,  
Which so contrasted—cushioned—seemed  
A moon where sable soft cloud streamed,  
Or golden lustrous coronet  
On funeral pall of velvet set.  
O'er rocks and trees, through light and shade  
His curious eyes unresting strayed ;  
But hers were fixed upon his face,  
Their choicest, dearest resting-place !

“O Rano—” such appeared to be  
The train of feelings half expressed  
In murmuring words that filled her breast :  
“Great is indeed my love for thee !  
It seems almost a dream, even now,  
These lips—these eyes—this noble brow,  
These locks that like the day-break shine,  
Are mine, O mine—all—only mine !  
How *can* I make you know and feel  
How much I love you ! how reveal  
My thirst for what my heart adores,  
The longing of my soul for yours !—  
O best I love to lie awake,  
A lonely tender watch to keep  
Over my trusting own one’s sleep,  
And think, how *can* my love be shown !—  
What can I ever do to make  
Myself more worthy of his own ?  
And almost wish your welfare less  
That more might be the chance for me  
To make or mend the happiness,  
Health, comfort, I would have depend  
On me, your dearest, only friend !  
To do some little more of good  
Than just preparing clothes or food ;—  
And I at times would almost flee  
Your dear caress and company,  
E’en when I know no need to go,  
Just to contrive—consider—do  
Some thing—some active thing for you ;  
As if the care itself were dear  
As him I cared for !—all the same  
It is my joy to trust—revere—

Look up to—as my ruler claim  
And sole protector, guide and guard,—  
Him o'er whose weal I watch and ward.  
So would I, with the parent's love  
The cherished child's affection prove ;  
So be the mother-bird to hold  
The young one in her fond wing's fold,  
Yet nestle like the fledgeling too  
Beneath the breast so sheltering, true :  
As if—my love, my lord, my life,  
It were not all to be your wife !—

But I can never, never have  
Enough of that sweet love I crave ;  
Can never find or feign or steal  
Sufficient outlet to reveal  
The burning boundless love I *feel* !  
So could I anger—give you pain,  
To soothe, coax, comfort you again ;  
Would have you sick, to nurse and tend,  
And deeper love that way expend  
Upon you ; have you cruel, sweet !  
So might I down before you throw  
Myself in self-abandonment  
More utter—not to frustrate so  
The working of your full intent,  
But to cling to you and entreat  
And clasp your knees and kiss your feet  
And mercy with hot tears implore,  
Only to feel myself the more  
Your own—all yours—life—body—soul—  
On whom no shadow of control  
Shall check your power at any hour



To wreak your wildest whim or will—  
To ban—to bless—to save or kill !

So would I tend—implore—offend—  
Do *anything* your thoughts to fill,  
Share each emotion, every thrill,  
And bear an all-absorbing part  
In all the beatings of your heart !  
So should my Soul live, drink, and feed  
On yours—its ardour-kindling spring !  
For are you not—indeed—indeed—  
The gulf into whose depths I fling  
My all of being ; plunged and tost  
In fathomless sweet fires, and lost  
In this immeasurable abyss  
And whirl of overwhelming bliss !  
Yes, yes ! you know that you are this,  
My soul-devouring, lordly bird  
Of beauty ! O, with plumes so fair,  
Such stately step, commanding air  
And eyes so proud and free ! O whence,  
Whence shall I seek new life to drain,  
Win some existence back again,  
But from this heart of yours alone  
Which so consumes—*absorbs* my own !—

\* \* \*

So dearest, you conceive how thence  
My foolish fancy, my pretence  
Of drowning came ; 'twas but to hear  
Your love in your lamenting—cheer

My heart with your despair and feel  
The sweet sensations o'er me steal  
Of your fond efforts to restore  
And bring me back to life once more !—

But had I really died to-day  
Think not, dear friend ! my Soul set free—  
This 'Wairua'—could have fled away  
To any realm where Spirits stray,  
Could ever have abandoned thee !  
I know, I know ! distressed, forlorn,  
It could not from thy side be torn—  
Would long for—linger—only rest  
Near what in life it loved the best !”

## II.

“You *know* it, dearest ! and just now,  
To see you looking forth and far,  
As bright, soft, bold and beautiful  
As some outstanding steady Star,  
With full assurance so serene,  
Such radiant love upon your brow—  
Might make the wretch most doubting, dull,  
Catch confidence from yours, my queen !”

“Nay, surely 'twere a little thing,  
My soul to yours should choose to cling ;  
Not stay to vex, as others do,  
Poor wretches who may break taboo——”

“So then you think, if this sweet breath  
Were stopped—these kindling eyes were closed—  
These lovely living limbs reposed

In rigid, stirless, icy death,  
My loving Amo would not be  
Gone—perished—done with utterly !”

“Nay, what have these to do with me—  
With *me* who speak to—love you so ?  
How strange a fancy !—tell me then  
For you know all things, you white men,  
What course my Spirit, down below,  
If to that land before your own  
It chanced to go (I know, behind  
It could not, would not stay alone !)  
Should take with least delay to find  
And fly to your dear heart, and show  
The deep and deathless love, I know,  
It would be burning to bestow ?”—

“What can *I* tell you ! you know more,  
Dearest, yourself—as much at least ;  
Do you remember, once before  
I told you, love, I was no priest,  
No learned Tóhunga—not I——”

“But tell me what your wise men say,  
And all about us when we die ;  
You laughed at us, I know, that day,  
Too proud to give a true reply !”

## III.

“Our wise men, Amo !—sooth to say, the most  
Of these, just now seem doing as one day

A great white *War-chief* did to find a way  
O'er shallow sea-flats when the ford was lost.  
Straight through the rising tide his band he sent  
In all directions radiating round,  
Resolved to follow him who furthest went,  
And footing most secure the longest found.  
So seem our Sages wandering, all and each.  
Some struggle through the weltering waves and sink,  
Still panting for the shore they never reach ;  
Some plod along complacently and think  
Already they enjoy the wished-for beach ;  
Some crouch upon a rock-reef close at hand  
Whence leads no path, and swear the vaunted land  
Is but a film that dims the seeker's eye,  
A passing cloud that mocks the groping band ;  
Content to perish where gulf-girt they stand  
They hug their barren rock with dreary cheer—  
Confess to no confinement—vow they hear  
No wanderer's wail—no plaintive breeze's sigh,  
No moanings of the melancholy main :  
Life after death—that any Spirit can  
Exist apart from Matter—God or Man—  
To them a dream, how visionary—vain !  
What their minute sensorium may contain,  
What they could touch, taste, smell or hear or see,  
Is all that in the Universe can be !

Well ! it will have its day—that simple notion !  
But might they not as well—these pleasant men  
Strive to compress the blue tremendous Ocean  
In all its dim far-sparkling boundlessness

Into yon yellow calabash ! And when  
They failed—declare with confidence no less,  
With self-complacent doggedness insist,  
That all it would not hold did ne'er exist :  
That no reflections on its outer side,  
No dancing day-gleams from the waters wide,  
Are any signs that Seas or Oceans roll  
Beyond the circlet of that narrow bowl ?”

## IV.

“ Well, that I cannot understand, you know ;  
But tell me what you think yourself is true ;  
*That* I am certain must be right—and so  
Will I believe, and only trust in you.”

“ In me, dear Child !—but that indeed  
Were trusting to a broken reed ! ”

“ That reed no whit the less shall be  
A staff of trust and truth for me ! ”

“ Well then, suppose your eyes you close,  
And on my shoulder rest your head,  
While lasts, my sweet ! this noontide heat  
And that shrill music sunshine-bred ;  
And try to sleep while I devise  
Some answer wondrous deep and wise  
To my fond querist, little dreaming  
What mysteries questions may comprise  
To her so plain and simple-seeming.”



“There—then ; I will be still as death—”  
And soon the soft-recurring breath  
Long-drawn, and breast that gently heaves,  
Tell how the life that gushed and glanced  
So brightly, lies in sleep entranced—  
Sleep, placid, light and infantine—  
Serene as those green-imaged leaves  
That up through crystal pointing shine.

# Canto the Fifth.

## *A cheery Theorist.*

1. *Ranolf goes over old ground.* 2. *'Will'—First Cause—displays 'Mental' powers.* 3. *Man could invent Geometry: long after, knowledge of the Universe proved that 'God geometrizes' too. Resemblance so far between Finite and Infinite 'Mind.'*
4. *Perhaps a like resemblance in the 'Moral' Sphere. Science virtually admits the possibility.* 5. *Does existence of Evil negative it? Evil revolts our divinely-given Finite Moral Nature; may revolt the Infinite too; though permitted for a purpose.*
6. *Our Moral standard (Love, etc.) should be as true as that Mental one.* 7. *Is it? The Will Divine shown by a dominant Power. Such Power certainly the Good. So the Moral Universe tends to harmony with our Moral standard.* 8. *This, if not satisfied here, why not elsewhere?*
9. *And as the mental standard foretold stars to fill gaps it found in the Physical, may not our moral one foretell completion of defects in the Moral Universe?* 10. *Ranolf concludes optimistically.*

### I.

Pondering on Amo's questions, while the Maid  
So lightly slumbered, lulled in noontide rest  
So still, the golden spots that flecked its shade  
Moved only with her moving half-hid breast,  
Perplexed and doubtful Ranolf lay.

"What must I teach her? how impress  
This pliant Spirit's willingness?"

On this unlettered Soul so white  
What characters am I to write?  
What truths in sooth have I to tell  
To one whose native instincts might,  
For aught I know, teach me as well?—  
For I know nothing ; could but play  
With some results our Sages say  
Are truths—and let them take their way.  
Where are we? let us run again  
O'er what of old seemed clear and plain.  
With nothing else have we to do  
But what we know or feel is true.”—

His train of thought we cannot far pursue :  
How the old grounds for hopeful faith—some few  
And intellectual mainly, from the mass  
Too vast for swift reviewal, he ran through.  
All but some slight analogies we pass ;  
Themselves but shadows in a darkling glass ;  
Faint inklings of itself—imperfect hints  
On Finite Mind the Infinite imprints.

\* \* \*

II.

“ Cause—say a Power that causes—this  
Long since we saw must be and is.  
Dead Matter too we saw and see  
The cause of Force could never be.  
Saw while through Nature's circling zone  
None but *results* of Force are shown,  
One kind of source or cause of Force—

One kind of Causal Power alone  
The Mind as thinkable could seize :  
The Will that in ourselves we own  
Sets Thought in motion when we please.

So then we found it fair to hold  
This Will might some faint hint unfold  
Of what in its unboundedness  
Is different still beyond all guess—  
The Infinite Power—unknown—untold—  
That still unfolding—still o'erseeing—  
Still sets the glories we behold  
For ever whirling into Being !

Sunclear we found it too—there shine  
Throughout the works that Cause Divine  
In its high Universe effects,  
Proofs of all powers (perhaps its least  
Although to infinite increased)  
Which by the human Mind displayed  
Infinitesimal in grade,  
This last in some slight way reflects.

Nor feared nor fear we this maybe  
Anthropomorphic fallacy—  
Treading the path so often trod—  
In Man's own image making ' God ! '

## III.

" For say—for powers so proved—what name  
But ' Mind '—could reason find or frame?—

And does not one strange fact proclaim,  
Nay, prove this bounded Mind of Man  
In some accordance made, or grown,  
With that all-boundless Mind unknown  
That did the mighty Cosmos plan—  
Faint spark from its omnific Flame?—  
A thousand years that human Mind  
Its subtle sciences designed  
Of numbers—angles—ratios—lines—  
Complex ingenious symbol-signs—  
Pure brainwork as the wildest dream!  
Then, when the long research of Time,  
For Man's rapt gaze withdraws the veil  
That hides the Universe sublime,  
To his amazement, lo! the scheme  
Of the majestic fabric stands  
Before him, fitting to the Scale  
So long prepared by his own hands;  
In strictest keeping ranged and wrought  
With fine gradations, ratios, rules,  
Spun out of his unaided Thought  
So many an age before, and taught  
As abstract Science in his schools.  
'Tis as if God himself blazed out  
A moment there! beyond all doubt  
Perceived—the still small voice profound  
Speaking for once with trumpet-sound!  
A glimpse of the All-Puissant say  
A moment deigning to display  
Some kinship of its mind with ours—  
Its infinite with our finite powers!  
To prove how in our mind could lurk  
Some power to scale some little way

Unconsciously the self-same heights  
Where soared its own imperial flights ;  
Power to invent, construct, do work,  
Though far-off, faint, in thought alone,  
In strict accordance with its own !

## IV.

“ But the Infinite Echo the Finite could waken  
When the Intellect’s rockier region it tried—  
Can it tempt from that Mystery tones unmistakened  
When it calls in the far-aloft forest-recesses  
Where the Heart and its finer-winged progeny hide ?—  
Well—to speak not of ‘ Duty ’ ; all ‘ Conscience ’ impresses ;  
All the hints and the hopes in the consciousness pleading  
For kinship more close with the Boundless and Blest ;  
Even *Science* allows that the ‘ Energy ’ feeding  
The Universe-Life and Mankind’s at its best,  
(Like the meaner blood-life though unconscious, unheeding,  
With the life of the Man co-existent, agreeing)  
But a lower subordinate function may prove  
Of some Life more sublime—a still loftier Being !

But confess, there’s no Life we can think of, above  
The highest this human can reach at its height,  
Save what may to Reason all-perfect unite—  
And to Will that could never be swerved from the Right,  
The ideal of boundless Benevolence—Love !

Then, as we found betwixt the two—  
The Finite and the Infinite—

---

Tyndall.

In *mental* working—sound if slight  
Resemblance—kinship faint yet *true* ;  
We might with less of self-conceit  
And with assurance more complete  
Expect (what seems ev'n requisite  
For Nature's harmony alone)  
In high emotions of the Heart,  
The human Being's nobler part,  
A like resemblance should be shown.

## v.

“ Ah, here we strike the stubborn rock !—  
One boundless Mind—First Cause of All—  
That mighty Fact not Physics, no,  
Nor metaphysics can o'erthrow !  
And ‘ Infinite Will ’—without a shock  
To Reason we may dimly deem  
The Force that works the Wondrous Scheme !  
Thus much will pass. But how to call  
That Cause all good—that Infinite Will  
Omnipotent ? with Evil still  
So rampant ? even the babe unborn  
By reckless Sires' diseases torn ?  
The ‘ God-made ’ cat before your hearth  
Torturing the ‘ God-made ’ mouse for mirth ?

Well, these things outrage all our sense  
Of Justice—Love—Benevolence—  
All the instinctive moral powers  
That most exalt this soul of ours ;  
These instincts now, how'er they grew,  
From inner impulse—outer force,

Or interaction of the two,  
Weaving in brain the fibres due,  
With all '*like breeding like*' might do,—  
Yet surely sprang from that sole source—  
Were caused by Prescient Will divine—  
Made spring and grow so by design ;  
These instincts so 'God-made' we say,  
Make what allowances you list  
For Evil's uses, ends, excuses—  
Are jarred, revolted every way  
That *any* Evil should exist !

Then may we not deem that the Power whence came  
Those diviner emotions, whatever its name,  
Though we never may *prove* for what reason or aim  
It permits all the Evil, may yet in the vast  
Unknown of its Being—its schemes undisclosed,  
Be accordant so far with the highest we claim,  
As to will that this Evil be hated—opposed—  
By the Good it is used for be one day outcast—  
In the end overcome—done away with at last ?

## VI.

"Why should indeed the Power that gave  
To man that *mental* standard, found  
As true, complete, as wish could crave  
To gauge the sensuous Universe  
As its majestic shows unfurled—  
Be deemed to mock, as stinted, bound  
By some defect, some flaw unsound,  
Man's dearer need with any worse  
A standard of his *moral* World ?



Our Love, distinctly his own dower  
As is that calculating power—  
As surely our one gauge, the best—  
His spiritual Creation's test ;  
Why should *it* be less true, complete ?  
Why should *it* only prove a cheat ?

## VII.

“Or does that ‘Will Divine’ in fact  
As in this world we see it act—  
Permitting Evil—prove thereby  
Our standard false, that ‘Love’ a lie ?—  
Long since we learnt *one* true reply.

For own—the Will Divine must be  
Denoted by some power at least  
Of overmastering energy,  
Throughout the Universe we see  
Or that we see not ; one whose sway  
Is active—in the ascendant—free—  
Ever increasing and increased ;  
Not one that flourish how it may—  
Is worsted—weaker—giving way.  
In the material World, we know,  
Though Action and Re-action show  
Equal and needed both ; although  
Both motion and inertness seem  
Balanced—essential to the scheme ;  
Yet so-called Matter, in the last  
Result of that harmonious strife,  
Is whirled into victorious life ;

Resistance in the glorious sum  
Of things, is overborne, surpassed—  
If still renewed, is still o'ercome.  
Well, what results is what is willed—  
The intended—that which is fulfilled.  
So in the moral World—the Good  
Is counteracted and withstood  
By Evil ; yet this last, 'tis clear  
(The matter of the moral sphere)  
Is found, as the long centuries roll,  
Still more and more subdued—outdone ;  
Of those two forces, on the whole  
The losing and the lessening one.  
Although the contest ceases never,  
Though nothing may the two dis sever,  
Though Evil may the stuff supply  
Good works on—*here* has being by ;  
Yet, as Time flies, who can deny,  
For guerdon of the World's endeavour,  
Good triumphs—there is Progress ever !—  
No doubt, the single Will Divine  
Decrees and works both powers ; as, when  
A rower directs a pair of sculls,  
With one hand backs, the other pulls—  
Both acts are caused by one design.  
So Evil seconds Good ; but then  
The most triumphant element,  
The victor principle, must best  
That Universal Will suggest,  
Best argue the Supreme Intent.

So even in the World we see,  
Good grows—and grows unceasingly :

This Will must therefore be confessed—  
As far as our Experience shows,  
Or finite faculties disclose  
Its working—on the whole to tend  
Triumphantly to some great end  
In harmony with that high test  
Itself first planted in Man's breast,  
With this intent among the rest.

## VIII.

“ But why, because that mighty Will  
Cannot be said, within the bound  
Of our perceptions to fulfil  
All that the test, so true and sound,  
Demands—insists on ; why declare  
Its wondrous working ceases where  
Our poor perceptions do?—why fear  
To say that what it breaks off here  
It perfects in some other sphere?  
Why carry through all Time and Space  
The flaw we only *know* has place  
Within the narrow field we trace?  
Why this avowed, yet finite Wrong,  
Into the Infinite prolong?—  
More true to Reason 'tis, to trust  
That standard of the Good and Just  
And Loving—trust its dictates too.  
If *this* world wrongs that standard true,  
It wrongs *God's* Love, *God's* Right no less ;  
That wrong His justice *must* redress :  
And how? but by some other state  
Where compensation must await

All wrongs endured by small or great ;  
All Love's requirements be supplied—  
The God-given standard justified ?

## IX.

“Aye truly ! and as when by mere appliance  
Of that brain-fashioned scale of Abstract Science  
To the Star-worlds on high, *diviners bold*  
Have sometimes found a gap—declared a flaw  
In our serenest dance of sister spheres ;  
And with a god-like confidence foretold  
The missing Planet needed by their law :  
And when the optic tube, redoubling sight,  
Comes in the course of long-revolving years  
To test the startling prophecy aright—  
Lo ! there the cinders of the crumbled World,  
Of proper weight, in fitting orbit hurled !  
Or down in some obscure recess of Space,  
Lo ! there the lurking lost one they will trace,  
And in some shining crowd you least suspect,  
The furtive golden fugitive detect !—  
Even so—when Love, that test diviner far,  
Finds mightier flaws the moral fabric mar,  
With full assurance may he not foretell  
Some compensating cure must somewhere dwell—  
Some good that shall the sense of wrong dispel ?  
And if immortal Life and nothing less  
Be needed that deficiency to redress,  
Is it a splendour of too vast an orb,  
Too bright for those whose gloom it should absorb—

Too grand a boon by Man to be enjoyed,  
With his material kinship to the clod?—  
Nay—'tis a speck to Him who left the void ;  
A World to *us*—a tiny Asteroid  
To the infinite Munificence of God !

Well then—through all that glittering mystery  
Man sees that each demand brings its supply ;  
Responsive forces each stray force correct,  
All waste restored, all aberrations checked ;  
Till perfect in all parts before him stands  
The mighty structure from the Master's hands.  
With no harsh note—no inharmonious noise,  
Vast Worlds in myriads wing their flight sublime ;  
Their balanced whirl no chance, no change destroys ;  
But every pebble finds its counterpoise,  
And every Star comes rounding up to time !—  
So were the Spirit-World found perfect too  
Could we its whole completed cycle view ;  
No wrong its neutralizing right would miss ;  
No sorrow some equivalent of bliss ;  
And every Soul whate'er its make or mood,  
Though long or short the circuit it pursued,  
Come brightening back at last to happiness and good !”

## X.

But why prolong the sanguine strain?  
When even to Ranolf's self 'twas plain,  
The coolest, soberest argument,  
With or without his own intent  
(Nor made thereby, perhaps, less true)  
Although no kindling orb firenew

Whirled freshly off some teeming train  
Of heated vapours of the brain ;  
Say but a cinder of dead thought  
From smashed-up creed or theory brought ;  
Soon by the heart's attraction caught,  
By feeling's friction set aflame,  
Straightway a shooting-star became—  
A mildly-flashing Meteorite  
That haply shed a shadowy light  
O'er nooks which Doubt had steeped in night !

His glad conclusions this, we said,  
From Truth not more aberrant made.  
For will not, in all likelihood,  
The Future's final faith (or growth  
In faith—if faith be understood  
A thing of no finality)  
Some joint result and compound both  
Of Intellect and Feeling be—  
Outcome of Heart as well as Mind  
Of universal Humankind?—

But these will never loose their hold  
Or lessen their august demands  
On Hope ! or from her Angel hands  
Take brass for all her promised gold !

Small wonder then, and less reproach  
To Ranolf, if the soothing hour—  
That silvery-crimson crystal bower  
Of bliss—and all the bloom and pride  
Of Love and beauty by his side—

Lapping his soul in such excess  
And luxury of loveliness—  
On Reason's sphere might so encroach  
With subtler, more persuasive power  
And rosy light their radiance lent,—  
Soon to a close his musings drew  
In hardihood of rich content  
That half to careless rapture grew !

“ Enough—enough ! I know—I knew  
To sense and reason's widest view,  
The cheerful still must be the true !  
Look up, my love ! nor longer keep  
That sweet pretence of trustful sleep ;  
I know beneath each full-orbed lid  
The coiled-up living lustre hid  
Lurks ready for an innocent dart—  
Not aimed at—sure to hit—the heart ;  
And round the placid lips the while  
Dawns the faint twilight of a smile !  
Then listen, sweet ! and let me try  
To queries wide what seems to me  
In this our great obscurity  
A true—albeit a trite reply ? ”

# Canto the Sixth.

## *Love beats Logic.*

1. *Ranolf's theism and belief as to Future Life.* 2. *Hardly satisfying to Amo. Both too content with the present to be troubled much about the Future.* 3. *Old truth—conviction of immortality got by moral experience, (4) and mysterious 'soul-motions' such as the 'Aprile' of Browning alludes to.* 5. *Too much care for the future ungrateful perhaps?* 6. *Amo learns to write.* 7. *The Lovers make and feel the beauty of the scene.*

### I.

Like him who glancing at the sun's full splendour  
Is by that lightning-ringed blue disc half-blinded,  
Then Ranolf, by the greatness of his theme  
So dazzled, told the Maiden simple-minded  
Whose thirsting eyes, with looks how rapt and tender  
Drank fawn-like at his voice's cheery stream,  
Of one Great Spirit ubiquitous;—for ever  
Unknown;—invisible—intangible—  
Inaudible; whose nature none can tell;  
Subtler than Thought in essence; and yet never  
To be disproved—discarded—disavowed;  
Educing Good with infinite endeavour  
From Evil for some mystic end allowed;  
Whose work, Mankind, would be a cheat detected,



A palpable abortion and confusion.  
(Truly an inconceivable conclusion !)  
If not in some serener Sphere perfected :  
For He was good—all Life and time proclaimed it,  
Where Good was ever in the slow ascendant ;  
And that blind bias (Conscience as we named it)—  
Towards what seems good and better—though dependent  
On other powers, for knowledge, be it granted,  
Of what *is* good and better,—was implanted  
Within our brain at first, and could not be  
Belied or outraged by Himself who framed it ;  
So must the Evil and the wrong be righted  
In some great World of bliss we could not see,  
Where suffering innocence would be requited,  
And ties of rent affections reunited.  
And this, which Reason pleaded for,—the best  
And brightest of that Spirit's emanations—  
Souls in their very *structure* revelations  
Of his high nature on their own impressed,  
Had felt and died for ; on the facts insisting  
Their souls were forced and fashioned to attest—  
The certain Life immortal, to remove  
And remedy all mortal woes existing ;  
And that supreme predominance of Love !  
And therefore they who most their Souls may nourish  
On Love, and hearken to his high decreeing,  
Doing all right and every wrong repressing,  
With pure self-sacrifice for others' blessing—  
Must be the least unlike that Power supernal—  
Most with that Will in their poor way agreeing ;  
Must be the fittest to survive and flourish  
In that transcendant Sphere of Life eternal—  
Of ever blest and beatific Being.

## II.

Poor, vague, and disappointing merely  
These reasonings to the listening Maid appeared ;  
Scarce lighting up that shadowy Life more clearly  
Than the rude faith wherein she had been reared.  
Some simple tale of pathos and pure wonder,  
The founts divine of pity and awe unsealing,  
With death's great mystery mystically dealing,  
Her mental clouds had sooner rent asunder—  
More strongly stirred her fancy and her feeling.  
But all was Gospel from his lips that fell ;  
His tongue more gifted than with Prophet's spell.  
And what *he* felt might well for her suffice,  
Who, free from anxious fear too curious, nice,  
Held this no theme to handle too austere,  
Wholly absorb, or trouble her too nearly !  
Her lovelit bosom knew no listless pining  
For future worlds or lives beyond divining,  
With so much glory in the Present shining.

And Ranolf had no taste for doubts intrusive,  
Nor chafed too much at reasons inconclusive.  
The mystery of the mighty Universe  
He loved to play with as a subtle jest,  
As children with conundrums ; none the worse  
Because the answer could not soon be guessed.  
While its reality was a pure joy  
That well might heart and life and love employ—  
A bliss no doubt, no mystery could destroy !

## III.

And though he showed himself content no more  
Even now than in old student-days of yore  
To practise and abide by what he saw  
Even then might be for Man a settled Law ;  
He could not, while he reasoned, quite forget  
The possible truth so long before descried,  
Which of itself had made him feel as yet  
How slight his power to be that Maiden's guide ;  
That time-developed secret of the soul,  
How the conviction of its glorious goal  
And ultimate high destiny divine,  
Is haply not designed to be the dower  
Of any play of intellectual power—  
No cold deduction Logic's subtlest line  
Could dimly draw from shadowy postulate,  
Mental or moral axiom overfine,  
Admitted or disputed, as innate  
Or for purblind Experience to acquire ;  
No theme to wrangle on with wordy strife :  
But down—far down—in gulfs of Spirit profound,  
Which action and keen passion only sound—  
Lies, a pure gem for purified desire ;  
But rather, perfect gold by patience won,  
Must by severer Alchemy be run  
Out of each Soul plunged in the actual fire,  
And smelted in the crucible of Life.

## IV.

No ! he could not forget that Truths like these  
May lurk secreted for the Soul to seize



Out of the chaos of her own emotions ;  
Heights of celestial rapture—depths like Ocean's  
Of sacred sorrow ; mystic yearnings speech  
Is speechless for, no intellect can reach ;  
Divinely-darkling inmost sympathies,  
Dimly discerned—awakened—half-express  
Haply by the blind might of Music best  
Echoing Infinitude ; 'strange melodies'  
That lustrous Song-Child languished to impart,  
Breathing his boundless Love through boundless Art—  
Impassioned Seraph from his mint of gold  
By our full-handed Master-Maker flung ;  
By him whose lays, like eagles, still upwheeling  
To that shy Empyrean of high feeling,  
Float steadiest in the luminous fold on fold  
Of wonder-cloud around its sun-depths rolled.  
Whether he paint, all patience and pure snow,  
Pompilia's fluttering innocence unsoiled ;—  
In verse, though fresh as dew, one lava-flow  
In fervour—with rich Titian-dyes aglow—  
Paint Paracelsus to grand frenzy stung,  
Quixotic dreams and fiery quackeries foiled ;  
Whose rocket-rush of Power, at death's far height  
Melts in a silvery rain of loving Light ;—  
Or—of Sordello's delicate Spirit unstrung  
For action, in its vast Ideal's glare  
Blasting the Real to its own dumb despair,—  
On that Venetian water-lapped stair-flight,  
In words condensed to diamond, indite  
A lay too like the Sun—dark with excessive bright :—  
Still,—though the pulses of the world-wide throng  
He wields, with racy life-blood beat so strong,—  
Subtlest Dissector of the Soul in song !—

—No! with that possible Soul-truth full in sight,  
'Twas little disappointment, less surprise,  
To Ranolf that he read in Amo's eyes  
Not all the satisfaction and delight  
She looked for when the queries first she pressed  
Which he with more delight and greater zest  
Would doubtless, if he *could*, have set at rest.

## V.

But all these things apart—to *them* the Real  
The Present seemed so rapturous an Ideal,  
It seemed almost a sin to speculate  
Or spend a thought upon another state ;  
Seemed flat ingratitude to Him who spread  
A banquet so superb his guests before,  
To ask, when on its dainties they had fed,  
What His great bounty had provided more ?  
While sitting at His luxury-laden board,  
To guess what fair festivities the Lord  
Of the redundant feast had yet in store,  
Music or dance to follow when 'twas o'er !

## VI.

And so to lighter themes they gaily turn ;  
And " Rano ! when shall I begin to learn "—  
Said then the lively girl, " the white man's art  
Of seeing talk—and sending, word for word,  
To distant eyes unspoken speech unheard ? "—

And Ranolf straightway hastened to impart  
A first fond lesson in the mystery deep

Of letters—guiding that confiding hand  
To trace huge characters on marbled sand,  
Or clean smooth claystone of some yellow steep;  
With many a toying frolicsome reproof,  
And merry chiding, when the stalk of fern  
And taper fingers seemed resolved to turn  
Some curve from what was aimed at far aloof;  
And both would join in joyous outcry wild  
At each great blunder of the Woman-Child;  
With childlike guerdon of a kiss no less  
Rewarded at each wonderful success.  
But such a keen and kindling sympathy  
Between their hearts and minds electric played,  
Both Taught and Teacher could delighted see  
How swiftly and how sweetly, so conveyed,  
The pupil would imbibe that mystery;  
How soon that lovely Learner would o'ercome  
The task of noting down in symbols dumb  
The speech the learner with her loving smile  
Was teaching to the Teacher all the while.

## VII.

And now, upon a knoll beside the Lake,  
Embowered with trees their resting-place they make.  
The savoury light repast was over, won  
By Manu's indefatigable gun,  
Whose echo through the day they oft had caught  
Faint from the glens or o'er the waters brought.  
Their young elastic spirits they resigned  
To the soft hour's delicious influence,  
And the full consciousness of all the bliss  
Of love like theirs in such a life as this;

As sweet and free to their enamoured sense  
As the pure air without a sound or sigh  
They breathed in its sunlit serenity.  
The solitude—the stillness so intense—  
The blue ethereal lake—the liquid sky—  
The silent banks and bluffs that watched around ;—  
The silent beams that broadly visible streamed  
Through limpid veils of atmosphere, and gleamed  
Along the silent hills that looked, spell-bound,  
As if they felt the shadows o'er them grow,  
From every fold and crevice creeping slow  
And linking to exclude each slanting ray  
That slumberous on their burnished shoulders lay :—  
Or where those faint cliffs seemed in fading day  
Refining to a vision far away ;  
Soft tints aërial—tender streaks of shade,  
Or mottling stains their painted verdure made.—  
All was so rapt and mute and motionless—  
The pictured dream of lonely loveliness  
Diffused o'er hearts that needed no such balm  
The soft contagion of its soothing calm !  
Twin hearts—mere atoms in the wide expanse—  
They seemed absorbed in its voluptuous trance ;  
Yet 'twas the rapturous love that through them thrilled  
That rather into Nature's frame instilled  
Their own impassioned warmth, until it glowed  
As fit for spirits in bliss some high divine abode !

# Canto the Seventh.

## *An airy Nest.*

1. *Sunset on the Lake.* 2. *Evening—and Love—divine.* 3. *The 'Downy Ironheart-tree'—whence its propensity to fit itself for survival?* 5. *Stars; Orion upside down.* 6. *Plans for the morrow.* 7. *The airy nest.* 8. *Return home.*

### I.

Now Sunset's hushed and awful Splendour fills  
The solemn scene ;—transfigures heaven and earth  
With luminous glory as in strange new-birth ;  
Clothes with vermillion woods the Eastern hills ;  
And where the Lake should spread its glassy length  
Leaves a great hollow of one hue—blood-red  
As the mysterious garments round Him rolled  
Who travelling in the greatness of his strength,  
In glory of apparel unalloyed,  
Though stained like one who doth the winepress tread,  
From Edom and from Bozrah came of old.  
A single bar of light, a silver thread—  
Stretched o'er the incarnadined and hollow void—  
Betrays the viewless surface. On each hand  
See how the headlands glow in solid gold !



See in the midst that mighty Mountain stand  
One ruby !—deepening off through bluer shade  
And bluer, towards the North the hills and sky  
Lose more and more of that ensanguined dye—  
Through all the purples of the pansy fade ;  
And in their darkest, most impressive gloom,  
Rival the richest violet's loveliest bloom.

## II.

And Amo felt the evening ;—felt  
The solemn tenderness that dwelt  
In all that gorgeous flood of pride  
And splendour, spreading far and wide  
Into her kindred spirit melt :  
And nestling close to Ranolf's side  
As half in sport and half in fear—  
“ Hush ! ”—whispered she, quite serious-eyed—  
“ Some awful Spirit must be near !—  
What is it else that from the deep  
Abyss o'erhead, seems so to creep  
And creep—and ever nearer steal,  
As though the heavens above us bending,  
Were closing round us—slow descending !—  
Not evil though, that Spirit, I feel !  
But like some gentle boundless arm  
Encircling us—in shelter warm  
Infolding us from hurt or harm ;  
Close to us, yet unheard, unseen :  
Just as I felt you bending down  
One morn above our couch of fern,  
Which you had left so soon, to learn

What bird it was whose strange new cry  
(’Twas that *blue crane* with bristly crown—  
You recollect?) we heard so nigh;  
And I, unknowing your return  
Lay half-awake nor wooing sleep;  
With eyes just lightly shut to keep  
Your image there with clearer glow,  
And play with it in fancy so;  
In dreamy bliss—such full content—  
Somehow as calm and innocent,  
It seemed, as when in infant days  
Upon a mother’s breast I leant;  
So loath was I my lids to raise;  
Or my fantastic joy resign  
Till I should be no more alone!—  
But you had stol’n towards me unknown;  
And though I neither saw nor heard,  
I felt your face approach my own:  
Your lips were almost touching mine,  
But did not—and no limb you stirred;  
I neither heard nor felt your breath,  
For you were silent—still as death;  
And yet I knew your presence dear,  
I knew that it was *you* so near,  
Pausing before you would impress  
To wake me quite, some light caress  
Of fond and playful tenderness.  
But that was Love—made me so wise,  
To see without the use of eyes;  
And know who ’twas did by me stand,  
Without the aid of ear or hand:

No tongue to speak—no limb to move,  
Was needed for my heart to prove  
That near approach of Love to Love !”—

“ Yes—that was Love ! and this, as well,  
This solemn, sweet, absorbing spell,  
This charm diffused o’er heaven and earth,  
In Love may have its hidden birth !  
For all that Reason—Science—guess,  
It stands a mystery, none the less ;—  
A symbol, why not so designed  
To do just what we find it do ?  
Impress upon the human Mind  
A soothing sense of Love as true,  
As warm and true as mine and thine,  
But infinite—and *all* divine !—

## III.

“ But see ! how through the floating, thin,  
And tender purple gloom, one star  
Is wildly throbbing—faint and far !  
And lost in liquid twilight, look,  
Where others lurk its depths within !—  
Come, dearest, then ! in yonder nook  
See how, from its sun-smitten slopes  
The snowy-crimson trees outthrow  
Their sturdy stems that downward grow,  
All firmly laced, securely braced  
And cabled to the rocks with ropes  
Of their own branches, backward bent  
Along each coalescing trunk,  
Half in its rugged column sunk

As up to roots again they run,  
Stem, branch, and root, distinct yet one !  
As if they saw and would prevent,  
With conscious aim intelligent,  
The great tree's risk so imminent  
Of slipping down the steep descent.

## IV.

“ But does the risk produce the aim ?—  
On level ground no cables sprout : ”  
(Thinking aloud, all this, no doubt)  
“ Or if in some rare case thrown out—  
Perchance where casual winds create  
A partial risk, but not the same—  
The cable hangs its listless weight  
Unreaching earth ; its would-be roots,  
A tuft of red abortive shoots.  
Adaptive Nature's powers are great ;  
And her organic products mate  
And match each shifting change and chance  
Of inorganic Circumstance ;  
Set each to each in ordered dance,  
With a discriminating might  
Of blindness keener than all sight ;  
And kindling here, and quenching there  
At random—but with luck so rare  
And mutual, ever full and fair  
The cycle of Existence leave.  
The trees that could their cable weave  
Might stand—and those that could not—fall ;  
I wonder what the cause they call,  
Gave this though not another tree

That cunning first propensity  
For veering cables out at all !  
Was it itself, itself to save  
Such self-preserving prescience gave ?—  
This 'struggle for existence,' saith  
Your Science, everywhere we view ;  
Yes ! and 'tis Life's untiring true  
Protest against and hate of Death !

## V.

" But come, my sweet, since there at last,  
The pendent trees are anchored fast ;  
Suppose a fern-filled mat we sling  
To one, up high, of those that fling  
Their branches out most straight and stout !  
So fine the night we need devise  
No roof against those loving skies.  
How pleasant there to lie awake  
And try if any glimmering sheen  
Or shimmer of the sleeping Lake  
So far beneath—through all the green—  
The latticed screen of boughs between,  
A leafy labyrinth—could be seen !  
How sweet to lie up there so high,  
And half asleep, so drowsily,  
To all the faint night-noises hark  
That make the hush more deep ; and mark,  
Watching the dim o'erbrooding sky,  
How one by one and two by two  
The moving stars come blinking through  
The unmoving leaves—chink after chink—  
Slow-pacing !—or if you should sleep

I might alone a vigil keep  
Sometimes for mere delight ; and think  
What mighty Suns we use to link  
Our tiny memories with ; and how  
Keen Sirius and red-flashing fierce  
Aldebaran that deep Space may pierce,  
And have no other end just now  
For me, but with familiar rays  
To call back far-off scenes and days !  
How the faint Pleiads are less clear  
Than fond regards they bring—so dear !  
And old Orion upside down,  
Mythic Boeotian huntsman brown—  
Though here such different names he own,  
Shines grand as his antique renown ;  
And flings abroad his giant limbs  
In daring splendour nothing dims !  
Although head foremost towards the sea  
In all his glittering panoply  
He plunges, eager to return  
To those dear glorious lands below,  
Far down below, where long ago  
I first beheld his ardours burn !—

## VI.

“ And we will settle, nestling there  
Which way to-morrow we shall fare ;  
If back to strange Orákei's stream  
Whose dark-green banks are chequered bright  
With many a gaudy scar and seam  
Sulphureous yellow—red and white,  
Where over crusted strata grey

A hundred hot-springs steam and play :  
Or shall we to the Lake hard by  
Of woody Oka-réka hie,  
That mocks you with deceitful mien,  
By loving cliffs encompassed round—  
Fair captive, so resigned, serene,  
Lulled in a seeming sleep profound ;  
Yet all the while slips off unseen  
In secret diving underground ;  
And bursts out into open day  
A beautiful Cascade, they say,  
All flash and foam, a mile away !  
A sudden startling change complete  
From mimic death to leaping life,  
As yours, my wily winsome cheat,  
This morn when starting to your feet  
At touch of that rude ready knife ! ”

## VII.

What answer? but a laugh of fond assent  
From her whose head upon his shoulder leant ;  
As, gaily springing up, the Maid address  
Herself to that delightful task—to aid  
In building birdlike such a pendulous nest  
’Mid twisted stems over the waters thrown,  
As charmed with thoughts of airy rest  
Lightly leaf-canopied and star-inrayed ;  
Toyed with by tender touches of the Moon ;  
Bare to each influence of the fine-flecked skies ;  
And yet secure as ever flung the boon  
Of sweet unconsciousness o’er lovers’ eyes—

Yet in secluded luxury uplaid  
As ever rest enjoyed by lovers lone  
In any green serenity of shade.

\* \* \*

## VIII.

So through the fervid Autumn's lingering glow  
But Life and Love's young Spring-time ; revelling so  
    In Eden-scenes as lovely-strange  
    As to the lover's power to change  
All scenes to Edens, ever yet displayed  
    An Eden ready-made :  
So, custom-licensed to be blest and bless  
In luxury of lawful lawlessness,  
    Did our unbridled bridal pair  
Pass their wild-honeymoon no moon  
Restricted—and, arriving all too soon,  
Homeward to Rotorua slowly strayed.





RANOLF AND AMOHIA.

*BOOK THE SIXTH*

*WAR.*

VOL. II.

M

*WAR.*

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CANTO I. THE BELEAGUERED FORTRESS.

„ II. WAR NEEDS IDEALIZING.

„ III. THE GRAND ASSAULT.

„ IV. FIGHT BETWEEN 'SOUNDING SEA' AND 'ANGRY  
STAR'

„ V. LOVE FED BY WAR.

„ VI. AN OLD WRONG AVENGED.

„ VII. DEATH OF THE 'SOUNDING SEA.'

# Canto the First.

## *The Beleaguered Fortress.*

1. *War song of Tribes attacking Tangi's fortress—Mokoia.* 2. *Who they were, and why there.* 3. *The Magician's motives : and proceedings of assailants and defendants.* 4. *Two assaults failing, a third prepared.*

I.

I.

THE clashing of Tempests !  
The tumult of Tempests !  
To the West and the North  
On their terrible path  
They are rioting forth ;  
And they crash altogether in a whirlwind of wrath  
Against the high fortress that bristles and towers  
In the midst of the torn Rotorua. How cowers  
The scared Lake !—how it shrieks—do you hear it ?  
As the lightnings spear it,  
And savagely chase  
In the race  
Of affright  
The mad-fleeing flakes of the wind-levelled spray ;

Or shrivel, in flame-sheets how blindingly bright,  
Black tangible night  
To blue hideous day !—  
O the clashing, the flashing, the tumult, the jar,  
Of the gathered confederate tempests of War  
Over Mókoi-ahía !

## 2.

See, see you the glare,  
O Riri, the glare ?—  
How the flames leap in air,  
Bloodstaining the leaden-hued murkiness scowling  
O'er the high Western hills where the tempests are howling,  
Paparáta, Wainúku, with thunderclouds growling ?—  
—No fire, no flashes,  
Erelong shall be there,  
No life-spark or love-light on mountain—in vale ;  
Not a sound of despair,  
Sorrow-breath,  
Sob of wail—  
But the blackness of ashes,  
The silence of Death,  
Over Mókoi-ahía.

## 3.

Come forth, my Canoe,  
My glorious Canoe !  
Right over the war-boats of Tangi,  
Right over their gunwales though fiercely they strive,  
Thou shalt drive, thou shalt drive,  
While the paddle-beat foam-waves enwreathe us, ha ! ha !—

Resistless—remorseless—right onward—no check—  
Thou shalt tread down and trample each plunging wreck !

Thou shalt ride  
In thy pride  
O'er its hollow inside,  
While the hissing wave fills it beneath us, ha ! ha !—  
O my tearing, all-daring, unsparing Canoe—  
O the might,  
The delight  
Of your conquering crew !—  
What a tustle shall wait them,  
A triumph elate them,  
A blood-revel sate them,  
At Mókoí-ahía !

## 4.

Weave the great Chain—  
The great living Chain !—  
Over hill, over plain,  
Round and round, high and low,  
It shall go, it shall go,  
The beleaguering Chain round the Fort of the foe !—  
I-ará ! I-ará !—  
Firm shoulder to shoulder, every inch of the ground—  
Strongly woven—well-knit—all the links true and sound—  
Around and around shall the great Chain be wound !  
High and low  
It shall go  
Round the fear-smitten foe !—  
Soft-stealing — close-hemming — all-stemming — death-  
dealing—  
O the leaguer of heroes  
At Mókoí-ahía !

## 5.

How fretful the cries,  
The plaintive wild cries  
Of crimson-billed terns when in bright azure weather  
They flock wheeling in from all parts of the skies,  
Confusedly fluttering and huddling together  
To dabble and scramble for food in the water !—  
Rotorua's proud islet shall see such a muster ;  
From the regions all round so our victims shall cluster !

So shall they  
On that day  
Crowd in helpless array,  
So be gathered at once all together for slaughter !  
Wild-crying—no flying—all dying—no trace  
Of their race  
Shall be left on earth's face !—  
Thus our foes shall be crushed  
And the battle-roar hushed  
*Over Mōkoi-ahia !—*

Such was the purport of the measured roar,  
A warrior-crowd by Rotorua's shore  
From time to time across its waters flung,  
Their wild excitement growing as they sung.  
The song foreshadowed vengeance long-desired ;  
Visions of victory hate and hope inspired—  
But vengeance doubtful—victory yet to win.  
One singer fierce in savage solo first,  
Within the space the circling throng left clear,  
Darting about with madly brandished spear,  
The ranting wild war-ditty would begin ;

Then as they all struck in, the chorus strong,  
Now full and furious, with a sea-like burst  
Of guttural thunder grandly rolled along ;  
Now at the war-chaunt's pauses, interspersed  
Its short harsh sighs of deep-lunged expiration,  
Such as a pavier in a London street  
Gives when his ponderous hammer strikes the stones ;—  
All panting forth in unison complete  
Hoarse harmony of heartfelt execration !  
Crash after crash of deep earthshaking groans,  
Whose echoes through the folded mountains tore—  
Escaping monsters, plunging on to hide  
In their recesses ; nor even then forbore  
But far and farther off faint bellowings plied.

## II.

This storm of war by Kangapo was brewed :  
'Twas he had roused this raging multitude  
Of Uri-wéra, Nati-pórou—all  
The restless spirits turbulent and rude  
Amid the neighbouring tribes, South, East or West  
He found, or made, obedient to his call :  
For stung by Tangi's cool disdain—his breast  
Black with foul bile that Amo could arrest  
His schemes by flight ; and worst, that such a prize  
Should by this chance-sent Stranger be possessed—  
One whom he would so heartily despise,  
But that he hated him so much, and feared,—  
Aye, feared !—he could no more endure those eyes  
That met his own so calmly and appeared  
To look right through his soul and life of lies,  
So high and safe above his sorceries—



More than the hound the Moon's unmoving gaze  
Fixed on him mutely till he howls—and feels,  
How through his canine consciousness it steals—  
The fascination of those searching rays,  
That read his inmost thoughts, know all his ways,  
And fix him all the more, the more he bays :—  
Stung with such rabid jealousy and pain,  
Less for his own loss than the other's gain :—  
For he was of a nature Hate could move  
More deeply even than successful love ;  
And even his Love burnt livid, like the flames  
Of liquids lit for joy in Christmas games,  
With bitter selfishness 'twas so imbued ;  
While Hate that could through Love's triumphant mood  
Survive, on baffled Love would surely prey  
And batten into boundless life and play :—  
With all these feelings fuming thus, the Priest  
Had sought out Tangi's many secret foes  
And hollow friends ; these—most in peace retained  
By dread of Tangi, and as great at least  
Of powers himself from his dark Atuas gained—  
Were prompt to seize whatever chance arose,  
That seemed to promise surety of success  
Against a Chief, whose frank blunt haughtiness  
Left many a rankling grudge, in hearts that owned  
His chieftainship while backed by strength ; and more  
In neighbours not dependent ; most of whom  
Could always point, besides, to some heirloom  
Of injury—ancient grievance safe in store  
Kept to produce, parade as unatoned,  
Harangue on and grow wild about, whene'er  
Interest might prove a breach was worth their care.  
And now that Priest's defection—proffered aid

To Tangi's foes, such tempting juncture made !  
That sorcerer's help, to warn, foresee, foretell,  
And ever keep at hand, whate'er befel,  
The fresh reserve of some religious spell  
The fiercest Atua's favour to compel—  
With such ally what could against them be  
The force or fortune of the ' Sounding Sea ' ?—  
And readier even than these for reckless raid  
Was many a youth with jealous fury fired,  
Who, when that liquid landslip set her free  
From bonds the " tapu " had around her knit,  
To Amo's hand had fruitlessly aspired.  
So, mustering quick in arms—sharp lances fit  
For thrust or whirl ; flat spears with cleaving blade  
Of iron-hard wood ; smooth clublets of green jade  
Whale's bone or black obsidian : and, though few,  
The white man's lightning weapons dearly prized  
For such death-dealing powers, swift, safe, and true  
As made all slaughter's ruder tools despised :—  
—Bearing of berries dried sufficient store,  
*Hīnau*—karaka ; sun-cured fish and maize ;  
Their siege-provisions for not many days,  
As trusting to catch Tangi unprepared  
And take his fortress by surprise before  
His distant friends could to the rescue pour :—  
—Dragging—(by dint of desperate labour, shared  
Among thick-crowding, oft-renewed relays—  
A hundred straining limbs and voices timed  
As one, by that wild chaunt in chorus chimed)—  
Or carrying bodily—their big canoes,  
O'er hill and dale, with fierce incessant toil,

And frantic ardour nothing could infuse  
But rampant greed secure of blood and spoil :—  
—Leaving the friends of Tangi as they passed—  
Too weak alone, each hamlet, to withstand  
The headlong progress of so large a band,—  
Within their palisadoes shut up fast :—  
Thus had the host with hopes of victory flushed,  
Through Tangi's country unimpeded rushed ;  
And now were camped by Rotorua's Lake  
In swarms resolved his island-fort to take,  
Under the leadership of one, by far  
The boldest, vainest that had joined the war—  
And 'WHETU-RIRI' named—'The Angry Star.'

## III.

Nor deem that Priest had wholly laid aside  
The object of his passion and his pride  
So long—his native tribe's success and power.  
Incensed to be so baffled and defied,  
His aim in giving Tangi's foes their hour  
Of partial triumph, was but to reduce  
The Chieftain's haughtiness till he should be  
More pliant to his own ascendancy.  
These crowds were tools and creatures for his use ;  
For well he knew whenever he might please,  
He could the tumult he had raised appease ;  
Upon their superstitious fears could play,  
And fright his new adherents from the fray  
With well-invented omens of dismay.  
This crooked course to so concealed an end,  
Did to his mind his project recommend ;  
'Twas doubly dear to him to win his will  
By secret exercise of sinuous skill ;

The consciousness of cunning mastery made  
A guerdon of success almost as dear  
As aught for which his cunning schemes were laid.  
Yet would he not even then, with insight clear,  
Deliberate purpose to himself confess,  
With cool deceptive art to forge or feign  
Omens and signs sinistrous, to restrain  
The assailants at the height of their success ;  
But he had taught himself to think and feel  
The Atuas ever favoured his appeal—  
Could with a little management be brought  
To give him mystic aid whenever sought.  
And at the outset, glad was he to find,  
Tangi's own acts to aid his plans inclined ;  
For the old Chief was so devoid of fear,  
When rumours of invasion reached his ear  
By foemen such as these, the thought he spurned,  
A notion too absurd to entertain ;  
And still refused, when surer news he learned,  
With obstinate and absolute disdain,  
To sanction against danger threatening thence,  
Any unwonted measures of defence.  
So when the storm broke o'er him, and he found  
The tide of War advancing all around,  
He gathered hastily a sturdy band  
Of staunch adherents readiest to his hand :  
And on that island hill-cone, girt and swathed  
In tiers, with terrace, ditch and smooth-scarped bank,  
Where'er its natural slope less steeply sank ;  
Each terrace a successive fighting stage ;  
Behind each fosse, a bristling palisade  
Of posts with carved and monstrous heads arrayed,  
Red-ochred, grim, and grinning scorn and rage ;—

There they ensconced themselves to wait unscathed  
Till succours should be hurried up by sure  
And faithful emissaries swift despatched ;  
There, in their fortress, as they felt, secure—  
Withdrawing from each ditch its wooden bridge,  
Lifting each terrace-ladder o'er its ridge,  
Each gate closed fast,—there scornfully they watched,  
Behind the walls, each movement of the foe ;—  
Or frantically darting in and out  
The palisades, kept rushing to and fro  
With wild-tossed limbs and yell and taunting shout ;  
Or wasting at long range a charge or two  
Of precious ammunition, if it chanced,  
Prowling about, a prying war-canoe  
Close to the isle too temptingly advanced ;  
Or some marauding, reconnoitring band  
Upon the garden-level dared to land.—  
Thus, keeping ever at the boiling fret  
The fury that could find scant outlet yet,  
Thus did they shout, from morn to even-close,  
Or dance defiance of their swarming foes.

## IV.

Twice had the foe made fierce attack ;  
With slaughter twice been beaten back ;  
For Tangi's staunch and stalwart band—  
The skill and valour far-renowned  
That marked the veteran's cool command—  
The lines that wound that hill around—  
And last, not least, unknown before,  
The dreaded weapon Ranolf bore  
That through the press could swiftly hurl  
A shower of deaths at every whirl,—



CANTO I.] *The Beleaguered Fortress.* 173

All these together made a sum  
Of tough impediments no rush  
Of Uri-wéra's hosts could crush,  
Or arts, so far essayed, o'ercome.  
Yet for a fresh assault, one more  
Ere they should give the contest o'er,  
They roused, revived their flagging force  
And spirit dashed by ill-success ;  
Revolving every rude resource  
Of savage war's ingeniousness :  
Each tried, untried experiment  
Old lore could teach, new craft invent ;  
And plying all the wild man's ways  
Their forced factitious wrath to raise  
And blow their fury to a blaze.

## Canto the Second.

### *War needs Idealizing.*

1. *War stripped of its splendour here. 2. It needs Genius to elevate it ; such as Wellington's, Nelson's, Napier's ; (3) Men fit for Empire—not to be won or kept by mere Utilitarianism ; or the false Philanthropy which would extinguish Patriotism and (4) ruin England. 5. A better fate for our worldwide Empire—of universal fellowship and mutual aid ; no talk of ' Self-help ' to colonies ; obvious duty they recognize, as witness those killed in the war going on while this tale was being written. 6. Such deaths keep alive the spirit which will realize the Ideal of our British Empire—a crowned Federation centrally represented. 7. War a Worship.*

#### I.

See now prepared for fresh assault  
And every wild resource of War,  
Both ' Sounding Sea ' and ' Angry Star ' !

—But let us call a moment's halt ;  
For who can dwell with much delight  
On details bare of barbarous fight ?  
War stripped of that superb disguise  
Of splendour which to youthful eyes  
Gives Terror more than Beauty's charms,

And o'er Death's revel scatters rife  
Stern raptures of sublimest Life ?  
The marshalled ranks—far-glittering lines ;  
And square on square compact and dense—  
Each layer-like slab of life intense  
That firm as bristling rampart shines  
In such high-drilled magnificence !  
The single tramp and serried arms  
Of myriads moved like one together !  
The bayonet-blades—each row of steel  
Soft waving like a brilliant feather  
As in broad lines the regiments wheel—  
How in the sun they flash and quiver !  
The ponderous flying guns that cling  
And clutch at every vantage ground  
Like savage birds of heavy wing,  
And with volcano smoke and sound  
Exulting boom and blaze away ;  
Or flit when they no more may stay,  
As vultures lagging leave their prey !—  
Then Music's thrilling witchery,  
From Matter's gross enthrallment ever  
Potent the spirit to deliver,  
Fans all the Soul to fever-heat ;  
The big drum's distant windy beat,  
Tumultuous-heaving stormy sea,  
Over whose plunging waves alway  
The fife's light notes dance up like spray !  
And trumpets soar and bugles call :  
Or loud in fits far rattling comes  
The glorious long-resounding shiver  
Of those impatient kettle-drums !—



## II.

—But more than Music—more than all  
Imperial pomps and prides that shine  
To make Destruction's Art divine,  
Is that display, the grandest still  
To any human lot can fall,  
When Genius with consummate skill  
Wields the ennobling sword it draws  
Resistless in a righteous cause :  
Such as our wondrous Warrior drew,  
He, Duty's great Archangel—true  
The least or largest work to do  
That shrineless God could set him to !  
Whose Soul to that fast-zenithed Sun  
Glowed consecrate—its Magian fire,  
Kept burning ever, brighter, higher  
For storms of State—War's cloudracks dun—  
The wild vicissitude of things ;  
A soul, a mien—erect—serene—  
'Mid tumbling thrones and trembling kings !—

—Or that high-passioned One—our loved  
Sea-King—whose frail war-shattered frame  
Seems, like the Sun's disc in its flame,  
Lost in his Spirit's blaze of Fame !  
That fiery soft great heart sublime,  
Who with his stately white-winged crowd  
Of lightning-bearing Sea-Swans, moved  
Majestical from clime to clime,  
And, wrapped in one sky-reaching shroud  
Of dense white level-jetted cloud,  
With grand sea-thunders swept away  
His country's foes where'er they rose ;—

Who, with such cool and crushing ease  
Like chessmen used to place and play  
His crowded floating fortresses ;—  
Who like a rushing Comet, prest  
Across the World from East to West  
And back, in that *gigantic race*  
Of Warfleets o'er the Atlantic Main ;  
When wondering Europe saw him chase  
Like doubling hares that scud in vain,  
The navies of proud France and Spain !—

—Or He, whose dazzling deeds make pale  
(As well says one who paints the fray)  
Old marvellous times of casque and mail—  
Dense arrow-flights through thronging knights  
At Agincourt's and Cressy's fights ;  
Whose might on great Meánee's day  
Wiped out again the Cábul stain,  
That red retreat—one slaughter ! he  
Who that audacious victory  
With his heroic handful tore  
From twice as many thousand foes  
As he had hundreds ; so, dispersed  
The hovering hundred thousand more  
Of ruffian-hordes with razor-swords  
Keen-panting on their prey to close ;  
Flung to the winds the sway accurst,  
And rooted up no more to rise  
The regal stews and robber sties  
Of those Emeers whose quaking fears  
Erelong through Asia's wide heart ran ;

Till every turbaned Tyrant there  
And bloodstained bandit in his lair  
*Shook at his very name*—unscreened  
Though wastes and mountains intervened,  
Though round him raged a ruthless clan,  
Against this terrible true MAN,  
This justice-wreaking holy fiend,  
This demon 'brother of Shay-tan'  
Fighting God's battles !—

## III.

Aye, indeed !  
These men were the right genuine stuff  
To rule a World—a hero-breed—  
High minds, such as by instinct feed  
On mighty tasks,—Souls large enough  
For Empire !—Empire, never won  
As never kept, beneath the Sun,  
By slow hack-hearts that never knew  
A spur beyond material greed !  
The mere 'utilitarian' crew  
Whose huckstering God is only Gold ;  
That 'cheaply bought' be 'dearly sold,'  
Their sordid creed and single heed ;  
Whose grovelling zeal,—their Altar still  
The counter—and their Ark the till—  
At that base shrine would sacrifice  
Power, honour, *Empire* !—all the ties  
That keep us one ; whatever wakes  
The patriot glow, the pride of race ;—  
All that, with love of Order, makes

A people of a populace,  
And *any* people great ! whate'er  
Of quick and kindling sympathy  
With England's children everywhere—  
Our common claim to one great name,  
One heritage of storied Fame,  
It was our boast, our strength to share ;—  
That conscious thrill of kindred blood  
Which false refinement feigns to raise,  
Evaporating all its good,  
Into a fine and feeble phase  
Of vague and vain Philanthropy ;  
But kept alive,—yet none the less  
Alert to let no furtherance slip  
Of all-embracing comradeship  
And generous great wide-heartedness,—  
The more it can inspire, expand,  
So much more glorious, powerful, grand,  
Becomes each human brotherhood ;  
And ever, just as each has grown  
To greatness or remained unknown,  
Did each this genial warmth possess  
Defective or in bright excess ;  
The savage, for his tribe alone,  
The Roman for a World—*his own* !

## IV.

But O thou Mother-Isle afar,  
Whose fame Thyself alone couldst mar !  
Should those mere sensuous saws indeed  
(If good and true to clothe and feed)  
Be idolized to supersede

The holiest duties, highest aims  
Thy Rulers owe, thy welfare claims ;  
And they and Thou, in pride secure,  
Be deaf to all the grand demands  
The glorious Gift of world-wide lands—  
Birthright of all thy swarming sons  
Won by the mighty deathless dead,  
Thy heroes' blood like water shed,—  
Thunders upon Thee ; then be sure,  
England, my Country ! nought avails  
Thy wealth, thy commerce ; he who runs  
May read upon thy whited wall,  
The ' Mene, Tekel ' of thy fall !  
*Then* hide thy head for shame—then say  
And sigh—thy soaring Sun has past  
Its zenith ; own thyself at last—  
Weighed in the fitting trader-scales,  
Found wanting ; then confess thy day  
Of greatness done—thy glory gone—  
Thy peddling kingdom passing fast away !——

## v.

Ah no ! such close shall ne'er await  
The dawning day when Thou shalt be  
To thy sublimest work awake !  
Full many a streak begins to break  
In purple promise of the fate  
We hope—foresee—foretell for thee !  
When such a sympathetic strain  
Of loyal fellowship shall reign  
Through all thy filial-federal train  
Of States by mutual interests bound—

And Thy large heart, the long-renowned ;  
Touch one—and one inspiring sound  
Of murmuring millions all alive  
To all that makes their union thrive,  
Shall thrill throughout the mighty hive !  
And prove, if Right before them shine,  
All lightning-like how prompt to strike,  
Not for a poor ' Self-help ' alone,  
But Thou for theirs, and they for thine—  
All for each others' as their own !

—' Self-help '—but then the ungracious word  
In cold reproach shall ne'er be heard !  
If ever, as a shameless taunt  
'Twas flung—ah, let the memory sink !  
Unworthy those in lofty place  
Who nobly rule a noble race,  
Not apt from such ' self-help ' to shrink !  
Let that plain fact, no empty vaunt,  
Their deaths, those gallant ones ! attest  
So oft struck down in wretched war  
By savage pride upon us prest :—  
Attest it *his*, among the rest—  
(Be thus much said for kinship's sake)  
Who sleeps the sleep no more to wake  
On earth, 'mid loveliest scenes afar  
Where Tonga-riro's snows disgorge  
Their flames by blue Te Aira's lake—  
Young, kindly, chivalrous St. George !  
Whose honour-fired aspiring brain  
Before that instant-blighting ball

Flashed into darkness without pain,  
As in his wonted "dashing style"  
(His comrades said) his men he led  
Against the palisadoed wall  
Of that last prophet-cannibal  
Whose torturing tastes—impostures vile—  
Into worst horrors back again  
Of sickening savage life trepanned  
A brutal duped benighted band.—  
So swiftly his bold course was run,  
That daring Spirit's duties done,  
To whom the night and day were one,  
As through dense forest-glooms he crashed,  
Through flooded rivers dauntless dashed,  
Or galloped past thick fern, close by  
Where murderous scouts would lurking lie ;  
To keep our friends in heart, disclose  
The machinations of our foes,—  
With cool clear-sighted fiery zeal  
Unceasing !—Ah, too soon the seal  
Was set upon that life unknown,  
That bud of promise nipt unblown !  
The making of a hero marred,  
If ever, then, when evil-starred  
That young career by death was barred !

## VI.

But not in vain—not void of gain  
Devoted deaths so nobly dared !  
Deaths that keep living unimpaired  
The spirit to raise into the Real  
Our English Empire's grand Ideal !

To build up, and from clime to clime  
Extend that civil fabric sound  
Of balanced social forces Time  
Has their securest safeguard found ;  
Which, best for ordered Freedom still,  
Still leaves the changeful Public Will  
Unchangeably imperial-crowned !  
That Empire—for the wisely free  
A kindred haunt, a kindly home !  
No poison-spreading Upas-Tree ;  
No Rata-Myrtle, pressing down  
The life it wrecks to raise its own ;  
Nor e'er while sheltering like old Rome  
Perhaps half-stifling—realm or race  
In baneful shade—too strict embrace !  
Rather some bounteous-burgeoning Vine,  
Strong-stemmed—tough-jointed—rooted fast,  
About whose purple-clustered vast  
Luxuriance beauteous runners blow,  
And rich strange blossoms interlace ;  
All round about each other curled  
To swathe and wreathe the rotund World  
With flowers of Freedom ; petals fine  
Of peaceful Glory ; fruits that shine  
'Mid equal rights and laws and grow  
To mellowest richness in the glow  
Of Reverence for all duties clear,  
And all emotions—deep—divine !  
All for the common strength and good  
Enringed with many a tendril-twine  
Of mutual help and brotherhood :  
And woven from them all perchance—  
Of fittest growths and finest blent,



From many a region far and near,  
Their central garland of supreme  
Impartial earnest governance !  
And for the sovran ornament  
Of that majestic anademe—  
Climax and star that world-cymar  
To crown—a world-wide cynosure—  
Some peerless Lily, say, or pure  
Camellia breathing the sweet power  
White goodness has to sway—allure !—  
—Nay, waive weak metaphors ! What flower  
Were emblem worthy to recall  
The full deserts most favouring fate  
May on such culmination shower !  
—The life-long loyalty to all  
The limits of that high estate ;  
All duties with a genial charm  
Of gentle dignity fulfilled—  
Grace by a Mind for ever warm  
With clear exalted aims instilled ;  
The lofty courage, and no less  
True woman's lively tenderness  
And sympathy unerring, wide,  
For suffering hearts where'er descried—  
Right wisdom !—all the worth we see,  
And seeing, love, revere and bless—  
VICTORIA—Queen who dost possess  
All worth this Age's Best confess  
Best fits this Age's Queen—in Thee !

\* \* \*

## VII.

But this is from our theme remote,  
(A respite brief from ruder life !)  
Where present need was but to note  
How poor a thing is human strife  
Deprived of aids that seem designed  
To make even War a Worship ! make  
Its mad turmoil the semblance take  
Of some ennobling rite where Mind  
Lords it o'er Matter—Soul o'er clay—  
With absolute predominance  
And solemn deep significance ;  
Until the very Battlefield  
Becomes a Temple for display  
Of spirit-proving deeds death-sealed  
Of high Self-sacrifice—sublime  
Devotion ; and the bloody sod  
Grows eloquent of something more  
Than Duty—something beyond Time—  
In recompense of Life and Soul  
Flung freely down, unstinted, whole,  
To magnify, uphold, restore  
The cause of Good—and therefore God !

But War in this stark savage way  
Looked too much like mere lust to slay ;  
Of its resplendent mask laid bare  
The face of naked Murder seemed to wear ;  
Its hateful visage tempered by no glance  
Of lofty purpose or superb Romance.

## Canto the Third.

### *The grand Assault.*

1. *War-speeches and War-dances.* 2. *The 'Angry Star's' host cross the Lake and challenge the Fort in chorus.* 3. *Tangi's contemptuous answer.* 4. *Attempt to fire the Fort.* 5. *The 'Angry Star' battering the palisade.* 6. *Tangi charging; heading a sally.* 7. *Ranolf (8) meets the 'Angry Star.'* 9. *A stratagem.*

#### I.

WELL—all the warrior-speeches had been made ;  
Now, with a coarsely classic dignity  
Of grave debate and stern ; and full parade  
Of flowing dog-furred mantle, and blunt spear  
With head tongue-shaped and feathery-ruffed, inlaid  
With glistening shelly eyelets pearly-clear ;  
Now in rank virulence of savagery  
Complete—each naked speaker as he shrieked  
In hoarse harsh tones of mad complaint and rage,  
Impatient, like a wild-beast in its cage,  
To and fro fretting at a short quick run,  
With which each fragmentary fierce appeal,  
Each furious burst was ended and begun ;  
And every time he turned his angry heel  
Slapping his tattooed thigh ; until he reeked

And foamed ; and breathless, voiceless, faint,  
Was forced at last to yield the task, to paint  
And passionate his griefs, to younger tongues,  
Less wearied limbs and unexhausted lungs.

And then they danced their last war-dance to gain  
The physical fever of the blood and brain  
That might their dashed and drooping spirit sustain,  
Nor let their flagging courage fail or flinch.  
Then formal frenzy in full play was seen ;  
The dancers seemed a mob of maniacs, swayed  
By one insane volition, all obeyed,  
Their mad gesticulations to enact  
With frantic uniformity, exact  
As some innumerably-limbed machine,  
With rows of corresponding joints compact  
All one way working from a single winch :  
The leaping, dense, conglomerate mass of men  
Now all together off the ground—in air—  
Like some vast bird a moment's space—and then  
Down, with a single ponderous shock, again  
Down thundering on the groaning, trembling plain !  
And every gesture fury could devise  
And practice regulate, was rampant there ;  
The loud slaps sounding on five hundred thighs ;  
Five hundred hideous faces drawn aside,  
Distorted with one paroxysm wide ;  
Five hundred tongues like one, protruding red,  
Thrust straining out to taunt, defy, deride ;  
And the cold glitter of a thousand eyes  
Upturning white far back into the head ;  
The heads from side to side with scorn all jerking  
And demon-spite, as if the wearers tried

To jerk them off those frantic bodies working  
With such convulsive energy the while !  
—Thus—and with grinding gnashing teeth, and fierce  
Explosions deep in oft-narrated style,  
Those vollied pants of heartfelt execration ;  
Or showers of shuddering hissing groans that pierce  
The air with harsh accordance, like the crash  
When regiments their returning *ramrods* dash  
Sharp down the barrel-grooves with quivering clang  
In myriad-ringing unison—they lash  
Their maddened Souls to madder desperation !—  
Thus all the day their fury hissed and rang ;  
So groaned, leapt, foamed, grimaced they o'er and o'er ;  
Till all were burning, ere the sun should soar,  
Against that stubborn Fort to fling themselves once more.

## II.

Before the faint wide smile of dawn, so wan  
And grey, to steal up Night's sad face began,  
Crammed in canoes bold Whetu-riri's host  
With favouring breeze had to Mokoia crossed.  
With hearts high-beating to the strand they spring,  
Each band behind its Chief ; without a check  
Hasten through grove and garden—many a bed  
That late in such luxuriant neatness spread,  
Of melons, maize and taro—now a wreck.

The outer palisades the foremost reach ;  
Take the positions prearranged for each ;  
And close around the Fort, a swarming ring :—  
Then—as no challenge came—no warrior stirred,  
And not a sound about the Fort was heard ;

At once, like *one*—six hundred throats or more  
Sent thundering skyward such a sea-like roar  
As old Mokoia never heard before :

“How long, how long  
Will your courage sleep ?  
When will it wake from its slumber deep,  
When will your fury be fierce and strong ?—  
O but the tide it murmurs low,  
Low and slow  
Beginning to creep ;  
’Twill be long  
’Twill be long  
Ere it roar on the shore  
In the strength of its flow !

Take with spirits heavy-laden,  
Take your leave of wife and maiden ;  
Press, ha ! press in last embraces  
To your own their weeping faces !  
Press them paling,  
Weeping, wailing—  
All your efforts unavailing !  
For see, for see,  
The brave and the strong  
At your gateways throng !  
See, see, how advancing in lines victorious  
All your efforts scouting, scorning,  
To the fort you lurk dismayed in,  
Brave and strong  
We tramp along !  
Ha ! we come ! exulting, glorious  
As those mountain-summits hoary !

Proud as mountain-peaks arrayed in  
The magnificence of Morning  
We come for glory—glory—glory !  
*We come ! we come !—*"

Stern—silent—in determined mood  
Within those loop-holed walls of wood,  
Alert, be sure, old Tangi stood ;  
He and his stalwart warriors true,  
Alert, well-armed and watchful too !  
Each short sharp-edged baton of stone  
Grass-green, or white of polished bone,—  
That from the hand no foe might wring  
The weapon at close grips—was bound  
With thongs each sinewy wrist around ;  
But loose the long-armed axe was left,  
Both hardwood blade and pointed heft—  
A dagger, or an axe to swing,  
Just as the warrior thrust or cleft.  
The precious muskets, rude and few,  
Their blunted flints well-chipped anew,  
All primed and cocked, were pointing through  
The palisades, behind whose breast  
Keen, eager, fierce, the clansmen pressed,  
Like wild-beasts waiting for a spring.  
But yet no tongue the stillness broke,  
No shout of wild defiance woke ;  
For to that threatening, thundering strain,  
The sole reply the Chief would deign  
Was one brief proverb, as his hand  
Waved silence to his eager band:

And that firm lip, comprest before,  
A haughty smile contemptuous wore ;  
“ *Ay, come !* ” he growled—“ *come on to shell  
Cockles on Kātikāti’s shore !* ”  
That long-disputed dangerous land,  
As every Maori knew so well,  
Fit for no tool but spear and brand ;  
On whose contested sands and rocks,  
Who came got nothing but hard knocks ;  
For, plucked from that long home of strife  
A limpet might have cost a life !  
Hence grown a gibe for all who set  
Their hearts on gain they ne’er would get.

## IV.

But soon as Tangi’s taunt was flung,  
And while the roar redoubled rung,  
The assailing ranks disparting wide,—  
There forward rushed—a gloomy wood  
It seemed, or some great tidal wave,  
In doubtful light the dawning gave !  
A hundred of the bravest brave  
Swept darkling up in order good ;  
Each in his left hand holding high  
A bundle huge of brushwood dry  
And withered fern that hid him quite—  
Him and the fire-brand in his right.  
Against the fort their heaps they piled,  
And soon the flames were raging wild ;  
For still the breeze that brought them o’er  
Blew freshly from the further shore.  
It lighted up, that sudden glare,  
The fort—the shore—the swarming, bold,



Blue, ghastly faces writhing there  
With wrath and frenzy uncontrolled !  
The fern became a mass of fire,  
A brilliant yeast of surging gold ;  
And whirling darkly from the pyre  
The smoke in russet volumes rolled  
With showers of sparks and frond and spray  
Red-hot, or floating filmy-grey.  
Old Tangi, Ranolf, and his train  
Of warriors strove, and strove in vain  
To heave the blazing heaps aside ;  
No naked limbs or clothed could bide  
That heat—no lungs could long sustain  
The smoke that, blinding, stifling, dense,  
Drove ever thicker through the fence.  
So forced from that first outwork, they  
With teeth that gnashed in scornful rage,  
And shouts of fury burst away  
Leaping and clambering up to wage  
The fight upon a higher stage ;  
Headlong as alligators bounce  
With water-snakes and bull-frogs harsh,  
Out of some rank rush-covered marsh,  
In river-depths to plunge and flounce—  
In Hayti or the Isle made glad  
With springs perennial crystal-fed—  
When some crab-hunting negro-lad  
Has fired their reedy crackling bed.

## v.

Then wild with joy the ' Angry Star,'  
At this success—the first the war

Vouchsafed his arms—let loose again  
His rampant pride, his boastful vein.  
By fear, by prudence undebarr'd,  
Up to the fence, black, tottering, charred—  
(His feet,—with green flax-sandals shod  
Prepared for this, the reeking sod  
And glowing embers safely trod)  
He bounded ; took his dauntless stand  
With granite-headed axe in hand  
Beneath it, and began to rain  
A shower of blows with might and main,  
As each had been his last for life,  
On crumbling post and crashing stake,  
Broad entrance for his band to make.  
There,—bellowing loud his battle-song,  
His favourite song in such a strife,  
While all the less adventurous throng  
(Save six or eight who lent their aid)  
Until the breach might be essayed  
A more respectful distance kept,—  
Less man than frenzied fiend of hell  
He raved and roared and danced and leapt  
And right and left his weapon swept—  
A blow at every leap and yell  
Against that smoking citadel :

“ Hit out, hit out  
My battle-axe stout !  
Ha, ha ! you should tell  
The sound of it well,  
How it played  
Long ago  
On your crashing stockade !

Do you know,  
Do you know  
Who your foe may be?  
Prick your ears up and hark!  
Or come if you dare,  
I-ará! if you dare  
Come out and see!  
WHETU-RIRI!—'tis he,  
Whose eyeballs glare  
Red stars in the dark!  
'Tis he! 'tis he!—  
Hit away—hit away,  
My battle-axe gay!  
Hit out—hit out,  
My warriors stout!  
The dastards rout  
And Victory shout—  
*I-ará! I-ará!"*

## VI.

Now all upon that windward side  
The fallen fence left passage wide,  
And Whetu-riri's raging host  
The ditch and barrier swiftly crossed;  
While Tangi's men retreating, threw  
Themselves inside the rampart new;  
And as the palisades they passed  
Made every sliding panel fast,  
Till round the fort the assailant horde  
Upon the second platform poured.  
Then out—unable to restrain

His pent-up wrath, his fierce disdain,  
Or patient wait his foes' attack ;  
With all his bravest at his back,—  
Just as the glorious Sun again  
Slipped silvery from the mountains black  
With panting disc upfloating free—  
Out rushed at last the 'Sounding Sea'  
In wild ferocious majesty,  
His battle-cry resounding loud  
Above the tumult of the crowd !  
*" Now, forward, now, my Sons with me—  
Now forward to the Land of Death !— "*  
That shout o'er all the hubbub swelled  
Of casual shots and bulwarks felled  
And stakes that crashed and fiends that yelled,  
Distinct as—from the midnight's core  
Where leaps the blue sheet-lightning's blaze  
And hissing rains in torrents pour,  
The dread Caffrarian lion's roar  
That shakes the earth to which he lays  
His head and thunders—rises o'er  
And deeper-volumed rolls beneath  
The angry bellowings that disclose  
Where stamp, upstarting from repose  
Whole herds of snorting buffaloes !  
Where'er that Chieftain charged, dismayed  
His foes fell back like huddling sheep  
The wild-dog drives into a heap ;  
Or brief the fight the brave essayed ;  
So deadly swept as on he rushed  
His ponderous battle-axe's blade ;  
Each chief who his encounter stayed  
Just met him, and with right arm crushed

Disabled from the contest slunk ;  
Or down at once scarce groaning sunk  
With cloven skull and quivering trunk.  
—The ‘Angry Star,’ for all his boast,  
Not yet the veteran’s path had crossed,  
But, as it seemed, preferred to close  
With less renowned, less dangerous foes ;  
Or had a craftier game to play  
More sure than such a doubtful fray.  
So still resistless through the fight  
Old Tangi raged ; still rose on high  
O’er all the noise that battle-cry,  
*“Now forward to the realms of Night !”*—  
Yet still for numbers beaten back  
Fresh numbers pressed the fierce attack ;  
The platform mounted—haply dared  
To charge the very gates across  
The bridges left upon the fosse  
By Tangi, for retreat prepared.  
But vain their toil—their fury vain ;  
No hold, no entrance could they gain—  
Resisted all—repulsed or slain.

## VII.

Meanwhile upon another side  
Young Ranolf with a trusty band  
Had sallied,—when his anxious bride  
Fair Amo,—who whate’er her fears  
Gave no weak way to sighs and tears  
But o’er her heart kept brave command,  
Had to her serious brow and breast  
Her hero—husband—lover prest ;

And prayed him, only for her sake  
Be careful, or her heart would break !  
But he, although his own beat fast  
With strange excitement at this new  
Experience, reassuring smiled  
On the devoted desert-child :  
And with that confidence, the glow  
Of burning blood, and nerves high-strung  
And braced by hardy life, bestow  
On those born brave, in health, and young,—  
Till death, disaster, they contemn  
As things not meant, not made for them !  
And hold their fortune, fate so high,  
All danger they may well defy,—  
He bade her, laughingly, rely  
Upon his luck, too good by far  
For *him* to fall in such a war !  
Then sallied with his friends where they  
As older warriors led the way.

With no ferocious wish to slay,  
No savage thirst for blood, at first  
Our generous youngster only chose  
To use his deadlier weapon more  
To save his friends than harm his foes.  
And when increased the wild uproar,  
And more intense the tussle grew,  
Himself with wild delight he threw  
Into the press as it had been  
Some headlong, jovial, schoolboy scene,  
' King-seal-ye ! '—football—any game  
Might more than usual daring claim.

## VIII.

While thus engaged, it chanced the youth  
Full upon Whetu-riri came ;  
And with a moment's shock in truth  
That back his blood's quick current sent,  
Found his revolver's barrels spent !  
Himself in fact unarmed before  
The Chief who down upon him bore,  
But paused until he joyful saw  
The pistol never raised to fire ;  
Then out his tongue was thrust—his jaw  
Aside—his eyes turned back—his face  
Distorted with the grim grimace,  
His sign of hate, defiance, ire ;  
High whirled his axe for one sure blow  
To lay his helpless victim low.  
But Ranolf rallying swift as light  
Or lightning, leaping forward, dashed  
(Before the axe could downward sweep)  
His clenched right hand with all his might  
And the momentum of his leap,  
Full into that grimacing grin ;  
And made the astonished savage spin—  
While fast his rolling eyeballs flashed  
With other gleams than fury lent—  
Clean o'er the ditch's sheer descent  
Amid the smouldering stakes that crashed  
Beneath him as he headlong went,  
Wondering what demon could assist  
The weight of that hard English fist.—  
“ *Kapai ! ka nui pai !—Well done !*  
*O right well done !* ” a hoarse voice cried—

Old Tangi's—at his topmost run  
As rushing round the palisade  
That brief encounter he espied  
And hastened to the young man's aid.

## IX.

—A grisly sight in sooth was he  
That huge exulting Chief to see,  
As there with lowered axe he stood  
And Whetu's smashing fall surveyed !  
From his broad axe-blade dripped and drained  
The blood ; and all with hostile blood  
His hoary hair and beard were stained ;  
With drops of fierce exertion rained  
His brow ; his chest—so rugged, vast,  
And muscle-woven like the twist  
Of cable-cords some olive rears,  
Some mighty trunk eight hundred years  
Have seen in rocky strength resist  
Their rending frost and raging heat ;—  
Like some great engine working fast,  
That knotty chest quick-heaving beat :  
So stood the Giant in his glee  
In friendly hideous ecstasy !  
But scarce could toil or triumph check  
His course an instant ; on he went  
(As Ranolf leaving clear his road  
Back to the barrier stepped to load)  
On towards his prostrate breathless prey,—  
That fallen 'Star,'—with fell intent  
To dash his life out where he lay.  
But ere he reached him, to his feet  
Up sprung Te Whetu, bold, erect—



Though still his blue-lined face streamed red  
With that well-planted blow's effect ;  
At first prepared his foe to meet ;  
But seemed an instant to reflect ;  
The tough encounter seemed to dread :  
Then shouting bade his men retreat,  
And o'er the flat deliberate fled.  
Swift passed the word from man to man,  
And swiftly leaping down they ran  
On all sides from the leaguered fort.  
Three steps to follow, Tangi took,  
With glad but half-astonished look ;  
And then in full career stopped short ;  
Smiled sternly with disdainful lip ;  
And pulling with his finger-tip  
His under eyelid down in scorn—  
*"Is this your mutton-fish ! Am I*  
*Your greenhorn !"* was his haughty cry ;  
For all the plan was patent then,—  
To draw him to the open plain,  
Where his slight force though stanch and good,  
No chance against their numbers stood.  
So, with the crowd though onward borne  
A moment, back he forced his men ;  
Bade them for very shame restrain  
Their shouts of ' Victory,' yet to gain ;  
And soon had all except the slain  
Safe in the fort, to counsel there  
How best they might the wall repair—  
How best to meet—forestall—defeat,  
The next assault their foes might dare.



## Canto the Fourth.

### *Fight between 'Sounding Sea' and 'Angry Star.'*

1. *The assault renewed.* 2. *A new device.* 3. *Amohia in the flames.*
4. *The 'Angry Star' and 'Sounding Sea'—hand to hand. Ranolf to the rescue.* 5. *The 'Striker-in-the-Dark.' Tangi wounded.*
6. *The 'Gourd.'*

#### I.

SHORT breathing time the 'Angry Star'  
Gave Tangi, nor retreated far.  
Soon as he saw his feint to draw  
The veteran from his Fort had failed,  
Again he marshalled all his band  
Upon the flat beside the shore.  
Then with a new device though planned  
Before, with hearts and hopes new-fanned  
And by the cunning Priest beguiled  
With omens sure and safe, once more  
The stubborn stronghold they assailed.  
With songs and yells and gestures wild  
In swarms across the ditch they swept ;  
In swarms the broken barrier leapt ;  
Once more by casual shots annoyed  
Around the platform swift deployed.

Again—scarce waiting their attack—  
The fiery Chief, whom neither age  
Nor odds nor toil made slow or slack,  
Had sallied forth to force them back,  
Or hand-to-hand at least engage  
The first who scaled that fighting-stage.  
So all the terrace circling round  
The ramparts, as before, was crowned  
With thronging men in deadly broil  
O'erthrown—o'erthrowing ; a dark coil  
Convulsive, fluctuating, dense,  
Of agonizing forms confused,  
In every violent posture used  
In mad attack or tough defence !  
A mass of spears and clubs that crossed  
And clashed, and limbs that twined and tossed,  
As leathery links of seaweed lithe  
At ebbing tide on rock-reefs writhe :  
And all the forms and limbs exact  
In statuesque proportions cast—  
Dark symmetry of strength compact,  
Where working muscles rose and fell  
With shifting undulations fast  
As poppling wavelets when the breeze  
The tiderip grates in narrow seas !  
Till all that ring of wrestlings rife,  
Continuous knots of naked strife,  
Had seemed, to looker-on at ease,  
Some crowded Phigaleian frieze  
Or Parthenaic miracle  
Of Art awaked to sudden life—  
Or worked in terra-cotta, say,  
Brown Lapithæ in deadly fray ;

Large-limbed Theseian heroes old,  
But darkly dyed, of kindred race,  
Whose naked forms of classic mould  
In one wide-raging death-embrace  
Their naked struggling foes enfold.

## II.

But when the fight was at its height  
His new device Te Whetu tried.  
Up-rushed a shouting band outside  
The black-charred fence before laid low.  
In order good, a double row  
They came ; each warrior of the first  
Poising a platted green-flax sling  
Well wetted in the nearest spring ;  
And in the sling a red-hot stone,  
Which, high above the ramparts thrown  
Should soon make such a blaze outburst  
From walls of rush and roofs of thatch  
As might the whole defences catch,  
And force the stifled foe to fly  
The Fort he held so stubbornly.  
The second rank bore, close behind,  
In baskets green with earth safe-lined,  
Of heated stones a fresh supply.  
Then, at a signal given they hurl  
A burning volley, thick and hot  
As soft red lumps of scoria whirl,  
In showers from dark abysses shot  
By old Vesuvius in his play,  
His common freaks of every day,  
When all his lava floods repose :

Or such as o'er his creviced snows  
The grander *Tongariro* throws—  
While dread reverberations round  
His sulphurous crater-depths resound—  
When all the solemn midnight skies  
With that red beacon of surprise  
He startles—seeming from afar  
Though low upon the horizon's bound  
Sole object in the vault profound !  
So baleful glares its fiery shine,  
To all the tribes an ominous sign  
Of death and wide disastrous war.  
—Now, now, alert and active be,  
Ye children of the 'Sounding Sea !'  
Your shifty foes will else make good  
The threats erelong that boastful song  
Sent echoing late o'er vale and wood !—

Not wholly unprepared they speed  
To baulk and baffle if they may  
Their fierce assailant's fresh essay.  
For they had seen above the green  
The smoke of fires lit up when need  
Was none of fires for warmth or food ;  
And soon the project understood.  
So all the gourds they could provide  
Were ready, every house beside ;  
And even a large canoe to be  
Their tank in this extremity  
Hauled up and fitly placed ;—all filled  
With water from a well, supplied

Itself by channels issuing through  
The rock upon the Lake, below  
Its surface cut ; their outlet so  
From keenest-eyed besiegers' view  
Well-hidden by its waters blue.  
And when that shower of firestones red  
Came whirling, whizzing overhead,  
For this vocation primed and drilled,  
All those whom duty did not call  
To watch the gates, defend the wall—  
The old by age outworn, the young  
With sinews yet for fight unstrung—  
And young or old, the women too,  
With Amohia first of all,—  
Quick to the calabashes flew  
Or tottered as they best could do.  
And when the slightest whiff of smoke  
From any roof or rush-wall broke,  
Some hand was prompt the place to drench  
And ere it spread, the burning quench.

## III.

But Amo, first among the crowd,  
With cheery accents, low not loud,  
As if at once their hearts to warm  
To effort, yet repress alarm—  
With smiles upon her face—howe'er  
Her heart might throb with secret care—  
Seemed ever everywhere at hand,  
To guide, encourage, cheer, command !  
And once when fire broke out indeed  
And none just then appeared to heed,

Nor quick enough the water came—  
Up to the roof she leapt, she sprung,  
And o'er the thatch her mantle flung,  
And trampled out the mounting flame.—  
With arms and that firm bosom bare,  
In skirt of glossy flax, as there  
Aloft in such excited mood  
Hurrying her hastening handmaids, stood  
The dauntless Girl—she looked as rare  
For spirit, grace, commanding mien,  
As loveliest Amazonian Queen  
In those surpassing friezes seen !

## IV.

But while this passed upon the hill  
The fight below was raging still ;  
And that resistless 'Sounding Sea'  
At last had met the enemy  
Whose death the most, of all the heap  
Of slaughter his remorseless blade  
That day, a bloody harvest, made,  
The haughty Veteran cared to reap.  
With satisfaction stern and deep  
To feel his foe within his power,  
He hurled—through clenching teeth that ground  
As if with grim resolve that hour  
Should be the last of both or one  
And see the hateful contest done—  
Defiance at "the slave—the hound !"   
Then rushed upon him with a shower  
Of blows of such terrific power  
And weight and swiftness, left and right—

The 'Angry Star,' who tried in vain  
The pelting tempest to sustain,  
Was backward borne in self-despite,  
Parrying the blows as best he might ;  
Ducking his head from side to side  
Like tortured tree that scarce can bide  
The beating of a gusty gale.  
But Tangi's breath begins to fail,  
The driving blows at length relax ;  
Less swiftly whirls his battle-axe ;  
And Whetu in his turn attacks ;  
But stalking round and round his foe  
And watching where a blow to plant,  
As runs a Tiger crouching low  
Around some wary Elephant,  
For chance, with viewless lightning-spring  
His weight to launch upon the haunch  
Of the dread monster and escape  
The white destruction that in shape  
Of those impaling tusks still gleams  
Before him—still to face him seems  
Turn where his eyes' green lustres may !  
So watched Te Whetu when to fling  
Himself upon that warrior grey—  
So round him plied his swinging stride ;  
Then flew at him with yell and blow  
'Twas well for Tangi, eye and hand  
Were quick enough to slant aside—  
And tough enough his battle-brand  
Its sweeping fury to withstand.  
Then such a whirling maze began  
Of clattering weapons—stroke and guard  
And feint and parry, thrust and ward,



As up and down the axes ran  
Together, that no sharpest eye  
Could follow their rapidity !  
But Tangi, see ! has clutched at last  
Te Whetu by a necklace fast  
The boastful savage ever wore  
Of warriors' teeth, a ghastly wreath—  
And twists it hard his foe to choke,  
And shortens for a final stroke  
His axe's hold—but fails once more—  
The treacherous chain beneath the strain  
Breaks, scattering wide the hideous beads.  
Back springs Te Whetu—free again,  
The deadly strife may still maintain :  
Close follows Tangi ; mad to be  
Baulked of so sure a victory,  
The road beneath him little heeds :  
His step upon a spot is set  
Where the hard clay is slippery wet  
With gore ; he slips—he stumbles o'er  
A wounded wretch unseen who lies  
Right in his path, on crimsoned stones  
And dust that chokes a ruddy rill  
Slow-creeping but increasing still—  
Lies in the pathway there—with eyes  
That anguished roll, heartrending groans,  
And writhings like a centipede's  
Caught in a burning log—and bleeds.  
Down, down the Giant goes before  
His Foe, who now began to rave  
With joy at this unwonted run  
Of luck his favouring Atuas gave !  
Ere Tangi—old—with toil o'erdone—

Could raise him from his heavy fall,  
 He whirled his poleaxe high to end  
 Him and his triumphs, once for all.—

The blow was never to descend ;  
 For at that instant at full speed  
 Up Ranolf ran to save his friend :  
 There was no time for thought, nor need :  
 Three balls in swift succession sent  
 Through Whetu's body crashing went,  
 Down drops his axe—his arms upthrown—  
 His eyes a moment wildly glare,  
 Then glaze with fixed and ghastly stare ;  
 His staggering knees give way,—and there  
 He lies a corpse without a groan !  
 A pang smote Ranolf—though he knew  
 There was nought else for him to do.  
 Slowly rose Tangi ; dauntless still ;  
 And half-disposed to take it ill  
 That Ranolf's shot *his* debt should pay  
 And from his clutches snatch his prey.

## v.

But when Te Whetu's men beheld  
 Their 'Angry Star,' their hero, slain ;  
 And Tangi up again, unquelled,  
 With such triumphant fierce disdain  
 Looking where next to dash among  
 The thickest of the wavering throng ;—  
 Beheld that Stranger's bearing bold,  
 And in his firm determined hold  
 His life-devouring weapon raised ;  
 A terror seized the nearest band—

Who since the duel first began  
Had breathless stood on either hand,  
Inactive ; wondering, half-amazed  
What would the conflict's issue be  
'Twixt 'Angry Star' and 'Sounding Sea.'—  
Through all the host the panic ran :  
Down from the platform headlong leapt  
The foremost fighting-men, and swept  
Along with them the slingers too  
And all the pebble-carrying crew !  
Then Tangi, for he saw the rout  
Was real this time, began to shout  
To all his clansmen to come out,  
Pursue and press the flying foe,  
And smite and spare not high or low—  
No glut of dear revenge forego !

But short his course—his triumph short ;  
For as he turned him—and addrest  
To those behind a brief behest  
That some should stay to guard the Fort,  
A bullet pierced his rugged breast,  
Out of a near plantation fired  
By some obscure assailant hid  
Behind a fence—ensconced amid  
The rattling stems of withered maize—  
A parting gift ere he retired ;  
'Twas Márupo, so named to mark  
His ways—the 'Striker-in-the-Dark.'—  
Down sinks the Chieftain—to the ground  
Bowed down by that slight-seeming wound ;  
Yet makes fierce efforts still to raise  
The fainting form one elbow stays :

Still keeps erect that dizzying head,  
 And lifts the arm that weighs like lead,  
 And feebly cries a battle-cry  
 Of Vengeance and of Victory !  
 Still cheers with broken words and brief  
 His men, with horror struck and grief  
 To see thus fall'n their honoured Chief ;  
 But most exhausts his gasping breath  
 In bidding them avenge his death  
 By such a havoc of his foes  
 As shall illumine where'er it goes  
 The tale of his inglorious close.—  
 His life-blood ebbing, thus he steeled  
 His old brave heart, nor yet would yield  
 To be transported from the field ;  
 Less heeding death than this disgrace  
 To fall by hand obscure or base :  
 Cursing the coward tools that gave  
 Such easy power to every slave  
 To slay the foe he durst not face !—  
 But while the most his hest obeyed,  
 With Ranolf some about him stayed ;  
 And with their sturdy tender aid,  
 The Chief whom nothing could persuade,  
 But senseless could resist no more,  
 Into the nearest house he bore.

## VI.

Meantime among the host that fled  
 And few that followed, quickly spread  
 The rumour Tangi too was dead ;  
 And of the fugitives ahead

The foremost and least scared began  
To make their comrades as they ran  
Note their pursuers—far and few—  
Their own o'erwhelming numbers too.  
They pause—they turn ; collect in knots  
About the ruined garden-plots ;  
Not unobserved of him, in place  
Of Tangi now who led the chase,  
A wary warrior ' Máwai ' named ;—  
' *Máwai—the Gourd* '—because far-famed  
For many a crafty deep design  
By sap and trench and secret mine  
For creeping into forts—unstayed  
By tallest post and palisade ;  
As sure, though unperceived and slow,  
As over fences high or low  
That creeping climbing gourd will grow ;—  
Máwai amid the shrubs and trees  
The foe in clusters rallying sees :  
So shouts the danger out to all  
His headlong comrades within call ;  
Rates—reasons—threats—entreats and makes  
All whom his step or voice o'ertakes  
Keep more together—rest content  
Just now at least with what was done,  
The vengeance taken—victory won.  
And thus, with caution, by degrees,  
And often turning as they went  
As if to ferret out and slay  
Chance fugitives that hiding lay—  
So that a front they still present

To that recovering enemy  
In crowds tumultuous hovering nigh,  
And make him doubt their true intent,—  
The scanty band of victors back  
To their intrenchments take their way ;  
Their Fort unconquered still, though black  
And reeking from the late attack.

# Canto the Fifth.

## *Love fed by War.*

1. *Amo tending her father.* 2. *Good springs from Evil. What if power to resist Evil have to be acquired ; so a reason for its existence here ?* 3. *Are Good and Evil opposite forces of one Power ? True perhaps that Evil must exist, or only God.* 4. *Which better, stationary limited completeness ; or imperfection with unlimited progress ? Speculation idle. Action cures Doubt—how ?* 5. *The enemy crest-fallen.*

### I.

BUT ere with Tangi Ranolf reached  
The Fort, the anxious Amo came—  
With more than one deep-wrinkled dame  
Of reputation unimpeached  
For skill medicinal—supplied  
With best resources from their store  
Kept ready and prepared before—  
Lint, splints and bands and simples dried—  
Came hasting to her Father's side.  
Soon as his dangerous state appears,  
She dashes off the starting tears ;  
And sets to work the whimpering crones,  
And checks their loud untimely moans.  
Thus schooled, with old experienced eye

And gentle hand, the nurses *pry*  
*Into the wound*, and probe, and try  
With styptic herbs well understood  
To check and stanch the oozing blood ;  
With many a mild restorative  
And crooning incantation, strive  
His pausing pulses to revive ;  
And back the flitting life allure  
With all they know to charm and cure !  
With anodynes they soothe his pains ;  
And many a cooling drink restrains  
The fever in his feeble veins.  
By Amo's self, sad loving Child,  
The thick elastic mats are piled  
Whereon the helpless Chief they lay ;  
By Amo's hands are softly spread  
The silkiest, for that poor grand head !  
Her tender hands alone essay  
To wash the battle-stains away ;  
And smooth and comb with fondest care,  
His snowy beard and matted hair :  
While from her heart to those still skies,  
Sincere and fervent yearnings rise  
For aid, where'er it lives or lies,  
With any pitying deities !—  
For she to Ranolf's Gods will pray—  
Her father's—*any* Gods that may  
Save that dear life, that pain allay !  
And must not heartfelt wishes pure,  
Deep-breathings of a daughter's love,  
Be grateful to the Powers above,



And of benignant hearing sure,  
As any prayers howe'er exprest,  
And to whate'er enlightened, best  
Ideal of Infinite God address?—

## II.

And Ranolf, wondering, watched her glide—  
Mid all that carnage sanguine-dyed,  
And brutal savage homicide,  
And murderous passions raging wide—  
A Seraph of bright tenderness,  
A healing Angel, in distress  
Sent down to soothe—console and bless !  
And felt, to see her there and thus,—  
“ How sad and beautiful a thing,  
How sordid, sad, and glorious,  
This human Nature *is* / where spring  
Out of each other, linked by fate,  
Such heavenly love, such hellish hate ;  
What bred this vermin Hate ?—Love's rose !  
Now, Love in Hate's vile hotbed blows !—  
If Evil root itself in Good,  
And Good must be evolved from Ill,  
Must not the Author of the Good  
Be Author of the Evil still ?  
And we, to work his ends, must *we*  
For love of Good, the Evil flee,  
That without which it could not be ?—  
Aye truly ! if to be the seed  
Of Good, is Evil's end decreed,  
Enough, be sure, will still remain  
To raise the plant, howe'er we strain

The seed's destruction to attain.  
Say, by the great Soul-Shaper's plan  
(Not quite a maze, not wholly dim)  
'Tis Evil, tried and conquered, can  
Alone exalt ascending Man ;—  
That just to win his way therein  
Unsoiled, unquelled, is asked of him ;  
The very power, from this life freed,  
In loftier life he most may need !  
Then Evil's gauntlet he must run—  
Be plunged o'erhead in it, as one  
In water who would learn to swim ;  
And stumbling often—oft o'erthrown  
Must risk it, as the Child ungrown  
Must risk the fall to go alone ;  
Held ever by its Mother's hand,  
How should it learn to walk or stand ?  
'Twere better it were born complete,  
Set up at once on steady feet,'  
Say you—' could walk, swim, run at first—  
No need to have those weak limbs nurst !'  
Nay, then the holiest ties that bless  
Our Nature you remove, repress—  
The Infant's love and soft caress,  
The Mother's depth of tenderness.

## III.

So haply through all Being's round  
To this condition Good is bound,  
Evil in this alliance found ;  
That each must to the other lead,  
And from the other each proceed.

And are they then each other's dower,  
Two opposite forces of one Power,  
Indifferent, central? must we give  
Credence to that about the poles  
The positive and negative?  
Think that the still-contending twain  
(Magnetic double-acting vein)  
Ever towards equilibrium strain;  
Each when it finds a yielded space,  
Pressing to take the other's place?  
While to their union would we mount  
The ever mystic marvellous Fount  
Of Good and Evil, where they live  
In unimagined Essence bright  
Of Perfect, Necessary, Right,  
We come but to the Soul of Souls  
Unknowable, for aye unknown  
The Centre—God? whence issuing, still  
Is issuing into Good and Ill?—  
Who knows? but one thing might be shown:  
Some Evil there must be where'er  
Is Imperfection, foul or fair:  
Perfection by a hairbreadth missed  
Is Imperfection; you *must* say  
The One Allperfect every way  
Is God alone—what else but He?—  
It follows—Evil must exist  
Or God's the sole Existence be.

## IV.

But say the Imperfect might be made  
Complete within its bounds—its grade—

From every possible degree  
Of Evil done or suffered free—  
(Which none can prove)—with no desire  
As no conception of the higher :  
Would *that* a loftier lot have been ?  
To rest, a faultless mere machine  
Bound down to automatic bliss  
Of stagnant Being—that, or *this*  
Which works through Darkness to the Light,  
Still struggling towards the highest height  
Perhaps in progress infinite ?—  
Pooh—pooh !” within himself he said  
Breaking the speculative thread  
Short off ;—for that tumultuous fight,  
His own exertions—and the sight  
Of Amo by her father’s bed  
Working in strong affection’s might  
To soothe and cheer his evil plight—  
Most keenly made him feel how vain,  
How sickly all the sceptic train  
Of thoughts on God, Man’s doom or chance,  
And Nature’s mystic governance :  
How true is Goethe’s word—‘ the cure  
For Doubt is Action ; ’ not indeed  
As making speculation sure—  
As solving any special doubt,  
Or settling any special creed,  
But making Doubt itself appear  
A thing impertinent and out  
Of place in this bright work-day sphere ;  
And all that Speculation seem  
The maundering of a feverish dream ;  
An idle growth, deficient both

In fragrant flower and wholesome fruit ;  
Like some white straggling ivy-sprout,  
Or sickly honeysuckle-shoot,  
That thrusts a pale and feeble trail  
Inside a darksome building's wall ;  
But kept without, in light and heat,  
Had spread a green and graceful pall  
With feathery blossoms luscious-sweet  
O'er many a dreary blank or stain  
And blotch that else the eye would pain—  
Nor should have been allowed to crawl  
Into the inner dark at all.

## v.

Crest-fallen—sullen at their ill-success,  
Across the Lake the sad assailants go ;  
With murmurs, not even fear can quite suppress,  
Against the Priest—for omens so belied—  
And each against the other, as the first  
Who after such defeats new hopes had nursed,  
And on such omens would fresh faith bestow.  
With smooth cajolings Kangapo replied,  
Though deep chagrin and rage he scarce could hide ;  
Showed how, the Fort half-burnt and Tangi killed,  
His prophecies had been wellnigh fulfilled ;  
And if at last on any point they failed  
'Twas that the white man's Atuas had prevailed  
O'er his—who shameless had their cause betrayed.  
But there were stronger Spirits to his aid  
He might have summoned had he been so willed ;  
Had not too great contempt his bosom swayd

For those strange Gods, and want of caution bred  
In one those Gods should yet be taught to dread !  
Thus much he owned ; but this would soon repair ;  
Only let not his faithful sons despair :  
By mightier Powers they soon should see o'erthrown  
*His* foes in spirit, and in flesh their own.  
But with his Atuas let him work alone  
That night ;—when daybreak glimmered should be shown  
What they must do ; how best this juncture meet,  
And make their partial victory complete.

So urged the glozing Priest, his only aim  
To gain more time to patch his tattered Fame ;  
Or find an opportunity to leave  
Those he scarce hoped much longer to deceive.  
They seemed to listen—feigned their fear dispelled ;  
Then their own agitated councils held ;  
Some to contrive new measures to achieve  
The Priest's designs and their defeat retrieve ;  
Most to devise safe means without delay  
To get themselves and their canoes away  
From the increasing dangers of their stay.

## Canto the Sixth.

*An old wrong avenged.*

1. *Enemy retreating.* 2. *Night.* 3. *Watch-song.* 4. *Ranolf's expedition.* 5-6. *A capture.* 7. *Daylight watch-song.* 8. *Tangi's ire.*

### I.

THAT eve a thought struck Ranolf, as he stood  
Watching the foe retreat in sullen mood—  
Brown barebacked bending crowds, and each canoe  
Its ruddy sides white-spotted with a row  
Of tufted feathers, paddling, silent, slow,  
With wake wide-rippling, o'er the Lake—light-blue  
As silver-shining skin of fish new-caught—  
Towards hills, of burnished copper cauldron's hue  
With the departing sunset ; landing then,  
How, like dispirited, distracted men,  
In huddling knots they flocked and flitted—used  
Gesticulations, violent, confused,  
Conflicting, undetermined ; while alone  
The Priest to his secluded cot had gone,  
How meditative, silent !—then a thought  
Struck Ranolf, of a deed that might be done  
Would yield rich harvest with the morning sun.

Oft through the pocket spy-glass thrown ashore  
When he was wrecked and which just now he wore,  
He from the island had observed before  
How Kangapo from motives quickly guessed  
Had made his temporary place of rest  
Apart from all the crowd and tumult ; screened  
By the low spur of hill that intervened  
From that familiarity which breeds  
Contempt—(for hollow-glittering men and deeds !)  
And knowing well their superstitious fear  
From friends or foes would keep him safe and clear.  
Thus by the waterside alone he dwelt,  
Nor any fear of their annoyance felt.

## II.

'Twas dead of night ; the stars with clouds were blurred :  
Within the fort the wearied warriors lay  
And slept or still discussed the deadly fray.  
As noiselessly as Sunbeams on the plain  
That shine and shift and fade and shine again,  
Bright Amo tended Tangi's fevered pain.  
Solemn and deep—distinct in every word,  
The intermittent watch-song might be heard  
O'er the monotonous, moaning, plaintive strain  
Of women wailing for their kinsmen slain,  
In groups, with heads down-bent upon their knees—  
A musical low tremulous hum like bees—  
Or swelling high like far-off murmuring seas ;  
But o'er it rose the watch-song clear and plain :  
For even the sentinels as round and round  
With frequent pause they paced the higher ground,



Had many a chaunt and metaphoric snatch  
Of verse, to while the tedium of their watch ;  
(Say ye, the wise, O worthy of all praise,  
Who toil, with tokens from forgotten days  
The veil from that grand mystery to raise  
The origin of Man and all his ways—  
Say through what inborn need, what instinct strong,  
These savage races are such slaves to Song !)  
But these, the watchers round Mokoia's fort  
Were sounding through the gloom, in phrases short  
By snatches given, a song against surprise,—  
Half chaunt—half shouts, deep melancholy cries  
Whose purport feebler paraphrase alone  
Can give—the sense that to themselves it gave ;  
For the simplicity of that rude stave  
Was so severe, its literal words made known  
Were almost gibberish in their brevity :  
Only dilution can lend any zest  
Or nutriment a stranger could digest  
To song in short-hand, verse so cramped—comprest,  
The very pemmican of poetry :

## III.

“ Be wakeful—O be watchful ! men at every post around ;  
Lest on a barren rock hemmed in at morning ye be found !

Hemmed in—blocked up—cut off, by the advancing tide ;  
O watchful, wakeful be—sharp-eared and lightning-eyed !

By Hari-hari's shore the beetling cliffs (O wakeful be !)  
Are at all times and tides beset by the beleaguering Sea.

O watchful, wakeful be ! when women wail for warriors lost,  
'Tis like the high-complaining surf on Mokau's sounding  
coast.—

Ay me ! Ay me ! still creeping nigher—still swarming up  
and trying  
Each ledge where seamews light—where'er their young ones  
nestle, prying !—

Not so—not so, on us the foe shall steal—yet wakeful be—  
O watchful, wakeful till the Sun spring glorious from the  
Sea ! ”—

## IV.

So rolled the solemn Song the darkness through,  
As Ranolf with two lads—his trustiest two,  
Whose faith was greatest in himself, he knew ;  
From all the rest dissembling his design  
Nor letting even these two its end divine,  
Stole from the fort and launched a light canoe ;  
'Then softly paddled o'er the Lake until  
They dimly could discern the looming hill  
Where Kangapo resided ; there they paused  
Intently listening—paddled on once more—  
(A low wind sighing scarce a ripple caused)  
Then cautiously approached the darksome shore,  
Some distance from the glen ; the keelless prone  
Slid smoothly up the pumice-sandy marge :  
Then out stepped Ranolf, giving strictest charge  
The two should wait there till his quick return,  
When they the object of their voyage should learn.

## v.

So Ranolf stepped upon the strand ;  
His foot scarce craunched the gritty sand ;  
A flax-rope wound his waist around—  
Revolver ready in his hand.  
With eye and ear alert and keen  
For dimmest sight or faintest sound,  
In that lone, dark and silent scene  
His stealthy way he quickly found :  
That way he oft before had been ;  
That cottage lone had been his own ;  
Each woody rolling spur and dell  
And wavy cliff to which they fell,  
Cut off below,—he knew full well.  
With noiseless pace he neared the place—  
Stood listening hid by shrubs thick-grown.  
No sign of life he saw or heard  
But distant murmurs ; nothing stirred.  
On tiptoe to the hut he went ;  
Close to the wall his ear he leant,  
And while his own light breathing ceased  
Could hear the breathing of the Priest ;  
Could hear his sighs—his mutterings low  
And restless shiftings to and fro.—  
“Awake—then ; and too dark ’twould be  
Inside for me my work to see ! ”  
Thought Ranolf—“how to bring him out ?  
The foe so near, their noise I hear ;  
He must be left no time to shout.”  
A rustling noise along the thatch  
Like stealthy rats that creep and scratch,

He made—"his ear 'twill surely catch !  
With sounds like these along the wall  
The Atuas come at priestly call."—  
Small notice seemed the Priest to take :—  
The muttering voice a moment dropped ;  
The train of sad reflections stopped ;  
He listened—then the gloomy train  
Of muttered thoughts began again ;  
More certain sign the Gods must make  
Their votary's dull regard to wake !  
His pistol stuck in that rope-belt,—  
Then Ranolf lifted up with care  
A heavy cooking-stone he felt  
About his feet—left always there—  
And pitched it full upon the roof ;  
The stealthy rustling noise renewed ;  
His pistol drew, and ready stood :  
"Against a summons so divine,  
*Of present Gods so sure a sign,*  
His priestly ear will ne'er be proof !—"  
—Bewildered—wondering—all subdued  
By strange and superstitious fright,  
Out rushed the Priest into the night—  
Rushed into Ranolf's gripe that clutched  
About his throat his mat so tight  
While his scared brow the pistol touched—  
Of Ranolf's threat was little need :  
"Hist, wretch ! the pistol's at your head—  
The slightest noise—and you are dead !"  
He could not speak, scarce breathe indeed,  
Till from that rivet somewhat freed.

## VI.

Thus grappled, to the beach below,  
 Till out of hearing of the foe,  
 Ranolf his cowering captive led ;  
 Then on a sudden, turning round,  
 Tripped up and threw him on the ground ;  
 While the poor Sorcerer, sore dismayed,  
 Believing his last moment come,  
 For life, for mercy, whimpering prayed.  
 Nought answered Ranolf ; stern and dumb,  
 His knee upon his chest he placed ;  
 Unwound the cord about his waist ;  
 And quick the Sorcerer's mantle rolled,  
 Leaving enough for breathing loose,  
 About his head and frightened face :  
 Then, from his sea-experience old,  
 Expert at every tie and noose,  
 In briefest space contrived to lace  
 And truss his victim up from nape  
 Of neck to sole of foot compact ;  
 Till chance was none of his escape.  
 " There, friend ! for that kind trick you played  
 Me once, I think you're well repaid."—  
 Then to the hut again he tracked  
 His hasty steps ; against the door  
 A sketch-book-leaf prepared before  
 He stuck, with this inscription fit,  
 In letters large in Maori writ :  
 "*Kua kawakina—e—te Tōhunga ;*  
*Kia tūpato apōpo, mo te hā—te hā !*"  
 " YOUR SORCERER FROM YOUR SIDE IS TORN ;  
 BEWARE, BEWARE TO-MORROW MORN ! "

Beneath was sketched for signature  
The dreaded pistol—token sure  
To all the foe, if none could read,  
Whence came the message—whose the deed.  
Then back to where his helpless prey  
With muffled moanings writhing lay,  
Just like a chrysalis that works  
Its head and tail with useless jerks  
Cramped by the sheath wherein it lurks—  
He sped ; hailed softly through the dark  
The lads expectant with their bark ;  
And helped by these, who little knew  
Their gruesome captive, packed him safe,  
Nor daring now to moan or chafe,  
Beneath the thwarts of the canoe ;  
And to the isle, all danger past,  
In triumph soon was paddling fast.

## VII.

But when with quickened stroke they strove,  
And up the beach the vessel drove  
With many a cheer—they just could hear  
On high the sentries' livelier lay  
Begin to greet the breaking day :

“Stars are fleeting ;  
Night retreating—  
Yellow-stealing Dawn begun !  
Slowly, mark !  
Uplifts the dark—  
See, first a spark—then all the Sun !

Birds are singing,  
Forests ringing,  
Hark, O hark !  
Danger flies with daylight springing ;  
O rejoice—your watch is done !”—

But when the invading host next day  
Found their great bulwark, guide and stay  
Borne off in this mysterious way,  
A panic seized them, one and all !  
No further councils would they call ;  
Their planned retreat became a flight,  
And all had disappeared ere night.

## VIII.

Much trouble it cost Ranolf when 'twas known  
What captive thus into their hands was thrown,  
'To save his forfeit life ; for Tangi's ire  
Against the scheming traitor burnt like fire.  
But generous still, and holding hardly worth  
His vengeance, one who never from his birth  
Had been a warrior, he at last gave way,  
Much wondering at the stranger's strange desire  
'To save the victim he had power to slay.  
So, hiding all his hatred, much increased  
By Ranolf's kindly act, the dangerous Priest,  
Scarce seeming sullen, spiteful or morose,  
Was for the present kept a prisoner close.



## Canto the Seventh.

### *Death of the 'Sounding Sea.'*

1. *Tangi wastes away.* 2. *Defies death.* 3. *Ceremonies at his decease.*  
4. *His idea of 'Heaven' and (5) 'Trust in God.'* 6. *His burial.*

#### I.

WASTING and weakening ever, day by day,  
The 'Sounding Sea,' deep-wounded, lingering lay ;  
Or heavily dragged about his gaunt great frame,  
With hollowing cheeks, and eyes that yet would flame  
When news about his late assailants came,  
And how his gallant clansmen on all hands  
Made deadly havoc of their scattered bands.  
The fatal ball that pierced his massive chest  
Had torn an opening to his lungs their art  
Could never close, although it healed in part ;  
So that whene'er the gasping Chieftain drew  
A labouring breath, the air came hissing through ;  
At which in pure self-scorn he oft would jest,  
Laugh a faint echo of his old great laugh,  
And say he was already more than half  
A ghost, and talked the language of the dead,  
The whistling tones of spirits that have fled ;



And Kangapo had best beware, or he  
Would worry him, for all his witchery !  
—But most he loved to spend his scanty breath  
In urging all who stood his couch beside  
To hold their own, whatever might betide ;  
Whate'er the odds, the arms, the Chiefs renowned  
Assailed them, still unblenched to keep their ground,  
And never, never yield—but fight till death !

And, when too weak to rise, his race nigh run,—  
He made them lift him out into the sun :  
Had all his favourite weapons round him laid—  
The weapons of his glory, youth, and pride ;  
And these, while memory with old visions played  
Of many a furious fight and famous raid,  
He feebly handled—proudly, fondly eyed :  
That heavy batlet bright of nephrite pure,  
Green, smooth and oval as a cactus leaf—  
“ How heavy ! ” sighed he with a moment's grief ;  
But then what blows it dealt, how deadly sure—  
Its fame and his for ever must endure !  
And that great battleaxe, from many a field  
Notched, hacked and stained, he could no longer wield,  
How many a warrior's fate that blade had sealed !—  
The others to his kinsmen he bequeathed,  
But these he could not part with while he breathed.  
Then all the muskets he could boast—but few—  
And even his powder-kegs were set in view.  
These were the Gods on whom he placed his trust  
To guard and keep his tribe when he was dust ;  
These were the sacred symbols—holy books—  
Whereon for comfort dwelt his dying looks.

## II.

—Thus, all his Soul, in gesture, word and thought,  
One blaze of high defiance of the power  
Of Death to quell or quench it—thus he fought  
The grisly Tyrant to his latest hour ;  
As Tongariro's fires flare upward red  
And fierce, against the blackest clouds that shed  
Their stormy torrents on his shrouded head !—  
The Priest, in place of Kangapo supplied,  
Sung ceaseless incantations at his side ;  
On him or them but little he relied.  
And when the inevitable talons fast  
Clutched his old heathen hero-heart at last ;  
When life's large flame slow-flickering fell and rose,  
Death's shadows flapping closer and more close,  
Still his unconquered Spirit strove to wave  
Its fluttering standard of defiance high ;  
And "*Kia tóa—kia tóa !* O be brave,  
Be brave, my Sons !"—he gasped with broken cry !  
Then as the rattling throat and back-turned eye  
Told his last moment come, the restless Priest,  
With zeal to frenzy at the sight increased,  
Seizing his shoulders, shook him to set free  
His Spirit in its parting agony ;  
And bending o'er that dying head down-bowed,  
Into its heedless ear kept shouting loud :  
"Now, now, be one with the wide Light, the Sun !  
With Night and Darkness, O be one, be one !"—

## III.

Then rushed the men about with furious yells ;  
Then clubs were brandished—every musket fired ;  
The women shrilled, and as stern use required  
Their bosoms gashed with sharpened flints and shells ;  
Dogs barked and howled, the more the warriors leapt ;  
The Priest, like one mad-raving or inspired,  
Still shouting his viaticum untired !  
So while both men and women, old and young  
Seemed by some demon to distraction stung—  
Though Amo, better taught by Ranolf, kept  
More self-command and only moaned and wept,—  
So while this stormy hubbub round him swept,  
The mighty Chief—the ‘Sounding Sea,’ expired.

## IV.

Thus Tangi died ;—not vastly grieved or vexed  
To leave this world—or grave about the next.  
He had his Heaven, be sure ; where warriors brave  
Found all the luxuries their rude tastes would crave ;  
Transparent greenstone glorious, in excess,  
And lovelier-streaked than language could express ;  
Fair-tinted feathercrests of stateliest plume ;  
Rare flaxen robes of silkiest glossiness ;  
Roots of the richest succulence, perfume  
And flavour, more than famine could consume ;  
And beauteous women of unwithering bloom !  
All this would lure them, lapt in skies, serene  
As on the long sweet summer-days are seen  
When silver-cradled clouds soft-piled upturn

Their innocent white faces to the Sun ;  
 Or spread o'er all the abyss of light a screen  
 Snowy and delicate and overrun  
 With little cracks, unequal network fine,  
 Like those through which the firelogs' red hearts shine  
 While at the surface ashenwhite they burn.—

Of Paradise no lofty notion this—  
 Yet their ideal no less, of perfect bliss.  
 And whose is more?—Of all the heavens divulged,  
 Is there not still one staple, worst and best?  
 Sense, mental powers or moral, all indulged  
 And exercised with mightier sway and zest :  
 On infinite Perfection, say, entranced  
 In rapturous rest to dwell ; or work its will,  
 With nobler strengths, aims evermore advanced :—  
 'Tis but your highest bliss you look for still !  
 You wish for the best state you can conceive,  
 Or something better which to God you leave ;  
 To self-denying selfishness hold fast—  
 Denying Self as best for Self at last :  
 Who so unselfish as consent to fall  
 At last to lower life or none at all ?  
 So 'tis for Happiness you press and pray—  
 The state most blest, define it how you may.

Are then your motives less by interest marred—  
 Your self-devotion greater, self regard  
 Much less than *his*—the heathen's—who so true,  
 So stanch and faithful to his simple creed  
 Of Courage for his Tribe's well-being, threw  
 His life away to win it, nor would deign  
 To waste a sigh upon his loss or pain ;

And self-forgetful still, no more would heed  
His gain—his not exceeding great reward,  
That heaven of sweet potatoes?—yet confess  
The merit greater as the meed was less.

## v.

Nor haply should his “trust in God” be scorned,  
Because, not naming Him whom none can name,  
It was but Confidence, upheld the same,  
By praises, prayers, professions unadorned,  
In what was Right, his Duty, so he felt ;  
Because in that unconsciousness he dwelt  
Much more upon the Duty to be done  
To win it, than the guerdon to be won ;  
So *did* the Duty ; cared for nought beside ;  
And let his Gods for all the rest provide.

## vi.

Two days in state the Chieftain’s body lay,  
In arms, mats, feathers, all his best array ;  
And women wailed and musket-volleys rung  
And funeral dirges were in chorus sung,  
Which likened him to things below—above—  
Best worth their admiration, pride and love ;  
Most precious trinkets of the greenstone jade—  
Canoe-prows carved with most elaborate blade,  
And trees of stateliest height—most sheltering shade ;—  
Bade fiery mountains open to admit  
Their hero to the Reinga’s gloomy pit ;—

*Made breezes sigh* and boiling geysers groan  
In cavernous depths for their great Warrior gone ;  
Bade Tu, the God of War, look favouring down ;  
And all the mighty Shades of old renown  
Welcome a Spirit who among them came  
Proud as themselves, and of congenial fame !  
Then to some secret cave and catacomb,  
Of all their nobly born the ancient tomb,  
In long procession slow, with chaplets crowned  
Of fresh-plucked leaves, their dirge-timed way they  
wound :

There left the dead Form couched in lonely state,  
The annual-rounding Sun's return to wait ;  
Then to be taken out with reverent care,  
And the dry bones, corruption-clogged—laid bare—  
With songs and savage rites and dances wild,  
Cleansed from all fleshly fragments of decay ;  
And 'mid white skulls and skeletons up-piled,  
In that most dreaded Sanctuary laid away.



RANOLF AND AMOHIA.

*BOOK THE SEVENTH.*

*SELF-SACRIFICE.*



*SELF-SACRIFICE.*

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CANTO I. WEARINESS.

- „ II. A SAD RESOLVE.
- „ III. DEATH OF THE MAGICIAN.
- „ IV. WHERE IS COMFORT?
- „ V. A VISION.
- „ VI. THE DEPARTURE.
- „ VII. AFTER-EXPERIENCES.

# Canto the First.

## *Weariness.*

1. *Amo's exhaustless love.* 2. *Ranolf pines for civilized life.* 3. *Her efforts to amuse him.* 4. *Ranolf cannot conceal their failure.* 5. *Can he take her away with him?*

### I.

ALAS ! that human Happiness should never  
Like those fair-flowing snowy fringes be,  
That down Mahana's geyser-terraced hill  
Grow into permanence as they distil ;  
In loveliness of marble mimicry  
There, in the act of falling, fixed for ever !—  
Alas ! that Love's best transports may—  
Like rills that dance and gleam and glance,  
In loveliest forms of foam and spray  
Down common cataracts every day—  
So swiftly cease their sparkling play ;  
Though Love—the River's self—below  
As deep or deeper still may flow !

The days rolled on—as dark or bright they will ;  
And found those lovers fondly loving still.

Could chance or change or circumstance destroy  
Fair Amo's fondness for her bright Sea-boy?  
Hers was a love exhaustless as the Ocean;  
Her heart unwearied—as his waves with motion—  
With restless play of passionate devotion.  
Her pure profound Affection could outpour  
Its tender tributes from an endless store,  
With lavish waste diminishing no more  
Than *his* with rolling snow-wreaths on the shore.  
Enraptured in the presence of the Lord  
And Idol of her young imagination,  
Her Soul seemed always in the act to bless—  
Her Spirit in a posture that adored;  
Each look seemed love—each gesture a caress;  
And every breath a yearning aspiration!  
Though half the gems with which her Idol glowed  
And won her worship, she herself bestowed—  
Her heart was an unworked Golconda-mine,  
Unconscious as 'twas careless, what a dower—  
As a volcano might its scoria-shower—  
It flung of diamond-fancies on the shrine  
And round the Deity it made divine.  
The knowledge—courage—courtesy—whate'er  
In mind or body might be found, of fair  
Intelligent or brave in him she loved,  
By her fresh bosom's fond illusive pride  
Were all sublimed, transfigured, glorified,  
Beyond the reach of her and hers removed,—  
As are some landscapes' beauties you survey  
With head downbent, and such new charms diffuse  
That woods and plains are in transcendent hues  
Of tenderest richness floated far away.

## II.

Was she not happy then?—what shadow stole  
Over her full contentedness of soul?—  
It was that as the days less swiftly flew  
A weariness o'er Ranolf's spirit grew;  
Not of her charms or her—for none the less  
He loved his Wonder of the Wilderness.  
But that the Life he led of savage ease  
The more it was prolonged, seemed less to please.  
Perhaps his love of roving was too strong,  
Too deep-engrained to be quiescent long:  
But this was not a conscious need, nor would  
Have been the parent of his present mood.  
It was the crave for intellectual food,  
For which a young enthusiast Thinker pines,  
Who daringly has tasted of the Tree  
Forbidden still, of Knowledge of a Good  
Beyond the actual still to be pursued  
In all things to all ends; an Evil still  
To be assailed by Reason still more free,  
By wider Love and more exalted Will.  
It was the crave for Books—the mighty mines  
Where all the extinguished forests of mankind  
In diamond-thoughts lie crystallized—enshrined:  
And 'twas the haply sadder doom to be  
Excluded from the guidance—sympathy—  
The fellowship or presence of the prime  
Of men who towards the Light the highest climb;  
And head the onslaught of the human Mind  
Against the strongholds of dim Destiny.

Ambition—progress—all the hope and pride  
Of true Existence seemed to him denied.  
That land so rich in Beauty's sensuous smile  
Seemed for the Soul, only a desert Isle.  
If ever chance-sent rumours reached his ear  
Of the great Nations in their grand career,  
They seemed dim records of aerial hosts  
Who struggled in the heavens—or shadowy ghosts.  
All the loud wonder-throes of peace or war  
Seemed melted to a murmur faint and far !  
What marvel if a feeling would intrude  
Of something wanting in this solitude?—  
Was it a treason to almighty Love  
This sense of unfulfilled desire to prove?  
Could any Love in any Paradise  
Howe'er impassioned, mutual, melting, true—  
*Alone* for any lovers long suffice?—  
Not poets' dreams can make it ever new—  
Not even a bridling dove can *always* coo !

## III.

And anxious Amo could not but perceive  
His thoughts were often wandering far away ;  
Her keen-eyed love would note, and inly grieve,  
The shadow on his features once so gay.  
The very love that to her faithful breast  
So magnified the merits he possessed—  
On which to dwell and feel them all her own  
Were highest bliss to be conceived or known—  
Made her inclined to rate herself too low ;  
With timid doubt it could indeed be so,  
That such a treasure was reserved for her !

And often to her memory would recur  
With what a glow he answered her demand  
To paint the Beauties of his native Land.  
And when her fond eye marked—more frequent now,  
His sad abstracted air and troubled brow,  
She could not check the thought, how full of woe,  
“Ah! he is pining for those charms, I know,  
Those lovely beings all of light and snow!  
O my o’erweening pride to think that he  
The glorious one, could be content with me!—”

Then would she seek the saddened heart to ease,  
And ply with simple craft her arts to please;  
With skilful change her finest mantles choose  
Of broadest purple and the fairest hues;  
Their folds around her shapely shoulders place  
Or dainty waist in each remembered way  
He most had praised for piquancy and grace:  
Or the soft glitter of her lustrous hair—  
So glossy black, the lights thrown off would play  
In sharp metallic gleams of bluish gray—  
In crimson flowers he loved her so to wear  
Or wax-white creeper-wreaths, she would array,  
With chance-taught Taste so sure—such careless Care!  
Or she would set herself a serious task,  
Through tangled woods and thickets dense to range  
In search of plants and insects—else despised—  
Because he took in them an interest strange  
She knew not why and scarcely cared to ask,  
Since ’twas enough they were by Ranolf prized.

Or she would summon all her Damsels gay,  
To lively dance or sportive game, that best

Would dexterous skill or native grace display :  
Or send them on a harvest-gathering quest  
Of clustering purple-fringes whence they squeeze  
Sweet jellies ruby-clear ; because the sight  
Once seemed his fancy so to strike and please  
Of these wild Wood-nymphs trooping through the trees  
Back with their mirth-lit eyes—teeth glittering white  
With laughter—tresses floating on the breeze,  
And cheeks and foreheads in their reckless mood  
All dashed and splashed with crimson berry-blood ;  
Like nymphs that frolic reeled in Bacchic dance  
In Nature's golden-aged exuberance,  
Or with goat-borne Silenus loved to romp  
In grape-empurpled grace and tipsy pomp !

## IV.

And Ranolf would her loving purpose guess ;  
And chide himself that he could not repress  
The weary longing that would o'er him steal ;  
And force a gaiety he could not feel ;  
And show her deeper love and double tenderness.  
But how should this content her ? whose sole aim  
Was to light up the old gladness in his eyes ;  
And little cared what of herself became,  
Were that secured at any sacrifice ;  
But gained from true love far too keen a glance  
To be deceived by any simulance  
Of feeling, or affectionate pretence ;—  
Is not true Love the Mesmerizer true—  
Beyond material Nature and above ;  
Clear-seeing, with its supernatural sense  
The sympathetic object through and through ?

Into its inmost being swift to dart,  
In strange emotion take magnetic part,  
And throb with beatings of the loved one's heart ?  
So Ranolf fondly sought—but sought in vain  
From those fond eyes to hide his inward pain.

## v.

What *could* be done? could he then bear her hence,  
A wondering Wilding to his native land,  
A savage wife! Ah what a startling shock  
To prejudices like a wall of rock  
Sense-based or senseless—piled on every hand!  
Could *he* find fortitude or impudence  
The ridicule and censure to withstand  
Wisdom and folly would alike dispense?  
Could he endure to be the mark or mock  
For open pity—secret insolence?  
To friends and kindred such a stumbling-block  
Of deep and irremediable offence?  
Ah could he brave all this?—But graver care  
It was, how Amo such a change could bear?  
Could this bright Child of woods and waters thrive  
In the hot crowding of our social hive—  
Though not like its mere honey-workers tasked,  
Though only for such lightsome labour asked,  
Such sweet monotony of toil as there  
The partner of his moderate means must share?—  
This life, self-guided by her will or whim—  
Could she resign it for confinement dim,  
Cooped round with indoor comfort—too secure?  
Give up bright careless ease and breathing pure  
In azure liberty of Sun and Air,



To choke in some fine atmosphere of nice  
Punctilios and proprieties precise?  
Be drilled into the trite and tedious round  
Of petty duties, poor amusements, found  
In formal life by strict conventions bound?—

Or could it flourish, this wild-flowering Tree,  
Transparent with the sunbeams flowing free  
Through its white cloud of blossom—nailed and trained  
Espalier-wise against the rigid Wall  
Of civilized existence—shorn of all  
Its shoots of natural beauty—every spray  
Checked in its impulses of artless play—  
And all its waving wanton boughs constrained  
And tortured into stiff and starch array,  
In straightened uniformity controlled  
Like iron grate-bars regular and cold?—  
Or could the Tree transplanted long endure  
The chill and rigour of a rougher sky?  
The beautiful Exotic would be sure  
In such ungenial clime to droop and die!

Nay (for this minor matter too deserves  
A moment's thought) what sacrilege 'twould seem  
To bolster out, disfigure and compress  
That realization of a sculptor's dream  
Of pure proportion—sinuous symmetry—  
So simply clad in classic drapery—  
That hit the happy and harmonious mean  
Between the ripe and rich voluptuousness  
Of lovely Aphrodite—soft and warm—  
And beauty bright with a severer charm,  
The light strong grace of active Artemis:—

Ah ! what a sin to cramp a shape like this  
Into some flaunting wire-and-whalebone screen  
Of beauty-blighting frippery that combines  
In dull extravagance discordant lines,  
Sharp angles, shooting arcs and cutting curves ;  
Aping—wasp-waisted, ample-skirted some—  
Cathedral-lantern o'er its swelling dome ;  
Some hourglass-shaped, knee-hobbled, mummy-screwed  
Into the—modest frankness of ' the nude ! '  
Each form fantastic from true taste that swerves  
In hideous freaks of fashionable dress !  
No ! whether for her mind's or body's weal  
He most was anxious—most was bound to feel—  
Whichever way he looked, it seemed too plain,  
He must this longing for his home restrain.

## Canto the Second.

### *A sad Resolve.*

1. *Amohia's misery.* 2, 3. *Wartime and news of invasion.* 4. *Amo's plan to save Ranolf.* 5. *A letter from home.* 6. *Another flight.*

#### I.

So with factitious fervour—zeal in vain  
Assumed to banish thought and deaden pain,  
Sad Ranolf seeks the boar-hunt's toil again ;  
While native mongrels, bad or good, replace  
His first stanch sturdy comrade in the chase ;  
But none he loved so—none that so loved him—  
As that good-tempered wriggling tiger—Nim !  
And many a day and sometimes nights he passed  
Amid the forests on the Mountains vast ;  
While Amo, loving still and lonely grieved,  
By his affected interest undeceived  
In these pursuits ; and with increased distress,  
Saw the sad struggle she so well could guess—  
The discontent of forced contentedness.  
Though he was kind—aye kinder than before,  
'Twas not for kindness that she yearned alone,  
But love—glad glowing love like that of yore,  
Impetuous and impassioned as her own

That kindness might be pity—nay, it must !  
What else could 'be more likely—natural—just !  
What else could one of such exalted sphere  
Her fancy lifted to a realm so clear  
And high above her, from his glorious place  
Feel towards a being of inferior race,  
Such as her love still made herself appear ?  
“ Did he not come, a wonder and a prize  
From some far Clime mysterious as the Skies—  
Stoop in his flight to steep me in excess  
Of too delightful fleeting happiness—  
My lowly life with strange wild joys to crown,  
As Hapae in the legend once came down,  
The white-winged Wanderer from blue haunts above—  
And on Tawhaki lavished all that love ?  
Ah ! what am I, or what my claim or right  
To keep all to myself a thing so bright ?— ”

And then her anguish took another turn ;  
With the old pride at moments would she burn :  
“ Am I not something too ! through all the land  
Where'er on great or small the Sun would shine  
What Maid could boast superior birth to mine ?  
Could I help hearing how on every hand  
They said—not men, even women—far and wide  
For beauty none with Amohia vied ;  
None in the dance such wavy grace displayed ;  
Such fair designs for rich-wrought purples made—  
Like her could tell a legend—turn a song ?—  
Was it all flattery then—delusive—wrong ?  
Is she—through her whole life so praised—so prized,  
Doomed to be now neglected and despised ?— ”

In her distraction then how would she try  
To hate the cause of all this agony ;  
Half curse him in her impotent distress—  
Aye—curse him with a passion that—would bless !  
The mere conception of harsh words of hate  
Such instant fond revulsion would create,  
The ire wrung out by woe, in utterance choked,  
Itself a gush of boundless love provoked—  
The rage ran off in tears of tenderness :  
“ Too mad ! too mad !—too horrible to curse  
One so beloved—so beautiful—O worse  
Than Rona cursing the full Moon for light !  
Is it *his* blame he shines at such a height ?  
Ah, miserable me ! who can but find  
Food for a curse in what I am too blind—  
No—not too blind ! I cannot, ne’er could be  
So blind, that dear, dear glory, not to see !  
And seeing it and him—to think it strange  
If love like mine he only could bestow  
On beings like himself in fair exchange—  
Bright beings—ah—those Maids he talked of so—  
All golden light and sunset-tinted snow !  
In beauty, knowledge—all attractions fine  
Such as perchance I never could divine,  
Would they not dim these poor dark charms of mine  
As he does all our native youths outshine !

But could they love like me ? Ah, were they here  
To show which held the dearest one most dear !  
Would they were here ! if deadly danger prest  
His life, he soon would learn who loved him best !  
Would they, like me (O would I might !) to save  
Him sinking, rush into the flooded wave

And all the terrors of the torrent brave?  
Would they, like me, dash into thickest fight,  
Cling to his conquering foe about to smite,  
And take the blow—Ah me! with what delight,  
Aimed at that head so beautiful—so bright!  
Then, then—those Wonders—none he soon would see  
Could worship—doat on—die for him like me!  
Ah, why can men love nothing but the skin,  
So little care for all that glows within—  
All that should lure their love—their praises win?  
Ah why was I not made as wise—as fair—  
Why should those Gods or Atuas—whatsoe'er  
They be—have left me of these gifts so bare  
And grudged me all but misery and despair?

And yet he said—for I remember well  
When of those wondrous beauties he would tell  
The greatest merit could be had or known  
Was for another's good to give your own;  
And those grand Creatures, born to light and bliss,  
Good in so much besides were best in this.  
But there at least I am their equal—I;  
O could I not the best of them defy  
To give all I would give his good to buy?  
None—none of them like me, without a sigh,  
To give him joy a thousand times would die:  
O that the chance would rise—howe'er it came  
That I might prove and he might learn the same!"

And so the days slid heavily for both—  
Each grief grew daily with the other's growth;  
And from the woods upon his sad return  
The sadness in her eyes he would discern,

And try to cheer her, O, with words too drear—  
Words meaning much—but sounding little—cheer.  
And then it was *her* turn sad joy to feign,  
Which, pressing hard her heart to check its pain  
She feigned—with stiffening lips that twitched in vain ;  
Thinking—with anguish smiling for his sake—  
“ O misery ! my heart will break, will break ! ”

## II.

So matters stood. And now the Autumn's fruits—  
Karakā—tarro—kumera—berries, roots—  
Had all been harvested with merry lays  
And rites of solemn gladness ; choral praise  
And pure religious feeling—grateful—true ;  
Though rude, benighted if you will, the due  
Of the great bounteous Spirit unknown or known  
Of Nature ; due in every clime or zone ;  
They called it ‘ Rongo ’—God of fruits and peace ;  
What matter, so the gratitude was given  
To Spirit—call it Nature, God or Heaven ?—  
The worst was, almost ere the songs could cease,  
With idiot inconsistency, like—men,  
The very life-preserving gifts that then  
They thanked their God for, they would straight employ  
As means, almost incentives, to destroy ;  
And seize the occasion of abundant food  
As fittest for the work of war and blood.

## III.

'Twas then, that tidings of invasion planned  
By far more dangerous foes against their land,

Reached Rotorua's people ; how in brief  
That mighty tribe, of all the tribes the chief,  
Far in the North, whom not their neighbours dread  
Not even the great Waikato could withstand—  
Such wealth of guns and powder could they boast,  
(For with the white man's ships they trafficked most)  
Were coming, an innumerable host  
'Twas rumoured, by the famous Chieftain led  
With whom the marriage treaty was begun  
Which Amo when she swam the Lake had fled ;  
So much the picture of her beauty brought  
By Kangapo had on his fancy wrought ;  
Such power had recently that rabid Priest—  
(By careless Ranolf in contempt released  
When after Tangi's death the warfare ceased)—  
O'er the excited haughty Chieftain won ;  
And, mad with rancour and revengeful spite  
He could not wreak on Ranolf, nor requite  
That spurner of his supernatural might  
Who laughed at necromantic spells and charms,  
Except by tearing Amo from his arms—  
Had roused the Chief's too ready sense of slight,  
By representing Tangi in the light  
Of an abettor of his daughter's flight ;  
And acquiescent in the wrong his pride  
Endured from those who sought—then set aside—  
The great alliance they would now deride.  
So all this storm was brewing, it was plain,  
And soon would ruin and destruction rain  
Upon their tribe, one special end to gain,—  
To force surrender of the proffered bride,  
And vengeance on the Stranger so obtain.



## IV.

Before the tidings well were told, which filled  
The eager-listening crowd with blank dismay,  
The prescient heart of Amohia chilled ;  
And through her brain there shot a gloomy ray.  
That Message seemed her secret Soul to seek ;  
Seemed to her inner consciousness to speak  
Doomlike, before the story was got through ;  
Almost before she heard the half, she knew  
Her hour was come, and all she had to do.  
To foes like these resistance would be vain,  
She would be captured, Ranolf would be slain.  
This was the chance that she had prayed for still ;  
This was the moment when her heart should thrill  
With joy, not terror, for the hope it gave—  
Nay, all the certainty her heart could crave—  
To prove her love and her adored one save !  
Yes ; she, ere it burst forth, that storm would stay,  
Anticipate—prevent that dreadful day  
And turn its terrors from *one* head away !  
To save that dear one, she would go alone  
And give herself to that resistless Chief ;  
The wrong, if done by Ranolf, so atone  
And buy his life, O more than with her own !—  
Her life were little—better could she bear  
To give a thousand lives than seem to share  
Another's love ; that was the pain, the smart,  
That was the sacrifice that wrung her heart ;  
Yet, worse than death, to make his life secure  
This outrage to her love would she endure !  
Yet life would still be given—for O with grief

She soon would die, and death would be relief !  
Or if it came not of itself—and here  
Pale grew her solemn brow and more severe  
Her eyes and firm prest lips—herself would rend  
The life away that misery would not end.  
But Ranolf would be saved—O he would know  
How matchless, boundless was her love—and woe ;  
And feel, the best of those he vaunted so  
Could not outdare her in devotion—make  
Such sacrifice of self for his dear sake !  
Then would he long for her again—and weep  
Her loss, and ever in his bosom deep  
His poor wild maiden's memory fondly keep !

But Ranolf, whose own cares too deeply weighed,  
Not much attention to these tidings paid :  
“ It was their greed for marvels—nothing more ;  
Or if that doughty Chieftain and his men  
Were bent upon invading them—what then ?  
They would be *thrashed* as Whetu was before.”  
So he continued listless to explore  
The forests for the footprints of the boar.  
And Amo thought, “ He does not know their power,  
Nor half their evil deeds in victory's hour ”—  
And all the more determined it was right  
Herself should save him in his own despite.

## v.

And often had she fixed the day to start,  
Yet could not bear from all life's light to part ;  
The project oft deferred, was still renewed  
Whenever Ranolf's restlessness she viewed ;

Until one night arrived for her and him  
That filled their cup of misery to the brim.  
That day a precious letter from his home—  
With slanting oval postmarks blue and red,  
And scrawls “Try here—try there” all overspread—  
Had (passed from tribe to tribe) to Ranolf come ;  
And with it, news that all the Chiefs who shared  
The great proposed invasion were prepared  
With countless guns and piles of packed-up food  
And war-canoes and crowds of warriors good  
To start in sanguinary, sanguine mood.—

And Amo all that eve had sate and gazed  
With tearful looks, how fond ! on Ranolf's face  
And eyes so seldom from the letter raised,  
Or fixed in sad abstraction far away,  
While on his knees the fatal missive lay ;  
And fancied all his thoughts she well could trace—  
With maddening hopelessness how they would run  
Upon the Sister—Mother—long unseen ;  
And what a roar of Ocean—vast—unknown—  
And obstacles far greater, stood between  
Those loved ones and the Brother and lost Son ;  
And some sweet phantom Shape still dearer, she  
*Would* fancy in his picture there must be !  
'Twas then, and there, with burning—bursting heart  
And choking throat—she bound herself, alone  
Come what come might—next morning to depart.

## VI.

So, when day broke, while Ranolf, half the night  
Awake, was sleeping sadly by her side,

She rose up—from her prostrate grief upright—  
To take a last long gaze—heart-broken bride—  
Upon that sleeping face—her life—her pride!  
Then, in an agony of tenderness  
With those fair golden curls she toyed awhile  
That seemed to mock her with their sunny smile;  
And lavished many a bitter-sweet caress  
Upon the brow and cheeks and fast-closed eyes  
She loved so—more than ever seemed to prize,  
And thought more beautiful in this distress;  
And hid at last her face upon his breast,  
And wept a passionate flood of bitter tears—  
“O could she there end all—joys, woes and fears—  
Dead—dead at once—for ever there to rest!”—  
And when at those fond touches Ranolf woke  
And saw her grief and words of comfort spoke  
Returning her caress, and sought to know  
What sudden sorrow caused these tears to flow;  
With quick-recovered firmness she replied—  
“’Twas nothing—he was not to mind her—she  
Was foolish—was ‘*porangi*’—and would be  
Better directly—” and her tears she dried  
And smiled in utter misery—and tried  
Her deep despairing eyes from his to hide;  
The while with more than usual busy zeal  
It seemed, she went about the morning meal;  
Then set it quietly before him—made  
Some light excuse why he could not persuade  
Herself to touch it—quietly received  
His last caress, as, bidding her be cheered,  
“For he would soon return, she might be sure!”—  
And kissing her, he stroked her tresses black,  
And with his dogs and gun, and heart sore-grieved

Off to the hills, by her calm looks deceived,  
As usual went ; while she, with bosom seared  
And brain that whirled confused upon a rack  
Of thoughts and feelings she could scarce endure,  
Till all that she was seeing, hearing—seemed  
Something she heard not—saw not—only dreamed,  
She stood there watching till he disappeared ;—  
Then flung herself upon her couch, and there  
Gave full, wild vent to sobbings of despair.

Soon with set teeth she rises ; from her eyes  
Brushes the blinding tears that *will* arise ;  
And snatching up a small supply of food—  
For life must last to make her purpose good—  
Still in the clutch of that wild passion held  
That from her tight grief-strangled bosom swelled  
Up to her throbbing brow,—as if compelled  
By outward force—she keeps her frenzied thought  
As well as her despairing fevered glance  
From resting on a single circumstance  
Of past or recent happiness, or aught  
About that dim—loved—lost—and torturing scene—  
The hut—the room where she so blest had been !  
But staggering as beneath a heavy load  
Rushes straight forward on her blighted road.

## Canto the Third.

### *Death of the Magician.*

1. *Amo passes the scenes of her old happiness.* 2. *Her despair.* 3. *A contrast.* 4. *Kangapo attempts to stop her.* 5. *His death.* 6. *She pursues her journey.* 7. *Crossing a river is swept away.*

#### I.

So all that day, as by a dream possessed—  
On—on—by one idea absorbed, opprest—  
For many a mile, as if herself she fled,  
Shunning all human sight the Wanderer sped :  
'To save *him* !' the one hope, one lure to guide  
Her course—all goading sharp despair beside.

But when exhausted nature *would* have rest,  
And, reckless where, she sank upon the ground,  
She was upon the very spot, she found,  
Where Ranolf and herself by rain delayed  
On that first blessed journey once had stayed.  
And at a little distance she espied  
The cave itself where they had made their nest,—  
Laughing, their happy nest !—a yellow cave  
Of clayey sandstone scooped out smooth and round

By some long-vanished immemorial wave ;  
One of a row that undermined the base  
Of the steep hill-side green with tangled fern—  
Only a few feet high and deep—a place  
Just large enough for those two lovers fond,  
And over-draped with drooping bough and frond.  
There lay the flattened fern-couch—brown and dry ;  
The impress of two forms she could descry,  
Still undisturbed by winds or passers-by.  
Then did the conquering tenderness return ;  
And she resolved (for, but a little space,  
The circuit her arrival would delay  
At her sad journey's end) she would repair  
Once more to those dear Lakes ; the district fair  
Where all the bliss of her life's little day  
Lay like a vanished treasure ; stored up there—  
Quite lost to her—gone—lost and laid away !

## II.

Dim skies and heavy rain !—  
And by Mahana's Lake she roams again ;  
Nursing her agony with insensate care,  
And pampering her despair :  
Has sought out every scene  
Where she and Ranolf had together been :  
On every sight  
Of wonder once and such delight  
Again has dwelt :  
And in their presence felt—  
Delight ? Ah no ! increased distress—  
No wonder—worse than weariness.

The clouds were dark and low ;  
Rain falling, soft and slow ;  
Day closing on her woe ;  
As, little heeding where she went,  
With trouble more than travel spent,  
She wandered reckless near the weird ravine  
That leads up to the Lake of waters green,  
Through spectral shapes forlorn  
Of rocks all torn and weather-worn ;  
More gaunt, distorted, grim,  
Thus shadowy seen through vapours dim.  
Then at the entrance of that dismal vale,  
Where dense broom-thickets smothering screen  
Mud-pools that boil on every side,  
And pit the crust, that anywhere might fail  
The footstep, with foul cauldrons deep and wide ;—  
There, she—with hands upon her knees that hid  
Her face, unmoving sat.  
And though the rain had soaked her flaxen mat,  
And slowly down the silken tresses slid,  
That fell neglected on the ground ;  
Though in the silence as they slipped,  
The unkindly drops of dew  
Audibly dripped and dripped—  
She felt it not, nor knew.  
The only sight or sound  
She saw or heard around,  
Was that lost voice, that vanished face  
That once had glorified the place ;  
And now, in such a torturing maze  
Of tender recollections, wound  
Her burning brain, her breaking heart ;



The past to life appeared to start  
In vivid hues too beautiful to bear !  
Her vanished Bliss seemed over her to glare—  
A deadly-terrible Angel lovely-bright  
With outspread wings ablaze  
Above her hung ;—till blasted by its light  
Down—down—she cowered—she sank—in misery's blackest  
night.

## III.

How the gleam iridescent and shapeless—that lies  
Like the *Wreck of a Rainbow* flung crushed on the skies  
With its hues dimly blurred—where low down there flies  
The last rack of the tempest ; to mariners drear  
How forlornly it calls up the memory clear  
Of the Arch all resplendent ! the luminous Bow  
In the glory of orange and purple aglow,  
On the thick of the violet shadow behind  
In rounded perfection so sharply defined !  
When so airily tender—transparently mild,  
Yet so firmly enthroned o'er the elements wild ;  
So softly aspiring and gracefully grand,  
On the air, like a rock, it has taken its stand,  
And lords it serenely o'er ocean and land !—  
Even so—as she lay overwhelmed by despair  
Wan, weary and haggard—crushed, cowering there,  
Even so—and so sadly ! her woe-begone mien  
Might have roused the remembrance of what she had been  
When the Maid in the maddening days that had flown  
In the bloom and the pride of her happiness shone !

## IV.

A hand upon her shoulder laid,  
With sudden startling pressure stayed  
Her anguish in its mid career ;  
Though not the slightest sound betrayed  
A human being's presence near.  
'Twas Kangapo ! who silent crept  
Upon her, thinking that she slept ;  
Till as he neared the weeping maid,  
Her heart-wrung moans the truth conveyed.

To aid the Northern Chief's designs, and make  
The conquest sure which his revenge would slake ;  
To spy into the schemes the people planned  
To meet the invaders of their threatened land ;  
But most with well-feigned tale and crafty lie  
To lull them into false security ;  
The wily Priest had ventured back once more—  
Safe in the sorcerer's dread repute he bore—  
To prow! about the country, gather news,  
And disaffection, where he could, diffuse ;  
Hiding the while, and less from need than taste,  
In many a well-known haunt of wood and waste.

When Amo raised in wild surprise  
Her tear-bedabbled face and eyes,  
And saw whose form above her hung ;  
Whose spiteful, cool, triumphant leer  
Into her grief would pry and peer,  
Indignant to her feet she sprung :  
" You, Kangapo ! and wherefore here ?

"Nay, rather—" was the answering sneer,  
"Say what has brought to such disgrace,  
Such evil plight, so lone a place,  
The Stranger's Love—the white man's bride !  
Has he, whose pale and girlish face  
Could win, despite her birth and race,  
Her tribe's renown—her father's pride,  
The Maori maiden to his side—  
Has he turned false, or fled—or died?"

"Ask nought of him ; no mate of thine ;  
Thy course pursue—leave me to mine !"

"Nay—listen, Amo ! let me tell——"

"Away ! I know thy wiles too well !"

## v.

No longer now his darkening brow  
And coldly-glittering eye instilled  
The terror that whene'er he willed  
Had once the Maiden's bosom chilled.  
The might of one supreme despair  
Would let no lesser passion share  
That bosom ; one absorbing care  
Had left no room for terror there.  
She sought not to upbraid, reply ;  
Too sad for scorn, she turned to fly.  
He saw his words their purpose missed,  
Yet would not from his aim desist :  
"Not listen ! so resolved to go !—"



Think not you shall escape me so ;—  
Think not I've no assistance nigh !—”  
With sudden grasp he seized her wrist  
And shouted. Then once more her eye  
Shot forth its proud indignant light ;  
Her form expanded to full height ;  
She looked almost as when she stood  
A captive bound beside the wood  
When first she dazzled Ranolf's sight ;—  
Yet now so haggard, wan and worn,  
By grief of so much beauty shorn,  
Not much more like that Vision bright  
Of anger-flashing loveliness,  
Than some too early perished Tree,  
A silver skeleton portrayed  
Against the mountain's violet shade,  
Like its own former self would be,  
In luxury clad of leafy dress ;  
In sunlit symmetry of frame  
And every sinuous branch the same ;  
But all the wealth wherewith it shone  
Of blossom gay and verdure—gone !—  
The wrist he held—she wrenched it free,  
And flung him off with all her might.  
He reeled—he stumbled—staggered back ;  
Nor had he seen how near he stood  
To that fierce cauldron, sputtering black  
And baleful—ever-boiling mud—  
Beneath the phantom-shapes of rock  
That seemed to gibber, jeer and mock !  
The treacherous bank began to crack—  
Gave way—and with a sullen plash  
He plumped into the viscous mash.

The sable filth upspurred high—  
Foul steam in thicker volumes gushed ;  
Then back the burning batter rushed  
And closed o'er that despairing face  
Upturned in blue-lined agony—  
Those writhing limbs—that stifled cry !  
Then heavily swelled into a cone ;  
Sunk down ; and ring on ring a space  
In sluggish undulations rolled ;  
And thicklier rising crowds alone  
Of bubbles, of that horror told ;  
Though just as lazily they burst,  
And not more poisonous than at first  
Their old sulphureous stench dispersed.

Shocked, horrified, at sight so dread  
Swift through the thicket Amo sped :  
So rapidly had all occurred,  
Well might what she had seen and heard—  
That Sorcerer's apparition—then  
And there—in that secluded glen,  
And his swift disappearance, seem  
Illusions of a hideous dream.

## VI.

Again her journey she pursues.  
Her thoughts come back to their accustomed train :  
“Only to save him—only make him know,  
Although her joy—her life—her love she lose—  
No other Maid could love him so !”—  
Still fell the sad, slow, melancholy rain ;

And though the white mist hid sky, mountain, plain,  
Yet somehow seemed it, on her weary brain  
The sunshine of that awful morn  
When Ranolf last she saw and left—  
Still lay—a solemn sombre light forlorn ;—  
Ever she seemed to wander woebegone  
Through endless mazes of a forest lone  
All stripped and bare, of every leaf bereft ;  
While far above her, through the treetops high  
That, leafless, yet shut out the sky,  
A loud monotonous wind for ever roared,  
And those strange, dreary, sombre sunbeams poured ;  
While in the foreground only could be seen  
The lover and the love-joy that had been !  
And every actual outward sight and sound,  
Men, women, places, voices all around,  
Came faintly breaking through this muffling screen,  
This sad bright curtain that would intervene ;  
And only for a moment, face or speech  
Importunate of others, could emerge  
Through that drear desolate light and murmur loud  
As through an ever-circling shroud—  
And her preoccupied perception reach  
And on her absent mind their presence urge.

## VII.

On—on ! for days as by a dream oppressed—  
Still on—by one idea absorbed—possessed !—  
Directly in her way  
A broad and swollen river lay :  
Her road led through the shallows by its bank,  
Where yellow waters eddying swirled

Through flax-tufts waving green and tall and rank ;  
But in the midst the raging torrent hurled

Its waters swift, direct, and deep,  
Where often some uprooted tree would sweep—  
A great black trunk unwieldy—hastening down  
The flood surcharged with clayey silt—  
And dip and heave and plunge and tilt  
Half buried in the wavelets brown.

She paused—but something in her breast  
Still urged her on :—she could not rest :  
And then those friends whom Kangapo address—  
Might they not still her course arrest ?  
What if they still should be upon her track—  
Would they not meet her if she ventured back ?—  
She tore her mantle off in haste,  
And rolled it up and tightly tied  
With flax and slung it round her waist ;  
Then wading, struggled through the high sword-grass  
And stream-bowed tortured blades—a tangled mass,  
And struck into the torrent fierce and wide !

Alas ! no strength of limb or will,  
No stoutest heart, no swimmer's skill  
Could long withstand the headlong weight and force  
Of that wild tide in its tumultuous course !—  
Soon was she swept away—whirled o'er and o'er—  
And hurried out of conscious life  
In that o'erwhelming turbulence and roar  
Almost without a sense of pain or strife.

## Canto the Fourth.

### *Where is Comfort?*

1, 2. *Ano's body on the river-bank.* 3. *What comfort in reflections the thought of it suggests? All great souls self-sacrificed in the cause of Good, a protest against Annihilation.* 4. *Fate's cruelty forces belief in a future state. If Doubt needful to create Trust and Soul-excellence?* 5. *No theories good against Grief.* 6. *Yet Ranolf's buoyant nature will survive to learn how sorrow elevates, and (7) is the nurse of heroism.*

#### I.

So was despair, in our heart-broken Bride,  
Quenched, rudely quenched—in that tumultuous tide!—

But if that self-forgetting Life was passed,  
To peace, it seemed, it had been lulled at last.  
For one who by the river's side  
Far lower down, that day by chance descried  
A floating form he could not aid,  
Glide swiftly by, soon after said  
The Maiden lay, as past she hied,  
Upon her back as on a quiet bed.  
Her eyes were closed—the lashes long and sleek,  
Reposing on the placid cheek;  
Along the yellow waters wild



Her jet-black tresses softly streamed ;  
 And though careworn, just then it seemed,  
 Her face was so serene and mild,  
 So mournful, yet with meek content so deep,—  
 She looked an innocent Child,  
 Laid on its couch asleep.

\* \* \*

And that informant told them how they found,  
 Cast on the gravel by the riverside,  
 The body of the Maiden drowned.

## II.

Alas, for Ranolf ! in his passionate pain  
 That image ever was before his brain  
 In terrible distinctness night and day !  
 With pertinacious torture self-applied  
 How would he conjure up to his despair,  
 And paint with accurate anguish-seeking care  
   Its harrowing details o'er and o'er again !  
 How, while the river ran its calm career,  
 From the spent freshet's fury once more clear ;  
 All heartless Nature, bright, alive and gay  
 With its accustomed, gentle, joyous stir—  
   How then they found—O say not *her* !  
   *She* could not be the form that lay  
   So stilly—half above and half beneath  
   The shallow, bright, transparent stream,  
 Upon the clean smooth gravel bank  
 From which it slowly shrank :  
 Such mournful meek content upon the face  
 That you could think it for a little space  
   Lit by some sadly-pleasing dream ;

But then so marble-like and motionless—  
Persistent in intensest quietness—  
Too soon the moulded lineaments you know  
Fixed in the dread serenity of death.  
One quiet arm the peaceful head below—  
While ever in its flow  
The eddying current would come up and play  
With the long tresses—as to coax away  
And lure the floating tangles to and fro ;  
While others, in the sunshine dried,  
The idle breeze at times would lift aside  
Gently—then leave at rest,  
Where curling they caressed  
The cold unheaving breast ;  
Or revelled in the gloss and gleam of life,  
As if in mockery spread  
Along the form that lay as still and dead  
As any of the logs of driftwood rife,  
By the decreasing tide  
Left near it as it fled.—  
But piteous—O how piteous ! there to see  
The wavelets in their sunny chase  
In that deserted place—  
Upon the bank exposed and lone,  
With such an inward-happy sound,  
Familiarly and carelessly  
Gurgling against and rippling round  
The sad and sacred human face,  
As if it were a stone.

## III.

And had he any comfort in the thought,  
The sight his fancy fashioned would have brought

A mind like his when he could calmly think ?—

“That sad—sad face ! as there it lay

Beside the river's brink,

So calm, neglected—helpless—meek—

Would not its silence seem to speak—

In mournful whispers seem to say,

For such a heart, for such a soul,

*This cannot* be the end—the whole !—

“But O ! great God of heaven !

Who must be—if thou be at all

Eternal Justice both to great and small,

And Absolute Love for all beneath the Sun !

If in the poor dead face of one

Slight savage girl who thus has given

Her life's light for another's good in vain—

All her high hopes and generous aims undone !

If in its stony stillness and fixed woe,

All the more harrowing for the mournful show

Of sad resigned repose on mouth and brow—

If from that face, in very deed,

Such obstacle and protest and disdain

Arise against the desolating creed

Of soul-annihilation in the disarray

And dissolution of our worthless clay—

O what a vast Himmálayan pinnacle-chain

Of insurmountable obstruction Thou

Hast thrown in the pale spectral Conqueror's way ;

And what a boundless protest has been wrung—

(Although to absolute Love's all-pitying eyes

The humblest instance would the whole comprise)

A protest myriad-voiced as Ocean's roar,

Compelled to just Omnipotence to soar,—

In all the baffled lives and labours flung  
Ungrudgingly thy great White Throne before—  
The death-requited sacrifices through all time  
Made in thy cause by hero-hearts sublime!

## IV.

“Yet what a thought it is, O God! that we  
But by the incredible cruelty of Fate  
    Ordained by Thee,  
Are by a strong revulsion forced to flee  
    To Reason’s refuge in her grief,  
    The astounding beautiful belief  
In Death reviving to some glorious state  
Which all that cruelty shall compensate!—  
    Say, that it is so, and must ever be,  
    By Nature’s strong necessity;—  
As air plunged deep in water still must rise,  
So, plunged in Life, the Soul to the Eternal flies!—  
    And if it be denied  
    That Nature—which is Thou!  
    Does that necessity provide,  
    Even Doubt must still avow  
It *should* be so provided—must and should—  
If Thou art what we must conceive Thee—good!  
    Or if at last Doubt *will* remain,  
    Were it too wild a fancy—to maintain,  
    (Till clearer light the mystery explain)  
*Faith* has to be created—self-resigning Trust  
In Thee—the all-generous and just?  
And Trust like that, for aught we know,  
Can but in the absence of Assurance grow;  
Can but be strengthened to the due degree

By actual plunging in the furnace-glow  
And wavering flames of forced Uncertainty :  
The Soul can but be fashioned *so*,  
Into the shape of Beauty, and substance clear  
Of crystal Confidence sincere—  
The form and fineness its high fates require ;  
As the glass-worker whirls and moulds  
Into a graceful vase the glass he holds  
Molten in jets intense of fierce white fire.”

## v.

Ah no ! but no such speculation now  
Could smooth the agony on Ranolf's brow.  
And so he may depart,  
And bind up as he can his bleeding heart ;  
And moan his lovely wild-flower reft away  
With unresigning anguish night and day ;  
And gnash his teeth and tear his hair,  
Untaught to bear !  
And for a time his faith in joy forswear ;  
And feel how vain  
Are high-built theories to stifle pain ;  
How impotent against the ready sting  
Of every trivial and inanimate thing  
That seems to start up eloquent everywhere,  
More poignant memories of the Lost to bring—  
All leagued with Love to drive him to despair !  
Not only the brief words she left to tell  
The motive and the purpose of her flight,  
Scratched upon shining flax-blades with a shell  
And laid to meet—but not too soon—his sight ;—  
Ah ! how it tore his heart—that simple scrawl—

Pothooks and hangers painfully produced—  
Disjointed—childlike ! yet a wonder all,  
In one to symbolled language so unused,  
And with such marvellous aptitude acquired—  
The tenfold talent by the heart inspired—  
Docility no school but one e'er knew  
Whose teacher Love, has Love for learner too !  
Not these alone—but every object round  
Had silent power and pungency to wound :  
The withered wreaths of flowers hung up with care  
Which for his pleasure she so loved to wear ;  
The span-broad mirror on the reeded wall  
That oft had imaged such a happy smile  
And so much beauty on its surface small ;  
The broidry-staves her tedium to beguile—  
Rude with still-dangling vary-coloured strands ;—  
Half-charred mid ashes white, the very brands  
Left lying where her loving busy hands  
Had laid them on that latest fire extinct—  
Ah, with what torturing memories were they linked !  
Ah, those dumb things—how deeply did he feel  
The maddening pathos of their mute appeal !

Yes ! let him wrestle with distress ;  
And feel how grief grown languid, though not less,  
In the exhaustion of mere weariness,  
Renews itself from its excess ;—  
Learn how the heart bereft of one beloved,  
Will, self-upbraiding, self-reproved,  
In bitterest grief feel bitter grief,  
Because its grief seems all too slight and brief ;  
Because it cannot grieve enough—nor feed  
The ravenous appetite for woe the sense

Of its immeasurable loss will breed—  
Thirsting for grief more crushing—more intense ;  
Recoiling from the hateful thought, that e'er  
The time should come when it may bear  
To think upon such loss, and *not* despair !

## VI.

Yet should he long endure  
Such pangs and pains, be sure  
He must escape them—being left alive ;  
For the old joyous temper *must* revive.  
The clouds of Anguish o'er the blue would drive  
And hide—but not annihilate the Sun :  
Grief has a work to do—which must be done.  
Though o'er his Soul the waves of Sorrow surge,  
That buoyant joyous Nature *must* emerge  
By animal force into a realm more bright ;  
And that reflective tendency would urge  
His Soul—long after—into peaceful light.  
And he would first experience—and then know,  
How great a purger of the Soul is Woe ;  
A fine manipulator skilled to drain  
The Spirit of the grosser atmosphere  
Which can alone give life to and sustain  
Prides—lusts—ambitions—passions fierce and vain ;  
Until the heart is a receiver clear  
Exhausted of the elements they need,  
And wanting which, they droop and disappear.

## VII.

Aye ! to our Optimist 'twould surely seem  
An actual pre-arrangement in a scheme

By primal Mind compacted—that the seed  
Of Soul best in the soil of Sorrow grows ;  
And that such pangs and tortures are indeed  
Sharp chisel-strokes and heavy mallet-blows  
Wherewith the grand Soul-Sculptor cleaves and chips  
His native marble into nobler shapes :  
And as the mallet swings and chisel trips,—  
Out from the sluggish cold chaotic heap  
Wherein as possibilities they sleep,  
Out come, emerging from their long eclipse  
Into vitality that kindling glows  
Ever more clear, significant and deep—  
Heroic white Existences serene  
And lovely, which the divine Artist drapes  
With qualities his great Idea must mean  
Should make his glorious marbles fit to be  
Shrined in high temples of Eternity !

And he would learn, like all who calmly viewed  
What sad results from simple love ensued,  
How foresight—prudence—cold considerate powers  
We need for guidance of this life of ours :  
To follow instincts—doing ill to none—  
Nay—loving everything beneath the sun—  
This will not do—it seems !  
Alas !—for *such* the World with misery teems.

But this—all this would be for Time to teach ;  
A goal his sanguine soul not yet may reach.  
All he has now to do is to depart  
And bind up as he may his bleeding heart.



# Canto the Fifth.

## *A Vision.*

1. *Ranolf leaves for the sea-side.* 2. *Comes to a native village.* 3. *Remorse at his former fear of 'the World.'* 4. *Noon-stillness.*  
5. *The vision.* 6. *His amazement.*

### I.

DEPART then, Ranolf! leave to Grief and Time  
The task to cleave out, in some other clime  
Less fraught with frenzied thoughts, their ends sublime !  
Even Sorrow could not here its fruits mature—  
Not here—nor now ; for Change and Time, be sure,  
Are needed to assist it in its Art  
Of Soul-Tuition. This by theory too,  
Though spurning now the power of both, he knew ;  
And felt his only course was to depart.  
The land seemed loathsome to his laden heart ;  
Sick—sick he was ; weary of the skies !  
The Mountains seemed to look him in the face—  
Cold—calm and sullen, conscious of his woe ;  
Each shrub and tree that once had charmed him so,  
Turned wormwood with the thoughts it bade him trace :

And every River rolled before his eyes,  
A Mara-flood of bitterest memories.

When the first shock of Amo's death was o'er,  
And he could rouse himself to act once more,  
With but one lad his light effects to bear,  
He started for some Northwest harbour where  
Vessels that haunt these latitudes repair.  
A Ship he sought ; but cared not whence it came  
Or whither bound : to him it was the same  
So that away, far distant, he were borne :  
All lands seemed now of all attractions shorn !  
Perhaps, as most deserted and forlorn,  
The barren, dreary, ever-restless Sea,  
Would to his desolate Soul most soothing be.

His road was nearly that which Amo chose,  
In search self-ruinous of ruthless foes.  
Not that he sought with conscious aim the more  
To take that path because 'twas hers before :  
His unresigning anguish could not crave  
To see, or seek for solace at her grave ;  
Herself—herself ! the vain demand—nought less—  
His greedy grief insatiable would press ;  
Not any maddening circumstance or scene  
To rouse remembrances of what had been—  
Too prompt already, manifold and keen !  
Yet haply he was guided on the whole,  
By that attraction of his secret soul ;  
A bias, though unconsciously obeyed,  
Towards even the shadow of that loved one's shade—  
Towards any place her sweetest presence still  
With haunting fondness sadly seemed to fill.

When near the coast, they told him of a Ship  
Whose Master would ere long his anchor trip  
For three years' chase of his gigantic game,  
Run down o'er boundless Ocean hunting-grounds  
With hardy boats'-crews for his well-trained hounds—  
In that most venturous, gravest, grandest Sport  
Which makes all others seem contracted—tame !  
His Ship was now with ample produce stored,  
Wood—water—fresh provisions all on board ;  
And he was just about to leave the Port,  
Cutting his boisterous crew's rude revels short.

## II.

Sad, weary, listless, and alone—  
For nought companionship had cheered—  
'Twas Ranolf's habit through the day  
To take his solitary way,  
Letting Te Manu choose his own.  
Before him now the Port appeared.  
There—with dim spire of masts and shrouds,  
And yards across like streaky clouds,—  
The Ship he sought at anchor lay.  
Crowning a cliff that overstooped  
The sea—whence trees o'erhanging drooped,  
The village stood the Wanderer neared.  
With rows of posts, unequal, high,  
That level crest against the sky  
Was bristling ; and within them grouped,  
Thick thatch-roofs nestled peacefully.

Woeworn and weary, then he went  
Thoughtfully up the steep ascent ;

And passed the log, rough-hewn and laid  
For bridge across the empty fosse ;  
And paused before the opening made  
For entrance in the palisade.  
He looked around ; upon the spot  
He saw no living being stirred :  
Fast-closed was every silent cot.  
The sun was shining, high and hot—  
A lingering summer afternoon ;  
Faint insects hummed a drowsy tune  
At times—no other sound was heard.

## III.

In doubt what course he should pursue,  
On sad and gloomy thoughts intent,  
With folded arms and head downbent  
Against an entrance post he leant.  
Not far below, there hung in view  
That immemorial red-blue gleam  
Of world-embracing Ocean-fame—  
The flag that long shall float supreme  
(Its double-cross still side by side  
With that of ' Stars and Stripes ' allied)  
Let all of English blood and name  
Be to each other staunch and true !  
Ah, with what sense of proud delight,  
So long unseen, a short time back  
That flag had flashed upon his sight !  
But now it bade his memory track  
The train of evils that had come  
Out of that longing for his home.  
Well might his heart so busied, feed

On bitter anguish ; well might bleed  
Remembering why he shunned to share  
That home with *her* ! He could not bear  
Nor blink the truth, the cause, to-day—  
Contemptible and coward care  
Of what 'the World' might think or say—  
That blatant—brainless—soulless World !  
Ah with what scorn he would have hurled  
Such pitiful respect away  
Had one more chance been given to prove  
How much he prized that priceless love !  
O but one chance—giv'n then and there  
The 'World' and all its slaves to dare !  
With measureless defiance brave  
Its worthless worst rebukes and save  
A heart, so simply grand beside  
Its poor conventions, paltry pride,  
Refined frivolities—and cant,  
The natural course—or worse—the want  
Of real emotions, framed to hide !—  
Aye ! but too late that wisdom came ;  
The shame too late of that mean shame ;  
Remorse and withering self-disdain,  
Too late and impotent and vain !  
There was nought left him but to rave  
With voiceless, useless, inward pain.  
His trust in higher things was gone—  
His 'Power Divine'—his 'God of good,'  
What faith in Him could he retain !  
It seemed to his despairing mood,  
Faith could not, should not, live alone  
When Hope and happiness had flown !

## IV.

On such distressful thoughts intent,  
Against that entrance-post he leant.  
Forlorn alike to eye and ear  
Seemed time and place and atmosphere !  
With wearying, bright unchanging glow  
The calm, regardless sunbeams shone ;  
With wearying faintly-changeful flow  
The insects' tune went murmuring on.  
No sign of living thing beside ;  
Not even a dog's out-wearied howl ;—  
Yes—once his listless eye espied  
Scarce noting it, a sleepy fowl  
Ruffling its feathers in the dust ;  
Companionless—the moping bird,  
Stalking and pecking leisurely  
Beneath a cottage wall, went by ;  
No longer were its mutterings heard.  
Yes—once a rat, in open day  
Stole forth, and crossed at easy pace  
The silent solitary place ;  
Stopped often, showing no distrust  
Nor any haste to slink away.  
It too had vanished. Still fast-shut,  
In sunshine stood each silent hut :  
And dark, distinct, beside it lay  
Its shadow still—no cloudlet slow  
Passing to make it come or go—  
Unfading—seeming changeless too  
As if it neither moved nor grew,  
That lingering, loitering afternoon.

Then even the murmuring, dreamy tune,  
That now would swell and now subside,  
Awhile in utter silence died.

\* \* \*  
\* \*

## v.

Fair Reader! have you ever been  
Sauntering in meditative mood,  
In some sequestered sunny scene,  
Some perfect solitude serene,  
Where tenantless a building stood—  
Old ruined Castle, if you will—  
Neglected Hall of later days,  
Though fit for habitation still,  
Long empty ;—any place almost  
Where human beings once have dwelt  
And ceased to dwell ;—but if your gaze,  
On such deserted Mansion lone  
Were fixed awhile, will you not own  
How strong a fancy you have felt  
That some still human visage—ghost  
Or not—through one blank window less  
Observed—or loophole's high recess—  
With eyes in vague abstraction lost,  
Not marking minding you at all—  
Was looking out?—Did you not feel  
As if you saw or soon would see  
A lonely Figure, silently,  
With features haply undiscerned  
Because its back towards you was turned,

Across some empty courtyard steal—  
Or glide beneath some ruined wall?—

\* \* \*

As Ranolf leant there so distrest,  
Once with a writhe of ill-represt  
Impatient anguish at the tide  
Of keen regrets which o'er his breast—  
Remorseful, merciless, upheld  
By that full moon of memory, swelled—  
As wearily his head he raised,  
His glance unconscious chanced to rest  
Upon a distant cot—whose side  
Of close-packed wisps of bulrush dried,  
Stood half in brightness—half in gloom ;  
The sunbeam's glow still bright below—  
Its upper part in clear deep shade  
Beneath some palm-trees' tufts of bloom,  
With a square opening in it made  
For light—a window though unglazed.  
Then suddenly he seemed aware  
A wan pale face—how wan and fair,  
Was in the square of blackness there ;  
With eyes unmoving—eyes all light—  
So preternaturally bright—  
Haggardly beautiful !—Amazed,  
His very heart turned sick and faint ;  
Almost he could have fallen with fear—  
That Spirit from the Dead—so near !—  
He rallied quickly ; for he knew  
How fancy can send back again,  
Some image from the heated brain,



And on the retina repaint  
Such apparitions, till they seem  
External, actual, and no dream.  
He passed his hand across his eyes ;  
Sprang forward ; shook himself to free  
His fancy from such phantasies,  
His brain from this delusion. There,  
Framed in the blackness of that square,  
Still showed the visage, haggard, fair,  
And would not vanish into air !—  
And then it changed before his sight ;  
A sudden gleam of wild delight  
Illumed it ; the next moment checked,  
As from the vision seemed to come  
A shriek that died off in a moan—  
Painful, unnatural—as the tone  
Wrung from the wretched deaf and dumb  
Whom sudden pangs of passion stir.  
Then to the hut—for nought he recked—  
“What *could* it be ?” he thought, “but *her* !”  
He would have rushed ; but yet once more  
Those earnest gestures—looks—deter ;  
So vehemently they implore,  
So unmistakably entreat  
Silence—and that he should not greet—  
Heed—recognize the vision then.  
For the same moment might be seen  
Behind him, close upon the fence,  
What stifled as it rose that keen  
Great cry of joy or pain intense ;—  
The inmates of the village—men  
And women and a merry crowd  
Of children ; all with laughter loud

Returning from the plot where they  
Within the woods not far away  
Had been at pleasant work all day.

## VI.

With lips comprest—clenched hand—knit brow—  
By violent effort he restrained  
Emotions nigh o'ermastering now.  
He turned—accosted them—explained  
In terms he scarce knew what, but brief,  
To one who seemed to be their Chief  
Why he had come to that seaport.  
'At once they knew their guest unknown  
Must be, from bearing, mien and tone,  
Though roughly drest and travel-stained,  
A 'Rangatira' \*—of the sort  
Who paid for all attentions shown :  
So to his use a cot assigned ;  
Brought food ; and as he seemed inclined  
For little converse, or to care  
About themselves or ways ; or share  
The interest newer comers take  
In all that might the curious wake  
To wonder ; but appeared to be  
Absorbed in troubles of his own ;  
They soon with truest courtesy  
Left him to his reflections lone.

And all that evening, in a maze  
He seemed :—a sort of luminous haze

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\* 'Chief or Gentleman.'

Of anxious, wondering, strange delight  
Moved with him, move where'er he might ;  
Nor could he lie, or sit, or stand,  
Or many moments keep at rest,  
Howe'er he strove at self-command.  
He closed his eyes—his temples pressed ;—  
That light, for all his efforts vain  
Still hovered o'er his haunted brain :  
And once, in this his feverish fret,  
He checked himself in looking round  
As half expectant he would yet  
See, though long since the sun had set,  
His shadow fall upon the ground.  
And oft he tried if he could still  
By strong exertion of the will  
Make that fair, haggard vision rise  
Again, and stand before his eyes  
With such a sharp external show  
Of life, and every feature so  
Distinct in joy, surprise, or woe !  
That face, so sweet, though so careworn,  
And of its brilliant beauty shorn ;  
The hollow cheek ; the shrunken hand ;  
And the too delicate finger laid  
Upon the faded lips ; and grand  
All wonder, joy, or woe above—  
That deep unfathomable love  
In eyes whose brightness *could* not fade !  
Yes ! he could shape them in his mind ;  
But overjoyed was he to find  
No yearning made the illusion dear  
As real or outward reappear.

# Canto the Sixth.

## *The Departure.*

1. *Midnight.* 2. *A visitor.* 3. *Plan for escape.* 4. *Previous story.*  
5. *Ranolf embarks.* 6. *A starry night.* 7. *The boat on the shore.*  
8. *Final meeting.* 9. *Recovery.* 10. *Departure.*

### I.

NIGHT came at last ; at last ev'n midnight came.  
How wearily the hours for Ranolf passed—  
On tenterhooks of expectation cast—  
Such incomplete and tantalizing joy !  
But even the noisy natives sunk at last  
To rest—the earlier for their day's employ.  
The flittings to and fro, from hut to hut,  
Ceased by degrees, and every door was shut ;  
The laughter loud and lazy chat were o'er ;  
The smouldering firesticks on each earthen floor  
Had for the last time been together raked,  
And blown with lips far-pouted, to a flame ;  
The last pipe smoked ; and the consuming thirst  
For gossip haply for the moment slaked.  
The large-limbed lounging men upon the ground,  
Naked whene'er the heat too great was found ;

And every active, restless, wrinkled dame,—  
Crowded in some convenient house at first,  
Had to their separate homes retired to sleep ;  
And all the 'pah' was wrapt in silence deep.

## II.

Then Ranolf, with a quicker-throbbing heart,  
Watched in the cot assigned to him apart ;  
With door ajar, and sharp attentive ear  
Watched—listened for the faint delicious sound—  
The footstep that he felt must now be near.  
—A rustle . . . No ?—'twas fancy !—then more clear  
Another !—'Tis herself ! with that wan face,  
Locked in his almost fiercely fond embrace !—  
Yes, 'tis herself ! and never, come what may,  
Shall she be torn from that fond heart away !  
And She—into his arms herself she flung  
With what a burst of passionate sobs ! and hung  
Upon his neck with moans of happiness ;  
And felt once more his vehement caress,  
With what an ecstasy of soothing tears !  
And revelled in the burning kiss on kiss,  
With such intense relief from doubts and fears ;  
Such sense of infinite agony supprest,  
Swallowed, like night in lightning-sheets—in this,  
This full fruition of exceeding bliss—  
As if upon the heaven of that breast  
Her soul had reached its everlasting rest !

But when the Sea of their emotions ran  
In less tumultuous billows, and began  
In gentler agitation to subside,

So that clear Thought and Speech articulate  
Above the tide unwrecked could ride ;  
Then Ranolf, holding at arms' length awhile  
His new-found treasure, his recovered bride,  
Gazes with mournful gladness in his smile—  
Gazes with fond and pitying tenderness  
At those thin pallid features, which the weight  
And anguish of despair no more depress—  
Into those eyes which happy tears beeteem—  
As to make sure it was not all a dream !

“ No Spirit then !—my own  
Own Amo, loving and alive again !  
O God ! can such delight indeed be mine !”—

“ No Spirit—no—nor dead, but with the pain  
To lose thy love ; and thought of that alone  
Would kill me any time—”

“ Then never think  
The thought ; the thing itself, my dearest, best,  
Shall never be a grief of thine !”

“ What ! you will never be distrest  
For want of all that sunset-tinted snow  
And hair, such as the moonbeams link . . .  
What was it ?”

“ Amo !—”

“ Nay, then nay—  
Not that upbraiding look to-day !  
See ! o'er these dear, dear features, worn with care,

See, see ! my murmuring lips must stray  
With flying faint half-kisses, so  
To smooth all that reproach away !  
No, I will never doubt again—  
Do not these features, pale with grief,  
Do they not say my Stranger-Chief  
My lord, my life, will never choose  
His poor wild maiden's love to lose?—  
But how then could you be so sad  
When I was with you ?”

“ I was mad—

An idiot, dearest ! just to shun  
A small misfortune, so to run  
The risk of that o'erwhelming one  
By which I were indeed undone !—  
But small and great shall soon be o'er,  
And neither shall afflict us more,  
If you will leave this land with me,  
And dare to cross yon starlit sea !”

“ What is to me land, sea, or sky  
So that with you, I live and die !”—

### III.

Then soon a plan for their escape  
Was moulded into practicable shape :  
Only the pressing, first, immediate need  
Was that before these natives they should be  
Absolute strangers, nor each other heed.  
This need did Amo when she first caught sight  
Of Ranolf, feel—this, somehow could foresee ;

And this perception made her first wild cry,  
That sudden cry of wonder and delight  
Die off in such a strange unmeaning moan.

## IV.

But she had told ere this, the how and why  
She had been saved, and now was here alone ;  
How it was true, by that wild freshet's force  
She was whirled down till consciousness was gone ;  
And soon upon a gravel-bank was thrown.  
How a chance Traveller saw the seeming corse ;  
Apprised these natives ; and observed them bear  
The breathless body home with sorrowing care,  
Home to their huts hard-by ; then went his way,  
Thinking her dead ; that nought required his stay ;  
And anxious by no loss of time to lose  
The importance, well he knew, none would refuse  
To the first bearer of such startling news.  
But those good Women, in the senseless Form  
They carried, saw or felt there yet might lurk  
Some faintest spark of life ; so set to work  
Its embers to re-waken and re-warm ;  
Made fires ; applied hot stones, and rubbed her feet  
And hands and heart with toil incessant ; poured  
Down her unconscious throat for greater heat  
Some of the white man's liquid fire ; implored  
With moaned and murmured incantations meet  
The Water-God and Storm-God ; till at length  
Her feeble fluttering pulse began to beat ;  
And that suspended current in her veins  
To run, and rack her, as it gathered strength,



And prick with tingling tortures, pangs and pains,  
Far worse than any she in drowning felt.  
So with their patient patiently they dealt,  
And charmed and chafed her till to life restored.  
But with her life her first resolve returned ;  
And in her recklessness she let them know  
The scheme which to accomplish still she burned,  
To yield herself, ere he could strike a blow,  
To save her people, to her people's foe.  
How she repented soon that she had told  
Her secret : for the Chief, of no great name  
Or note, and doubtless of as little worth,  
Who ruled this petty village, stood,  
With that marauding magnate of the North,—  
Though some remote connection he could claim,  
So she was told, by marriage or by blood—  
On terms of doubtful amity ; and hence  
The crafty schemer was too glad to seize  
A lucky accident like this to please  
The mightier potentate ; so forthwith hatched  
A plan—to feign he could not trust her tale ;  
And hold her captive, on the false pretence  
He did so to secure her without fail  
For the great Chief, until the last could say  
What was his will about her : then despatched  
A trusty messenger that will to learn ;  
And issued strict commands, till his return  
Her every movement should be closely watched,  
Nor she permitted from the 'pah' to stray.  
And thus the great man's favour would be won ;  
Besides that, for such shining service done,  
A splendid claim, he reckoned, would arise  
For '*utu*'—compensation or reward,

The other could not fail to recognize.  
But she, determined not to be debarred  
From fully working out her first intent,  
To put both Chief and people off their guard,  
Affected in this plan to acquiesce ;  
Resolved whene'er their watchfulness grew less,  
As finding 'twas but trouble vainly spent,  
She would escape ; her lonely road resume ;  
Self-guided seek her self-inflicted doom ;  
The merit of her sacrifice retain,  
And greater power o'er proud Pomarë gain.  
So at the village patiently she stayed ;  
Till all their first suspicions were allayed ;  
About her ways it seem'd they little cared ;  
And she had everything for flight prepared :  
Nay, would that very night, unseen, unknown,  
Upon her errand of despair have flown ;  
Rushed on the fate she loathed, yet would have braved  
Had she not been, by gift of all she craved,  
This blest return of his affection, saved.



So, parting ere the dawn, with life renewed,  
The plan concerted, calmly they pursued.  
Two days they passed, eventless and serene,  
Each by the other seemingly unseen ;  
Or in what intercourse they chanced to hold  
Making a mock indifference, forced and cold,  
Their fervid interest in each other screen.  
In sad regards dissembling deep delight,  
Impassioned, with how passionless a mien,  
They crossed each other's path ! with loving slight,

Hidden half-glances of such dear deceit—  
Unrecognizing recognition sly and sweet !

Then Ranolf to his hosts kind farewell bade ;  
Much to their grief—so handsomely he paid ;  
Nor seemed to notice Amo was not there  
Just at the instant that farewell to share :  
Then went on board ; and found the busy Ship  
With cheery noise of near departure gay ;  
Sails shaken loose and anchor now arip,  
Waiting the evening hour of ebbing tide ;  
Worked by the steadiest of the men—a few  
Exceptions to the riot-wearied crew—  
Who jaded with rude revel listless lay,  
Nor longer to evade their duty tried,  
Content at last or glad to get away.

Then down the harbour she was seen to glide,  
Past the bare windy outer heads sunbright,  
The glossy yellowish bluffs—into the blue ;  
There on the dim expanse, she lingering lay  
With slowly changing attitudes, in sight,  
As if her stately beauty to display ;  
Then, dwindling ever in the fading light,  
Looked, now a column sloping softly white,  
Now ruddy, blushing in the sunset's ray ;  
Till silently absorbed in growing grey  
She vanished—wrapt in close-encircling Night.

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## VI.

These moving moveless Mountains and still Main,  
Had nearly in their unfelt flight again

Slipped from beneath the funnel of deep shade  
For ever shot from our Sun-circling ball,  
Through which we peer into Infinity ;—  
Those four grand worlds tremendous which we call  
A Cross—and their immensity invade  
With faiths and fancies of our tiny Star,  
Seemed to have turned them in their watch on high,  
And changed the side from which to gaze afar  
On the dark Pole—the seeming vacant Throne  
Of One that Warder bright adored alone !  
As in blue Syrian midnights long bygone,  
Some jewel-armoured Satrap Damascene,  
More from the fevered restlessness inspired  
By Love, than with his tedious vigil tired,  
Might oft have changed the spot where he would lean  
And keep his fierce enamoured glances, keen  
And glittering as his falchion, rapt and fast  
Upon the lattice-screen whereat at last  
His maddening matchless quest—some miracle-Queen,  
In loveliness and learnedness and loftiness  
Of spirit, perfect as that Palmyrene,—  
But one ecstatic moment might appear,  
Zenobia-like—too dazzlingly severe,—  
And frown a sunrise on the love's excess  
Its glory could reward but not repress !—  
Beneath the myriad eyes of that still Sky  
Cowering the conscious Ocean seemed to lie,  
With faint soft murmuring, finely-wrinkled swell ;  
As if it scarcely dared to heave or sigh  
Beneath the fascination of their spell ;—  
In brief, dear tortured Reader—it was near  
The dawn ; and Sea and Sky were calm and clear.

## VII.

Not far below the Port the Ship had left,  
The hills into a little cove were cleft ;  
The stony faces of the cliffs thus rent  
Showed twisted strata, strangely earthquake-bent,  
Running on each side circularly up—  
A great grey hollow like a broken cup !  
From crest and crevice, tortuously flung  
Those monstrous iron-hearted myrtles hung—  
Stiff snaky writhing trunks, and roots that clave  
And crawled to any hold the ramparts gave.  
Below, the level floor of sea-smoothed stone  
Was all scooped out and scored by wear and tear  
Of tides into round baths, and channels—bare  
Or with *sea-windflowers*, scarlet-ringed, o'ergrown :  
And big clay-coloured rocks and boulders,—dropt  
From mould-like hollows in the cliffs above,  
Where others like them sticking still outcropped,—  
Lay scattered round the margin of the cove.

Look ! in the starlit stillness, there and then,  
A boat emerging from the gloom appears ;  
Rowed by four stalwart, darkling, silent, men,  
With muffled oars and faintest splash scarce heard ;  
No sound beside, but the rare muttered word  
Of brief command from him who mutely steers  
And keenly round him through the darkness peers.  
How cautiously her channelled way she feels,  
And towards the rocks above the tideline steals !  
There with suspended oars the boatmen wait,

Careful lest even their drip be heard ; the Chief  
Steps out and listens on the lonely reef.  
No sight—no sound of anything that lives—  
A ‘cooeey!’ low and cautious, then he gives.  
See! one of those clay-coloured rocks, descried  
Dimly from where, with boathook held, the skiff,  
Lies gently tilting with the lapping tide,  
Seems, ’mid its dumb companions ’neath the cliff  
With life and motion suddenly endowed!  
It rises—swiftly running—leaping o’er  
The stony-ribbed and channel-furrowed floor;  
See! ’tis a female form—a graceful shape  
Not even the clay-hued mats that thickly drape  
The head and shoulders, all the figure shroud—  
Can wholly hide; and see! as it draws near  
And Ranolf (’twas none other) runs to meet  
And with glad gesture greet the vision dear,  
Beneath the hood—*this* time no doubtful dream—  
Two great delighted sparkling eyes appear—  
And such a wan glad face, so wan and sweet,  
And kindling with triumphant love supreme!

## VIII.

An ardent pressure of the hand (before  
That crew) a whisper of fond cheer—no more;  
And in the boat he makes her take her seat;  
“Push off, my lads—look sharp!”—and from the shore  
They steal; while she, her trustful heart at last  
At peace, albeit from apprehension past  
Still fluttering with a somewhat quicker beat,  
Crouches by that loved form; and by degrees  
With his rude comrades learns to feel at ease,

Confiding in the rough respect she sees  
They pay to his sea-knowledge—ready hand—  
Firm lip—and eye accustomed to command.  
The men 'give way' with vigorous strokes, nor fear  
Nor care who now may see the boat or hear ;  
With hoisted sail to catch what airs there be,  
She soon is gently trampling through the sea.

The Ship that in the offing, out of sight  
Had with scarce flapping canvas hung all night  
Becalmed, now as the breeze begins to rise  
With topsails backed and filled alternate, lies  
About one spot, till o'er the clearing main  
The boat returning is descried again.  
Then, with her yards braced round, and fair inclined,  
She lets them curve out boldly to the wind,  
Tacks towards the boat, and soon receives on board  
The wondering Maid, to life and love restored !

How all this had been planned need we describe ?  
That night when Ranolf found the drowned alive ;  
How he had won, and hardly had to bribe  
The bluff Ship-Master's soon-accorded aid ;  
How, unobserved, while for the Ship he stayed,  
The neighbouring coast he carefully surveyed  
And found a cove whence they could well embark ;  
How 'twas agreed that Amo should contrive  
After the Ship's departure, in the dark,  
When towards the morning all were sunk in sleep,  
Out of the village secretly to creep,  
And to the spot he pointed out repair ;  
There wait until she saw his boat arrive ;  
And do the same, as he would—'twas agreed—



If obstacles were met with, and need were—  
Night after night, until they should succeed.

## IX.

Then, as some choice and cherished plant, erewhile  
A thousand-blossomed wonder and a show—  
Camellia or Azalea—one great pile  
Of rounded knots of lovely-moulded snow,  
Starring the glistening gloom of dark-green leaves  
With such luxuriance in simplicity,  
A purity so lavish and so free ;—  
Or one unbroken broad diaphanous flush  
Of delicate flow'rets, luminous and lush  
As they were fashioned of the finest blush  
Of light, the heart's core of soft summer-eves,  
The tenderest recess of sunset, weaves ;—  
As such a Plant—if set in hard-bound soil  
Where cutting winds could wither and despoil,  
Till cankered leaves and scanty blooms declared  
How ill in such environment it fared ;  
But then again transferred from clay and cold  
To some warm nook of mellow-crumbling mould,  
Reviving and re-blooming would outburst  
In all the glory it could boast at first :—  
Even thus did Amo, and in days as few  
As this in months, her fairest charms renew ;  
Thus, rooted in the soil of rich Content  
And breathing Love's serenest element,  
Recovered fast, elastic and erect—  
The sprightliness of form by sorrow checked ;  
Once more, its supple roundness, sinuous grace,  
With slim and slender vigour chastely vied ;



Her eyes regained their dancing lights—her face  
Its winning frankness—sweet and sunny pride ;  
Thus did she, brilliant as again a bride,  
The shape and hues of happy health resume,  
And all her wild magnificence of bloom !

## X.

So, with its loving freight, to scenes untold—  
As daybreak wrapt her in its rosy fold,  
So—down and down, beneath the horizon's brink—  
Hull—sails—and masts—did that lone Vessel sink,  
And melt into the flood of morning gold.  
The Husband-lover and the lover-Wife  
Dipped down into the chequered deep of Life !  
So vanished—gliding down the blue hill-slope  
Of Ocean into an abyss of Hope ;  
Plunged deep and deeper, every day that flew  
In golden gulfs of bright Expectance—new  
Experience—all of glad and glowing True  
Or glorious Seeming, that can soothe and bless  
Youth, Fancy, fondest Love, with dreams of Happiness !

# Canto the Seventh.

## *After-Experiences.*

1. *Ranolf will learn that all Life is unsatisfying; and deem it a plan devised to win Man from over-regard for its beauty.* 2. *And that the Earth is a school for development of Soul, and the greatest works of Mind only students' essays.* 3. *Will not value Life too much.* 4. *Yet get his soul harmonized with it.* 5. *May conclude that 'Science' even may find a Law, in 'Circumstance' moulding individual lives and fortunes.* 6-11. *Will feel more and more the importance of the 'Probable'; and of all creeds and philosophies (Buddhism, Hegelism, Christianity, etc.) pointing to the same great Truth or system of Truths—such, for instance, as the intelligent government of the Universe and the final welfare of spiritualized Humanity.* 12. *Anyhow the sanguine one will still hold to Truth—an ineffable Good Spirit, and a boundless Hope.*

### I.

OF Ranolf's feelings in the after-day,  
His special findings by Life's varied way,  
But little further—little fuller—may  
This realistic record sing or say.

\* \* \*

In that first greatest grief his youth had felt,  
'Tis true his unformed Spirit had escaped  
The threatened doom, the shattering blow that might  
By his Soul-Sculptor's hammer have been dealt.

Perhaps—who knows? there was no need to smite :  
Perhaps the marble could with blow more slight  
Or shadow of that heavy one, be shaped :  
For he was of a nature that delight  
Could sooner than despair, refine and melt.  
Yet—never doubt it—Life and Time must teach  
*Him* too what they enforce on all and each ;  
That for all Souls, however richly dowered,  
With amplest gifts by fate or fortune showered,  
Something, where to the full they seem possess,  
Will surely seem deficient in the best ;  
Or those that seem complete will flit or fade  
Long ere the thirst they cause can be allayed.  
Their sure effect, designed or not, 'tis clear,  
Is to make one, old, world-wide Truth appear—  
Man ne'er shall find full satisfaction here ;  
Must learn while bound upon this earthly ball,  
The power and practice to renounce them all.

Yes! doubt it not ; he too in time will glean  
A glimpse so far into the mighty Plan,  
Into the working of this strange Machine  
The Universe ; and what mysterious ways  
The Wonder-worker takes to solve  
The problem he has set himself ; to make  
His glorious World in one rich round revolve  
Of beauty and attractiveness ; yet wean  
By Good disguised as Evil—helpless Man  
Her nursling, from her lovely breast  
And bid him from the sleep awake  
Wherein contented else he would for ever rest.

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## II.

Then—for the tasks of Life ;—whate'er the sphere  
Wherein his fleeting forces may 'be spent  
Will he not learn, herein too, Life was lent  
But as one stage for our development?—

God's studio is this Earth,  
And we, His pupils, for instruction sent,  
Are pottering at our work of little worth  
But to attain to faculties that here  
Reach no perfection, or at least complete  
No works that seem for such perfection meet.  
How oft does mastery, even the most assured,  
Moral or mental, seem in vain secured !

Our poets—artists—heroes—those  
Whose ripening powers or ripened could not fail,  
Their transient tools and organs lose,  
Oft when their Souls seem fittest to prevail—  
Most apt for thoughts or deeds sublime !

As if their lives were but a blossoming time ;  
They students—and the works they leave,

So far beneath what they conceive,  
But tyros' crude essays to what in vain  
Their fond imaginations long indeed  
In this life—but in this life are in train

Only in larger—loftier to achieve ;  
Essaying here, but elsewhere to succeed ;  
(*Thy* favourite faith, my Poet many-souled—  
All Intellect alight with Argus-eyes untold !)  
Till not alone the buds of beauty left  
By Nature's younger darlings soon bereft

Of life and lyre—too soon !—a Shelley made  
All spirit—nay—frail spirit—tortured flesh  
Self-fevering through false theories, griefs and heats  
And phantasms, to pure Spirit ; or a Keats,  
In senses for a human Soul too fresh  
And keen and fine, too dangerously arrayed ;  
Our young-eyed Cherubim, who like poor bees  
Over a citron-blossom lifeless curled,  
Not half their honey gathered for the world,  
Died at their sweet vocation ;—O not these—  
Nor the rathe buds of amaranth they seize—  
But roses fully blown ; the gorgeous train  
Of bright humanities a Shakespeare's brain  
Bids into being, deathless and intense,  
Reflecting God's own Life-crowd—hue for hue  
And gleam for gleam—so varied—vivid—true—  
The double Rainbow's second Arch, in stripe  
And stain scarce dimmer than its archetype !—  
Even these, to his great Spirit taken hence,  
Seem left but like the drooping coronet  
Of threaded anthers hanging still around  
Some tiny nectarine-fruit, green, newly-set ;  
The poor triumphant relic that once crowned  
Its flowering-time incipient, immature ;  
Just dropping from the fruit that must expand  
To golden richness in the radiance pure  
Of wider Skies and some diviner Land !

## III.

And as the Will Supreme intends  
Life's highest work as means, not ends :  
Its joys and pleasures, coarse—refined—  
Alike to be renounced—resigned ;

Will he not feel at last, and see  
The more for every misery,  
The rolling seasons as they flee,  
To *him* too, as to all mankind  
Full surely will dispense—decree,—  
That Life itself is meant to be  
Held loosely—lightly?—as one day  
When he with Amohia gay  
Roamed in that earliest bliss of love,  
He held upon his open palm  
*A slender beetle* silver-bright  
Beneath, all pure grass-green above ;  
And bade her come and look how fair  
The dainty creature, 'lighted there  
And running to his finger-tip  
To gain a vantage-ground to slip  
Off into air, its native balm ;  
“So should we hold this Life” he thought,  
“So watch with interest, deep delight,  
The flitting thing with beauty fraught,  
Long as it lingers in our sight ;—  
So let it take, nor e'er repine,  
When go it must, its mystic flight,  
Into the limitless Divine !”

## IV.

And he will feel—for such as he,  
Of healthy frame and reason free,  
Are more than most, secure to feel,  
As straight he steers through rocks and shoals,  
What haven rests for noble souls !  
Yes, he will feel through woe and weal,

The power of Time to soothe and heal ;  
And tune the Soul to full concent  
With its surrounding element.  
The wear and tear of right and wrong  
Less injure than befriend, the strong ;  
And cheerful heart and chastened will  
Uplift them ; and Experience still  
Maturing, lends a master's skill,  
Life's rich Harmonium-reeds to sound,  
Once dumb, or so discordant found ;  
With easy stop some pain prevent ;  
With facile touches, lightly thrown,  
Give simpler pleasures fuller tone ;  
And from the ebon-ivory range  
Of chequered days and chance and change,  
Draw symphonies serene and strange,  
Melodious Music of Content.  
They gain, like fruits, as ripe they grow,  
More sweetness, with a sunnier glow ;  
Till, mellowing ever, they begin  
The faith as very truth to hold—  
The best of worlds is that wherein  
Is much of Evil, so-called 'Sin' ;  
With active wish and earnestness  
To make that 'Sin' and Evil less.  
So by degrees to Fate they mould  
The Will that seemed so uncontrolled ;  
And patience comes—and passions cool ;  
And where they once were ruled, they rule ;  
Love's wing grows wider—Thought's more bold  
The iron bonds are turned to gold ;  
The chafing and restraint are past ;  
And what were chains at first, are ornaments at last.

## v.

And what if he one day shall see, nor dream—  
Though from the Soul's own intimate emotions  
It be conceded the profoundest notions  
Of the unfathomable unison  
Between it and the Universe be won—  
What if it grow with gathering years more plain,  
That the divine Developer's Life-Scheme  
Might yet by Science in her own domain,  
The Positive—that euphrasy and rhue,  
The mental vision from the mists to purge  
Of Speculation beyond Reason's verge—  
Be caught a glimpse of ; with no logic-strain,  
Transcendent or empiric, or the twain  
United, over-subtle for sound brain ;  
But patient observation, record true  
Of all the agencies clear sight may trace  
Of Circumstance, beyond its own control  
That make and mould each individual Soul  
Of myriad myriads of the human race ;—  
Of all the hints and seeming accidents,  
Felicitous and opportune events,  
Though slight, so often from without supplied,  
The balanced Will that seems so free, to guide ;  
And be the fountains of a cataract wide  
Involving the whole being in its tide !  
All that strange Loom of Life that round us plays,  
That made the grand old Greek, beyond all praise,  
The wisest, bravest, best, of Ancient Days,  
Paint it a guardian Angel by his side—  
His prescient Diotima piteous-eyed.



All this shall make at last a Science grand  
Of Circumstance—no sceptic shall withstand,  
Wherein shall be perceived a law and laws,  
Not to be gathered from a single mind,  
But myriad inner histories combined ;  
And in the laws, clear purpose, conscious Cause.

What ! shall the very Winds of heaven that rise  
And sink and run their seeming reckless round,  
Like Tartar cavalry scouring the wide skies  
Intractable and trackless ! shall all these  
And every Storm that tears the limitless seas,  
Ranging the Ocean's amplitude—be found  
Obedient to fixed Law—to Order bound ?—  
Shall all that shifting swift Aurora-dance,  
Those phantom revels round the secret Poles,  
Be set to God-made music that controls  
And bids each brilliant spasm up-leap and glance  
By happy rule—harmonious governance ?  
Yet this—Humanity's abounding Mould,  
The ever-active matrix manifold  
Of Spirit, restless round Earth's millions rolled,  
This vast Machinery for making Souls,  
Be but chaotic Force—the child of Chance ?—

A vain surmise !—but as that Law of Storms  
Cannot be gathered from a single breeze  
Or local gale ; so must a myriad forms  
Of lives and their environments be learned  
And disentangled ere can be discerned  
The law that flows round each, unguessed, unseen,  
Like fluid wool that through the ribbed machine  
Which looks so bare, so finely runs and fast

O'er whirling cylinders, a viewless stream,  
Till in a visible flue scraped off at last :—  
Even so, the presence of a Power supreme  
Shall be detected as its subtle way  
It works throughout the infinite whirl and play  
Of ever-rolling restless Circumstance ;  
So from a million inmost beings scanned  
With cool and scrutinizing vigilance  
That marks each motive whencesoever brought,  
Each faintest impulse from without them caught ;  
So may at last material pure be won  
Whence ductile threads of reasoning may be spun,  
Which all the strain of logic shall withstand ;  
And such a radiant raiment woven alone  
By Intellect, as—warmly, widely thrown  
About the shivering Soul—shall make it feel  
Aglow with full assurance of eternal weal !

## VI.

But in Life's starry twilight obscure, O be sure such a  
Wanderer as he  
Will the worth of the 'probable,' nay, of the 'possible' more  
and more see,  
As the limited rays of the gas-lamps of knowledge demon-  
strative press  
With their narrowness more on his soul, evermore to its  
nobler distress !

## VII.

"But to me," he would muse, "it seems ever more possible,  
probable too,

That all Faiths and Philosophies, higher and lower, the old  
as the new  
Are but parts of one System sublime,—have Ideas universally  
true !  
Each that seemed an Aldebaran, Sirius once—but a fixed  
Sun or Star  
That must pant in its lordly seclusion, alone, independent,  
afar,  
Was or is—though by handbreadths in ages, approaching  
or moving around  
Some vast undefinable centre, some Truth through them all  
to abound !  
Of one Mystery all revelations, though outlets so varied  
they try ;  
Sheet-lightnings that glimmer responsive from opposite points  
of the Sky !  
All but tones of one measureless Music revolving in  
symphony sweet,  
Where the deep rich Eternity's bass must the chimes of  
Existence complete !

## VIII.

“Thus more rational ever it seems that the vague tran-  
scendentalist's cloud  
Of the ‘Absolute’ must, to be real, as with orient hues, be  
endowed  
With the qualities (since without *any* ’twere quite incon-  
ceivable still)  
Of Intelligence Infinite ever—no less than Omnipotent  
Will,  
Whose manifold manifest tokens the visible Universe  
fill !

The identical 'Mind' then 'twould be, whose Idea Divine  
like a gleam  
From itself, could for Plato illumine his shadowy groves  
Academe;  
And anew,—by the sandy hot glare where those time-eaten  
monoliths brown  
On the solemn inscrutable Sphinx, as the sunshine eternal,  
look down,  
Or the date-palms of Nile, ruddy-golden, its cacao-dark  
overflow crown,—  
Vary-starred the Mosaics of Philo,—in Christian Theosophy  
soared  
Of Tertullians and Plato-fed Clements, who welcomed it,  
loved and adored  
(Since their Infinite must be defined!) as their '*Reason*'—  
their '*Logos*,' their Lord,  
Self-existent ere all things began—ere it spoke itself forth as  
their '*Word*'!—

How these lofty Ideas—so essential to Man—ever shoot  
up and shine  
O'er the dim Sea of Ages unchanged—like the spouts of the  
Whale o'er the brine  
Far apart, yet, as true as from shots ricochetting, unswerved  
from one line!  
Lo, the Mind over-ruling Platonic—the Logos Patristic—  
itself  
Long before more than crudely conceived in the creed of  
that mystical Elf—  
Hoary-headed and sixty years old at his birth—the '*Old  
Boy*'—Lao-tse!—

Philosophical rattle the reverend Babe in oracular play  
O'er his senior-juniors shook, as he lisped them in long-tailed Cathay  
Of the 'Absolute' all *he* could guess—as the 'Taou'—the  
    'Method'—the 'Way'  
Of the Mystery when from its lake of primordial stillness it  
    steals  
Down the Universe-River serene, and its intimate presence  
    reveals  
As a simple 'Becoming,'—spontaneous—effortless—void of  
    all aim,—  
Yet attaining—evolving—resulting in harmonized Nature  
    the same !—

Once again, lo! that "Method"—'Mind'—'Logos';—  
    thinly masked by a scholarly name,—  
From the subtle mild East meditative—the fervid fanatical  
    South—  
Irrepressible notion! upsprings in the Northern cold  
    sceptical drouth;—  
Reappears like a vanished revolving Sea-Light slow-reviving  
    aflame,—  
As your 'Immanent Reason'!—for *this* too, a Will all-  
    puissant must claim  
Like the rest; since though leaving the Good, while the  
    Ages the issue await,  
Through the Cosmos we ken of to wrestle with Evil and  
    ravin and hate,  
'Tis invested with might to o'errule the mystic and multiform  
    fray—  
Can coerce the two foes internecine—the duel æonian sway

Till the higher as Victor come forth in some new indescribable Day!

But the Day! what should *it* be and when?—when the ‘Absolute’, might we not say—

Shall flood the new skies with pure gold—shall its perfect predominance prove

In the triumph of Light without limit—the reign of unlimited Love!—

What if *this* were the high ‘reconciling Idea’ which all others transcends;

‘And to realize, organize which the whole Universe struggles and tends’—

If this ‘Absolute’ were but the Love which with Reason eternally blends!—

Then Philosophy were—an ally—in Religion’s best colours attired;

Then the Unity Hegel the Thinker less clearly conceived than desired,

Were the ‘Notion.’ the Nazarene taught, by his heart’s simple grandeur inspired!

## IX.

“And that other Idea Immortality (surely ’twere truthlike to say),

Should it e’er seem extinct, will survive,—take what fashion soever it may!

Will array itself yet in new robes of acceptance; new warranty find

For the favour—caresses more coy—more fastidious faith of Mankind!

O the grand old Belief they will keep, that the Soul to best  
reasoning still—  
In Matter's despite—but a drop from the Ocean of Infinite  
Will—  
But a Sun-ray from Infinite Energy—ever fate-driven to  
yearn  
By its restlessness under the Finite, with longings that  
quenchlessly burn  
For the Infinite—is to that Infinite destined at last to  
return!

How Religions reflect one another! how vital that notion  
was found  
In the East reappearing of old as the natural human re-  
bound  
Of Cathayan and Thibetan millions Gautama's illusions  
unsound  
Had revolted, when first on Mankind a practical trial was  
made  
Of the Nihilist dream; and the saintly and sated Beguiler  
essayed,  
From his half-view of Life as *all* Evil, to tempt men by æons  
of pain  
Still renewed (so immortal by Nature this Life was!) to  
gain  
Stone-stupidity—blockish no-being! to highest Morality  
strain  
Suicidally mad to grow mortal; buy Death with all Life has  
of best;  
Be divinest in worth to be worthy destruction! and mock-  
ingly blest,  
For a million sad years' self-denial be marred with one  
moment of Rest!—

And surely our modern negation that smothers in Positive  
smoke  
Of the senses that primal pure flame will a kindred reaction  
provoke !  
Bid the Future repicture the ancient persuasion—some  
fresh way unfold  
How—emerging at first from the Absolute—trailing its  
glory and gold,—  
As the current electric, a Hermes outwinging that swift one  
of old,  
From magnetic Abysses emerges,—the soul too, though  
hurried amain—  
Borne along on its wire of Life, to the Absolute dipping  
again,  
On its own individual circuit a mystical hold can retain !  
Can its special electrical thread of conscious identity keep ;  
Or should conscious identity vanish, no less through the  
Infinite Deep,  
In channels of new isolation, itself with new Self could  
array ;  
Never lost 'mid the myriad millions of like Life-currents  
that stray  
In the Absolute realm multitudinous weaving their wonder-  
ful way  
To what Pole—but the Highest Perfection ! why, say to the  
Jewel sublime  
In the *Lotus* !—though truly all figures as fastened in Space  
and in Time  
Fail to picture the Absolute *out* of them,—still, as in Dantean  
rhyme,



All the Blest billion-throned make a snowy-white Rose far-  
horized, world-wide,  
In its amphitheatral immensity mirrored serene in the  
crystal light-tide  
Fed brimful from that Fount of Perfection ; while bee-  
swarms of Angels flame-bright  
Up and down ever flitting and dipping in splendours that  
veil It from sight,  
With their golden soft-winnowing wings fetch and fan them  
new peace and delight,—  
Why, if Nature makes Orient millions those happy fore-  
shadowings share,  
Why discard the fine witness in favour of Hope the wise  
heretics bear,  
When they image what none can imagine—the Absolute  
Presence compare  
To the Lotus that crowns the still waters of Infinite Life with  
its bloom ;  
And around its pure Essence of light-killing Light will  
assemble—illuminate—  
All the boundlessly clustering petals, to circle its glorious Orb—  
All the Spirits its Love will inform—so in bliss of its Being  
absorb !—  
Then the future forlorn of the Soul which the saturnine  
Sakyan wooed  
Were rekindled to harmony bright with convictions the  
healthier mood  
Of a consciousness still more majestic, a sympathy ampler,  
indued ;  
So were peasant-meek Prince with yet princelier Peasant—  
Gautama the Good  
With the grand Galilean at one ; so the Aryan Lotus would  
shine

The Semitic high 'House of the Father'—the home 'many-mansioned'—divine !

## X.

Nay, that Positive Science methinks (why should Truth that expectancy bar ?)

Through its prison-grate peering may hail the high-peaks sky-developed afar ;

Not alone, by keen insight of all that the springs of Life-streams may affect,

Like the mighty Athenian Martyr, within its own realm unsuspect,

Some unguessed under-guidance discern—a supreme Diotima detect ;

But the realm may enlarge till its laws—so consummate to deal with that 'wire'

May the Soul-current's self apprehend, and show to our dearest desire

How its circuits invisible *must* through the Cosmos eternally range,

Or its negative Finite recharged to an Infinite positive change !—

Then its 'God'—that 'Humanity' too, no prairie on fire would be,

Ever-dying,—but rather the world-wide unwithering Igdrasil Tree

The old Norseman conceived it ; therein could its nobler divinity see !

From its furthestmost fibre of root to the leaf on its uttermost spray

Still informed with the sap of true being—the sunshine of shadowless Day !

So were worth adoration perhaps—amaranthine—trans-  
planted on high !—

Or, advancing from system to system star-peopling the  
mystical Sky,  
Say its myriad forms never-resting, in purer Valhallas might  
vie,  
Of ever-new excellence emulous,—spirits that ceaselessly  
prove  
Their prowess in rivalry finer of loftier, luminous Love !—

## XI.

“How, but ends of broad rays, all these Faiths, under cloud-  
skirts too vast to dispel,  
Though they slant up at angles opposed, to one centre yet  
pointing so well,  
Of the great hidden Splendour—the Soul’s happy destiny—  
solemnly tell !”—

## XII.

But whatsoever he may dream or see  
Of Facts acceptable in each degree  
Of requisite assuredness ;  
Those lowlier, Logic proves yet must confess  
Ne’er to be wholly fathomed—known ;  
Those loftier, best Emotions bid us own ;  
One feeling never will he cease to share,—  
The cheery faith that all things, foul or fair,  
For some wise purpose must be as they are ;  
The Evil but a scheme, half understood,  
For better evolution of the Good !—  
—Not cease ; though ever will the sanguine-hearted,

With greater zeal by Time and Life imparted,  
Swear fearless fealty in age as youth,  
To highest Reason and all-questioning Truth !—  
    And ever will exclaim,  
With thought as daring, earnestness the same :  
“O heat of loving Heart ! O light of chainless Mind !  
When will conviction flash on dull mankind,  
That you are One and True ; to doubt you, false and blind !  
And O, thou Great First Cause ineffable ! O Being  
    In infinite ubiquitous persistence  
By our conceptions inconceivable—to all our seeing  
Invisible ! yet forced upon us as unknown Existence  
    By all Existence known ! O Thou  
    The source of Soul and Nature, Man and Brute  
Whom in this sensuous deep thou dost immerse—  
Thou hast ordained that deep shall still avow  
Thyself—some shadow of Thyself reveal—  
Potent o'er inmost consciousness to steal ;  
A conscious brooding PRESENCE—through thy Universe  
    For ever everywhere intrusive—  
    For ever everywhere elusive—  
Resistlessly suggestive, yet inexorably mute !—  
    Aye ! strange the Mystery, and fathomable never,  
Of everything that *is*—this actual Here and Now—  
Impenetrable still—yet interpenetrated ever  
With a divineness beaming through the dark,  
Ubiquitous—unceasing !—from the highest cope  
Of heaven with Astral Systems flung along its slope  
    To the minutest microscopic spark  
Or speck of life obscure in air or earth or sea—  
Some viewless *animalcule*—such a vivid shield

Of trembling rings of iridescent splendour  
The very Rainbow by its side would yield  
The palm—has no such glory to attend her  
As we are startled to find there, unseen  
By unassisted sense !—so manifest a glow  
Of Beauty and Power transcendent from below  
Rises to meet the Power and Beauty above  
That through those star-worlds limitless expand—  
And stealing through our Finite's dimmest screen,  
Leavens the Universe with Light and Love !

Until we feel, we darkling men—  
So darkling in our nook of narrow days  
And cramping thoughts and creeping ways—  
As in the midst, longing for light, between  
That Infinitesimal and Infinite we stand—  
Feel that the Finite's evil and its haze  
Are destined to be lost, transfigured in the blaze  
Of the abounding Presence, eloquent then,  
Of that life-giving Beauty and Power divine—  
Say rather, O UNNAMEABLE, of Thine !—  
Thou—in this Mystery, starry-dark as night,  
Yet beautiful and wonderful beyond the scope  
Of utmost admiration—yet a pure delight,  
A joy exhaustless by all thirst  
For joy Thyself didst plant within us first,—  
Thou hast ensured that we may rest  
In one conviction not to be supprest—  
For us whatever destiny  
Thou dost ordain, must be the fittest—best !  
Thou hast therein writ thy decree  
It shall for Man for ever be  
Inevitable to conclude Thee good and just ;  
Most rational to hold a boundless Hope ;

Most inwardly ennobling utterly to trust  
In the firm stronghold of the True and Right,  
And widest Love's unconquerable might,  
As best sustainment of his being's height—  
Best revelation of Thy Will and Thee !—  
Therefore we blench not ! therefore boldly say :

‘O Man ! thou momentary ray  
Shot from the hidden Splendour far away—  
Sheet-lightning gleam of a perceptive power  
Taking wide Nature's surface for its dower ;  
O phantom-puppet of miraculous clay !  
Thou that art launched into the infinite void  
Upon thy sparkling bubble-world upbuoyed ;  
And—as an Insect on a floating leaf  
Runs to and fro incapable of flight,  
And works and waves in air its horns so slight,—  
Dost ever, on thy voyage brief,  
Keep stretching towards some unimagined goal  
Hid in the blank abyss of Light  
The feeble feelers of thy Soul !  
Poor Atom on the Ocean of the All—  
Hold bravely onward ! faint not yet nor fall—  
Some day shall come full answer to thy call ! ’

\* \* \*

Enough—the homely reel of Life we hold—  
Of Amo's life and Ranolf's is unrolled ;  
She and her thoughtful thoughtless Wanderer bold,  
Slight subjects of a lingering theme,  
Faint visions of a too protracted dream,  
Sink down—and like the ghosts of every-day,  
The solid real flesh-phantoms—fade away !



NOTES TO BOOKS IV., V., VI., AND VII.





## NOTES.

1. "Campaspe."  
"Cupid and my Campaspe played  
At cards for kisses. Cupid paid," etc.  
*Song*, by John Lyly, the Euphuist.
2. "Savarin." Brillât-Savarin, author of that drily-humorous  
cookery-book, *La Physiologie du Goût*.
3. The description of carriages in the text was actually given by a  
Maori, and is recorded in somebody's book of travels.
4. "Your native myth how Woman first," etc.—"The first woman  
was not born, but formed out of the earth by the *Arohi-rohi* or quiver-  
ing heat of the Sun, and the Echo."—*New Zealand and its Inhabi-  
tants*, p. 18.
5. The Maories to this day have a superstitious dread of ascending  
the mountain alluded to.
6. "The last person who had wings was Te Kahui-rere; he lost  
them by a woman pressing them down when he was asleep."—Taylor's  
*New Zealand*, etc., p. 34.
7. Wakatu, the inventor of Kite-flying.—See *Polynesian Mytho-  
logy*; "*Adventures of Rata*."
8. "A cockle-shell." Shells of cockles, whelks, or other marine  
mollusks, are often found on the banks of rivers or freshwater lakes in  
the heart of the country.
9. The readers of good old-fashioned Lempriere will remember the  
golden grasshoppers or rather *cladas* the Athenians used to stick in  
their hair as emblematical of their nation's origin from the soil, and  
consequently great antiquity. The 'Well amid the violets' is one of

the beautiful rural images with which Aristophanes tantalizes the Athenians pent up so many years within their town-walls;

ἀλλ' ἀναμνησθέντες ἄνδρες  
 . . . τῶν τε σύκων, τῶν τε μύρτων,  
 τῆς τρυγός τε τῆς γλυκείας,  
 τῆς ἰωνίας τε τῆς πρὸς τῷ φρεατὶ, κ.τ.λ.  
 'Ειρήνη, 565-71.

For the *kind* of well, see Dr. Clarke's *Travels in Greece*.

The style and ornamentation of the vase (though possibly too ancient) is from Dr. Schliemann's *Mycenæ*; see p. 65, etc., for their having been used in Attica. Carried on the head most probably; for the awkward shouldering of their pitchers by the damsels (Choephoræ) in the Parthenon bas-reliefs at the British Museum must have been caused by the narrowness of the friezes and the obvious necessities of Art-composition.

The practice of scenting clothes-chests with apples is metaphorically alluded to by Aristophanes in the 'Wasps':

—'εσβαλλετε δ' εἰς τὰς κιβωτοὺς  
 μετὰ τῶν μήλων· κἂν τὰντα ποιῇθ',  
 ὅμῳν δὲ ἔτους τῶν ἱματίων  
 οἷσσι δειξιότητος.—1056-9.

10. "Immeasurable abyss," etc. Let not the English reader think this too high a flight for a Maori girl. It is but a slight amplification of an epithet not uncommonly applied in their songs by a woman to her lover: "*taku torere*—my Abyss!" And a pet phrase of theirs in the like case, given by Mr. Shortland in one of the books above cited, is, "*Taku kua kaimanawa*—my Spirit-devouring Hoopoe!" the hoopoe being, as the Maori describe it, a bird "*nui nui rangatira*—very chieftainlike—very, very much of a gentleman."

11. "War-chief." Napoleon in Egypt.—*Bourrienne*.

12. "Diviners bold," etc. As Kepler, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, foretold the existence, between Mars and Jupiter, of the planet required by the laws and analogies he had established; which planet, in its fragmentary condition, was discovered about 200



years later by Baron Zach, Piazz, D'Olbers, and others, as Ceres, Pallas, etc., and the numerous asteroids in their neighbourhood. Similar instances of the accordance of Nature with the independent deductions of Science occurred in the prediction by Copernicus of the existence in Venus of phases like the moon's; and in our time, the indication by Leverrier (from intricate and abstruse calculations, to account for the "perturbations of Uranus"), of the existence and precise locality of the new planet Neptune, discovered as soon as sought for in the direction pointed out by the prophetic astronomer.

13. "Race of War-fleets." Every one knows the object of the French and Spanish fleets was to draw Nelson away from the British seas; but the affair was none the less a flight and a chase, and the grandest in history.

14. "Shook at his very name," etc. "There came from the traveller Wolfe, then at Bokhara, a letter saying the General's anger was dreaded there; and at the same time presents and assurances of good-will arrived from many other quarters, amongst them, from the Affghan Chiefs of Candahar and Herat; and it was at this time the Khan of Khiva, whose dominions border on the Aral and Caspian seas, sent a prince of his family to negotiate an alliance with the victorious General."—Sir W. Napier's *Administration of Scinde by Sir C. J. Napier*, p. 140. Could he but have had 10,000 men and *carte-blanche*!

"The brother of Shay-tan," was the name given at first, in their wonderment and terror, by some of the subdued tribes to Sir C. Napier. —Two or three years of such a man's government would have made the Maories peaceful, industrious, contented, and *loyal*.

15. Captain St. George, a young and most promising officer in the Colonial service, was killed while leading the native contingent in a successful attack upon a 'pah' or fortified village at Poutou, near Roto-aira, occupied by rebel natives under the religious fanatic, Te Kooti, on the 4th of October, 1869. Being alone ahead of the others, he drew the enemy's fire upon himself "as," said the official despatch of an eyewitness and fellow-combatant—Captain Mair, in the same service—he "led his men on in his usual dashing style."

Te Kooti was the principal leader or founder of the "Hau-hau," who attracted his followers by pretending to revelations from an Angel of the extermination of the whites and their own invulnerability.

16. "Is this your mutton-fish!" etc. The proverb is given by Mr. Shortland. The natives make the eyes (or rather the irides of the eyes) of their wooden images, and of spearheads, etc., out of the nacre or mother-of-pearl lining of these shells. Hence, no doubt, the allusion to this shell-fish with the gesture (attributed to Tangi in the text) may be explained as equivalent to asking, "Is this eye of mine like that of an image? am I a dead or senseless thing you can do what you like with?"

17. "Tongariro"—a volcano, 6500 feet high, in the centre of the Northern Island; in active eruption when this was written (May, 1871).

18. "Mawai, the Gourd," and "Marupo," are real names given for the reasons stated in the text.

19. "Pry into the wound," etc. "Natives used *kai-katea* and *krua-kaua* leaves, and other herbs as medicines. . . . Bullet-wounds were well washed, lead extracted, boiled herbs applied externally."—Polack's *Manners and Customs of the New Zealanders*, vol. ii. p. 99, etc.

20. The sounds described here were those which accompanied the approach of spirits in Maori conjurations.

21. The deathwound—occupations during his last illness—and the last words attributed to Tangi, were really those of a celebrated Maori warrior, E Hongi, killed in the early part of the century. The conduct and exclamations of the priest are from a description of the death of a chief in *Old New Zealand*, a very graphic and humorous book by F. E. Maning, Esq., now a Judge of the New Zealand Native Lands Court.

22. "Made breezes sigh," etc. The "pathetic fallacy," denounced by Mr. Ruskin, is at least undeniably and purely natural, and perhaps universal. Instances of it occur very frequently in Maori songs.

23. "The wreck of a Rainbow"—called by sailors, a *sun-dog*.

23A. "Thy favourite faith."—See Mr. Browning's works—*passim*.

24. "Their Reason, their Logos, their Lord." These two extracts (made I forget when or from whose translation) will perhaps justify what is said in the text:

"But long before the World, we (the Christians) existed in the will

and intention of God ; for we are the rational creation of God's *rational will* (τοῦ Θεοῦ λόγου ἡ λογικὰ πλάσματα ἡμεῖς) and through him we became the most ancient ; for the Logos, *i.e.* Reason, was in the beginning, and as the Logos was before all things, so he was and is the divine origin of all."—Clement of Alexandria, *Protrepticon*.

"For God was before all things alone ; being both world and place and everything to himself. Alone, because there is nothing exterior to him ; and yet not alone, because he had in himself his reason ; for God is rational and reason was first in him . . . and this reason is his sensation. The Greeks term it λόγος, which we translate 'Word' ; and thus our people for brevity sake say 'In the beginning the Word was with God,' though it would be properer to say *Reason*, since God was not *speaking* from the beginning though *rational* ; and this he was even before the beginning ; for the very word spoken, consisting of *Reason*, shows the prior existence of this latter. Considering therefore and disposing by his Reason, he effected his Will by his Word."—Tertullian, *adv. Praxeam*, c. 5.

25. "TAO1" or "Tão"—the most abstract of the three principal Deities worshipped respectively by the three different religious sects of the Chinese (*Fo*, or Buddha ; *Tien*, the 'Visible Heavens,' of Confucius ; and this Tão), all of course mixed up and encrusted with the grossest superstitions,—was revealed to his disciples by '*Lao-tse*,' meaning literally the 'Old Boy'—born about 604 B.C.—*Encyclopædia Britannica*, 9th ed.

26. The "Jewel in the Lotus." See N. 17, vol. i.

The 'White Rose of Saints,' etc.—DANTE, *Divina Commedia*.

"Lume (isplendor di Dio) . . .

Si distende in circular figura . . .

E come clivo in acqua . . . si specchia, . . .

Si soprastando al lume intorno intorno

Vidi specchiarsi in piu di mille soglie

Quanto da noi lassù fatto ha ritorno."

*Paradiso*, Canto xxx.

"In forma dunque di candida rosa

Mi si mostrava la milizia santa

Che nel suo sangue Cristo fece sposa.

Ma l'altra che volando vede e canta

La gloria di colui che l'innamora, etc. . . .

Si come schiera d'api che s'infiora, etc.

Nel gran fior discendeva. . . .

. . . e quindi risaliva

La dove il suo amor sempre soggiorna.

Le facce tutte avean di fiamma viva,

E l'ali d'oro, etc.

Quando scendean nel fior di banco in banco

Porgevan della pace e dell' ardore

Ch'elli acquistavan ventilando il fianco : " etc.

Ibid. Canto xxxi.

### WAIATA, OR NATIVE SONGS.

27. '*E tangi—e—te ihu.*' The original of this song is as follows :

*"E tangi, e, (te ihu, e!) whakiwha karere*

It resounds, alas ! (the nostril—ah !) the plucking (carping) at me !

*Au anake ra kei te poti o te gnutu ;*

I only indeed at the corners of the lips ; (whispered against)

*E mate ana roto ki te tau o te rau ;*

I am sick within for the beloved of a hundred ;

*Kihai penei i taku whanakatanga ;*

Was not like this in my growing-up-time ;

*Te houtupu, e, kia au iho ai, taku moe ki te whare.*

The new-shoot, alas ! that I (lie) down—my sleep (dreaminess) at the house.

*Me toko kia mamao.*

Must push-with-the-pole (the canoe) to a distance.

*Penei, e te hoa, kawhakina taku iti ;*

In this case, O my friend, I must tear away my little self ;

*A noho i te au o Kuri-arapawa ;*

And float on the stream of Kuriarapawa ;

*A tomokia atu te whare o Miroa,*

And enter away (be received at) the house of Miroa ;

*A uhia au te whakaewa-rangi*

And be dressed up I (with the) fine tags of the cloak ;

*A titi taku rangi, te remu o te toroa,*

And will shine out my robe—the border of albatross-feathers ;

*A pa ki au—nui whakama noa !*

And the caressing for me—much ashamed all in vain ! "

This song is from Sir G. Grey's collection. "*Ropa is a declaration of love by pinching the fingers.*"—*Taylor's New Zealand, etc.*

28. "Over Mokoi-ahia." This song is a free amplification of the following poem from Sir G. Grey's collection :

*"Aha te hau e pa mai nei?*  
What is the gale which strikes this way?  
*He Uru—he tonga—he parawa—he taupoki ;*  
A westwind—a southwind (?) a hurricane—a whirlwind !  
*Ko nga hau tangi rua ;*  
For the wind roars two-ways ;  
*E tu ki te rae i Omere—ra—ra!*  
And stands up (rises at) the headland at Omere—there—there !  
*Ka kite koe, e Raha,*  
Do you look, O Raha,  
*I te ahi papakuri ki Kaiapohia?*  
At the fire red-bursting at Kaiapoi?  
*Ma te ihu waka,*  
By the prow of the canoe,  
*Ma te kakau-hoe*  
By the handle of the paddle,  
*E whakataupoki te riu o te waka o Maue!*  
Shall be overwhelmed the inside of the canoe of Maue!  
*Ki raro—ha!*  
Down beneath—ha !  
*Tuituia ha! Hereherea ha!—Kopekopea ha!*  
Linked together, ha ! bound together, ha ! joined tightly, ha !  
*Taku pokai tarapunga*  
My gathered-flock of terns  
*E tu ki muri wai*  
Settles behind the waters  
*O Waipara ra—hi—ha!*  
Of Waipara there—hi—ha !  
*Ka wakapae te riri tua!*  
There is quenched the much fighting !"

29. "We come ! we come !" etc. Paraphrase of a war-song given in *Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders*, by Ed. Shortland, M.A.



30. "I-ara ! I-ara !" This song, and the two Watch-songs below, commencing, "Be wakeful, O be watchful !" and "Stars are fleeting," respectively, are paraphrases of songs in Sir G. Grey's collection.

## NATURAL OBJECTS.

### I.—TREES AND SHRUBS.

31. Puriri ..... *Order*, Verbenacæ; *Genus*, Vitex; *Species*, Vitex Littoralis.  
 "A large tree, fifty to one hundred feet high; trunk twenty feet in girth." Common along the Northern coasts.
32. Totaras ..... See vol. i. N. 75.
33. Laurel-tree (Ta-rairi) ..... *O. Laurinix*; *G. Neodaphne*; *S. N. Tarairi*.  
 "A forest tree; sixty to eighty feet high; berry one and a half inches long; deep purple."
34. Asphodel (Ti) ..... *O. Liliacæ*; *G. Cordyline*; *S. C. Australis*.  
 "Leaves ensiform, two feet long, one and a half inches broad. Trunk ten to forty feet high. Flowers densely crowded." This genus, with others, forming the family Asphodeleæ, are included by Sir J. D. Hooker in the *O. Liliacæ*
35. Tree fern ..... *O. Filices*; *G. Cyathæa*; *S. C. dealbata* or Silverfern and *C. medullaris*.  
 Two common species. "Trunk twelve to forty feet high."
36. Titoki ..... Vol. i. N. 71.
37. Savoury Palm-tree (Nikau) ..... *O. Palmææ*; *G. Areca*; *S. A. sapida*.
38. King-pine (Kauri) ..... *O. Coniferæ*; *G. Dammara*; *S. D. Australis*.  
 "The famous Kauri pine; some near two hundred feet high and forty in girth."
39. Fuchsia-tree ..... *O. Onagraceæ*; *G. Fuchsia*; *S. F. excorticata*.  
 "Often three feet in diameter. A very large S. American and especially Andean genus of most beautiful plants; found nowhere in the Old World but in New Zealand." Outer bark in loose cinnamon-coloured flakes; underneath sappy and bright pea-green.

40. Clematis..... *O. Ranunculacæ*; *G. Clematis*; *S. C. indivisa*.

"A large, strong woody climber, with trunk often half a foot in diameter. Flowers most abundantly produced; white, sweet-scented; according to Sir J. Banks and Dr. Solander, abundant throughout the islands, festooning the trees." Flowers, seven-petalled stars, three and one-eighth inches in diameter.

41. Kowhai (yellow and scarlet). See vol. i. N. 74.

42. Eurybia ..... *O. Compositæ*; *G. Olearia*.

Many species. Broad-leaved shrubs; underside of leaf pure furry white.

43. Creeper-fern ..... *O. Filices*; *G. Polypodium*; *S. P. rupestre* (*Nipholobolus rupestris*).

44. Lycopod. .... *Lycopodium volubile*, or *L. densum*.

45. "Twine of } *O. Rosacæ*; *G. Rubus*; *S. R. Australis*.

prickles." ..... } "A lofty climber, armed with scattered recurved prickles; branches very slender; pendulous."

46. "Amaranthine } All the indigenous trees and shrubs of New Zealand are  
green." ..... } evergreen except the Fuchsia tree.

47. Downy Ironheart) *O. Myrtacæ*; *G. Metrosideros*; *S. M. tomentosa*.  
(*Pohutukawa* .....)

This most lovely tree is common about the northern coasts and cliffs of the North Island and the banks of Lake Tarawera.

48. Pepper-spikes } *O. Piperacæ*; *G. Piper*; *S. P. excelsum*.  
(fruit or catkin of }  
the Kawa-kawa) ... } "Catkins slender; one to four inches long."

49. Poro poro (pota- } *O. Solanæ*; *G. Solanum*; *S. S. aviculare* and  
toe, apples of) ..... } *S. nigrum*.

"Berry ovoid, edible, one to one and a half inches long; three-quarters of an inch thick. Sweet and rather richly flavoured when quite ripe."

50. Hinau (berries of) *O. Tiliacæ*; *G. Elæocarpus*; *S. E. dentatus* and *E. Hookerianus*.

"A small tree with brown bark, which yields a permanent dye. Drupe one-third to half an inch long; pulp edible."

All the above names, and all the remarks included in inverted commas, are from Sir J. D. Hooker's *Handbook to the Flora of New Zealand*.

## 2.—INSECTS, BIRDS, ETC.

51. Kiwi, the Apt- } Struthionidæ; three species: 1. Apt. Australis;  
eryx..... } 2. Apt. Mantelli; 3. Apt. Owenii.  
"So extraordinary a bird that the existence of a species possessing such a combination of anomalous characters was long denied. Wings, trifling rudiments buried beneath general plumage, discovered with difficulty; nostrils at *tip* of long beak; no vestige of a tail; feathers long, lanceolate, only a single plume from each quill."—Knight's *Museum*, etc., from description in *Transactions of the Zoological Society* by Professor Owen and others.
52. Robin .....Miro longipes—of Lesson and Dr. Buller.
53. Cormorant .....Pelicanidæ; *Grauculus punctatus*, etc.  
"Social birds, and build their nests many together on high trees overhanging rivers and coasts."—GRAY.
54. Oyster-catcher ...*G. Hæmatopus*.
55. Avocet.....*G. Recurvirostra avocetta*, or *Novæ Hollandiæ* (?) Buller.
56. Moa .....Struthionidæ; *G. 1. Dinornis*, three-toed. 2. Palapteryx, four-toed; *S.* thirteen or fourteen described by Professor Owen.  
Gigantic wingless birds; the massive bones of which are dug up in many parts of the country; nine to ten feet six inches high according to Owen; thirteen or fourteen feet according to others; *Kiwi* apparently the only living representative of the family.
57. Bittern .....Ardeidæ; *Botaurus Melanotus* (Gray) *Ardæa* (B.) *Australis* (Cuvier).  
"Total length two feet two inches."
58. Honey-bird.....Several species of the *Melliphagidæ* common; including the
59. Mocking-bird or } (N. 97, vol. i.) So-called, and 'Parson-bird,' by  
Tui..... } Captain Cook;
60. Also the Bell- } *Anthornis Melanura*.  
bird or Korimako... } This most interesting song-bird seems in danger of extinction, owing, according to Dr. Buller, to the ravages of the Norway rat.
61. Grebe .....Colymbidæ; *G. Podiceps*; *S. P. cristatus* (?).  
A beautiful crested [grebe] is found about the lakes in the Middle Island.

62. Dragon-flies ..... Libellulidæ ; *Petalura Carovei*.

Total length four inches five lines to four inches eight lines.—GRAY. This species barred black and white. Other commonest species or varieties are about two inches long—bright scarlet or bright blue.

63. Blue crane ..... Ardeidæ ; *Herodias Matuku* ?

64. Mutton-fish..... Haliotis Iris.

"These are found in colossal specimens." — HOCHSTETTER.

65. Sea-windflower ... Sea-anemones ; Actiniæ.

Common on some of the rocky coasts ; on rocks near entrance of Nelson Haven especially.

66. 'A slender beetle' *O. Coleoptera* ; *F. Longicornes* ; *Callichroma* (*Calliprason*) *Sinclairi*. — GRAY—who calls it, "This delicately-pretty little longicorn beetle."

67. Animalcule ..... Allusion to one of the Diatomaceæ placed under a microscope.

The notes on Animal Life herein and in vol. i. are chiefly taken from the list of the Fauna of New Zealand, by Dr. Gray of the British Museum, appended to Dieffenbach's *New Zealand*, vol. ii., or from Dr. W. L. Buller's *Birds of New Zealand*.

THE END.

*Some Remarks on the First Edition of the foregoing Poem,  
published in 1872.*

ROBERT BROWNING to MR. DOMETT.

FONTAINEBLEAU, October 18, 1872.

"... I don't know how the poem may have been received, but I am sure it is a great and astonishing performance, of very varied beauty and power. I rank it under nothing—taken altogether—nothing that has appeared in my day or generation, for subtle yet clear writing about subjects of all others the most urgent for expression and the least easy in treatment; while the affluence of illustration and dexterity in bringing to bear upon the story every possible aid from every imaginable quarter—and that with such treasures, new and old, of language, and such continuance of music in modes old and new—well, I hope I am no more surprised at the achievement than is consistent with my always having held to the belief that whenever 'Waring' re-appeared some such effect would follow the phenomenon. I see very well where the dissentients may seek their opportunity; but I know where the compensation lies. In fine, the poem is worth the thirty years' work and experience, and even absence from home; and whether people accept it now, or let it alone for awhile, appreciated in the end it is certain to be. I shall wait a little and read it again, in no fear but that what I believe now will be confirmed hereafter; meantime, take my hearty congratulations. . . .

"Yours ever affectionately,

"R. BROWNING."

"There is power, buoyancy, intellectual subtlety, and vivid picture enough in this book to make out a great many poems. . . . Grand pictures of scenery painted on alternate panels with vigorous and vivid sketches of modern doubts and faiths. . . . The buoyancy of the verse is delightful. . . . The bounding life which runs through the philosophy redeems it from all charge of being abstruse or dry. . . . The animation never dies away. The keen intellect, rendered vivid by imagination, sparkles throughout. . . . There are passages full of a grim sort of humour, also some very delicate and graceful lyrics interspersed. But its claim to be read is its masterly grasp of the conditions of the modern problem as between Theism and Positivism. . . . There can be no doubt that its author is a man of great originality and buoyant imaginative life. No one who really understands the book can help thoroughly enjoying it."—*Spectator*, October 19, 1872.

*Extracts from a Letter from LONGFELLOW.*

CAMBRIDGE, August 26, 1878.

"MY DEAR SIR,—You have sent me a splendid poem. There is ample space in it to move and breathe. It reminds me of the great pictures of the old masters. . . . Your descriptions of scenery are very powerful and beautiful; and just at present, while I am busy with 'Poems of Places,' you can readily imagine how much they delight me.

"I have taken the liberty of making many extracts for the volume entitled 'Oceanica.' . . .

"With great regard,

Yours faithfully,

"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

Notices equally favourable appeared in the *Examiner*, May 17, 1873; *Guardian*, April 2, 1873; *Illustrated London News*, September 21, 1872; *Civil Service Gazette*, October 26, 1872; *Sunday Times*, October 27, 1872; *Literary Churchman*, October 12, 1872; *Stirling Journal and Advertiser*, March 7, 1873; *Liverpool Daily Albion*, May 19, 1873; *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, March 20, 1873; *Bombay Times*, October 22, 1873; *New Zealand Herald*; *New Zealand Examiner*; *Auckland Daily Southern Cross*, etc., etc.



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